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APRIL 1983 • $1.25

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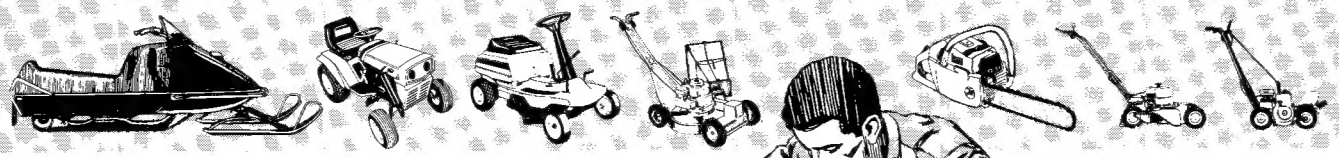

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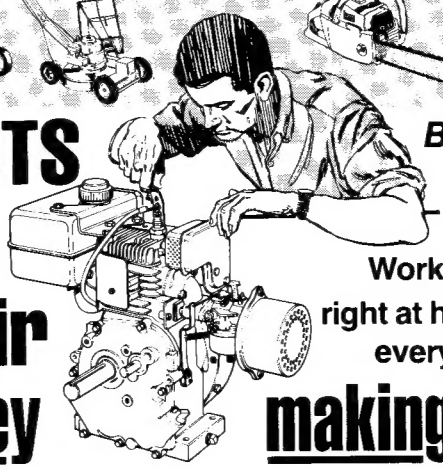

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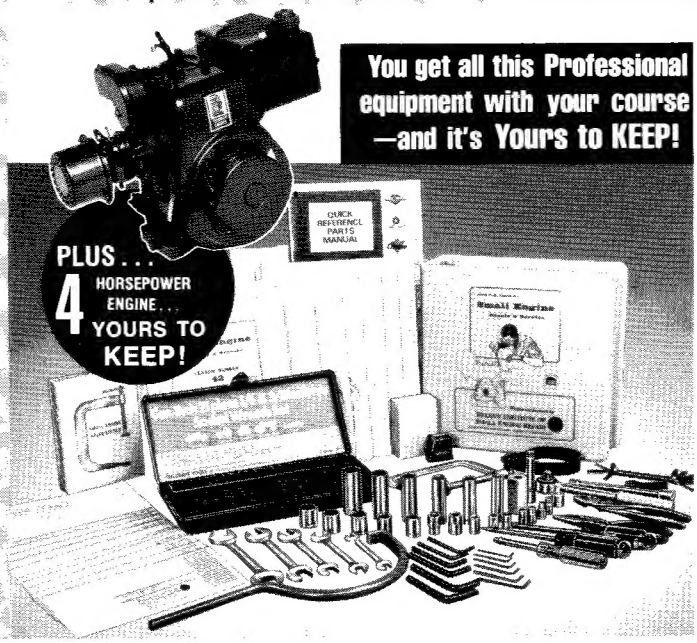
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YOU'LL GET A BIG ILLUSTRATED 24-page book ON UPHOLSTERY AND THE UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS . . . actual sample instructions showing how you can learn the fabulously successful MUI system. For your sake and the sake of your future, do it now. Cut out the coupon, fill it out, put it in an envelope and mail it NOW!

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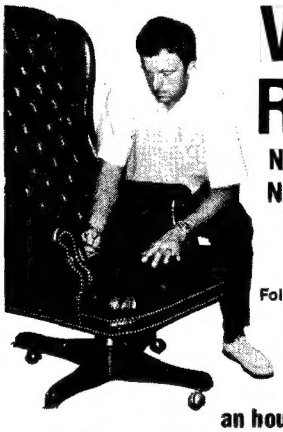

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Foley-Belsaw Vinyl Pro — The process approved for use by General Motors, Ford, Chrysler!

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Combined with Actual Detective

Vol. 53, No. 4 ISSN-0030-0306 April, 1983

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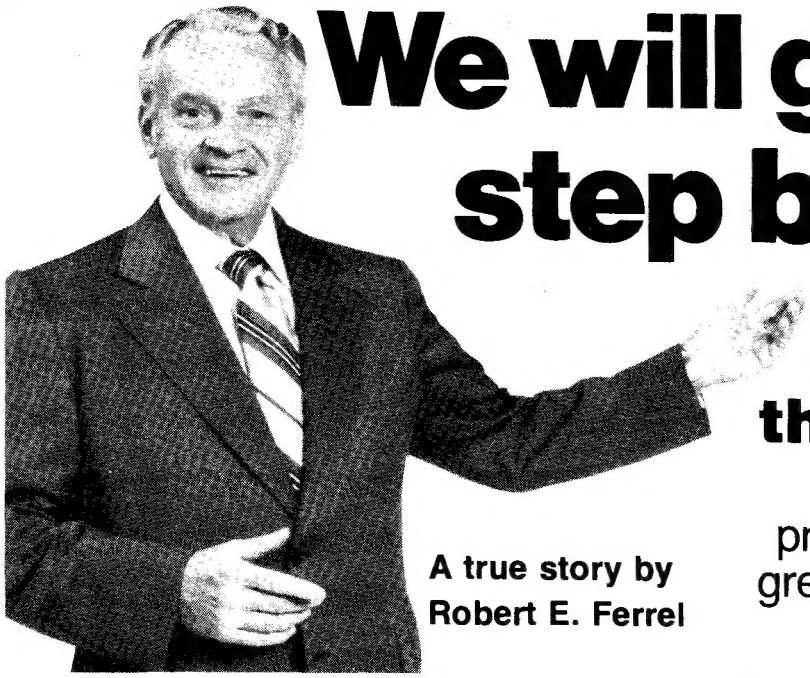

We will guide you step by step

into your own thriving business

While keeping your present job, let servicemen greatly increase your income

A true story by Robert E. Ferrel

"I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check, but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

"Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad that offered me a steadily growing income, and said I would have greater security and personal independence. That's just what I wanted.

"I was a little skeptical, but said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day-to-day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

"It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided *now* was the time to make the forward step. So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicepeople.

"I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step has been prepared for me and pretested. Hundreds of other people had already proven my methods successful.

"It didn't take long before I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months, I quit my job to go full time on my own.

"Now this is not a business for a lazy man. But if a person is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order.

"I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

"The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean asked me how I would like to move to headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

"Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers. All the top officers here take an interest in each dealer's success. Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, we are as close to you as your telephone or mail box."

Easier than you think to build your own business

Want to BE YOUR OWN BOSS? Have an opportunity to become financially independent, and have a fast growing income? Now YOU CAN.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicepeople to do. You can operate from a shop, office or your home. Equipment is portable. This business is easy to learn. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

When you receive our 32 page illustrated booklet, which we'll mail you with no obligation, you will see how you are guided *step by step* to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 10 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, and of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of your services, builds your customers' confidence and brings job leads to you. Your headquarters and a Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal his sucessful, proven methods. You have pretested newspaper, yellow-page ads and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start small, grow big in this booming business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job until I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships *worldwide*. You don't experiment. You use *tested, proven* methods. You have *Duraclean's backing and 50 years of "know how."*

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

Our first two services, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, but enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with *new life*. No harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam *lifts out* dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are *growing faster* than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in carpet and furniture cleaning. Your other services are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

You can start a dealership for as little as $3,488. Another option is a $11,588 full cash investment, and if you qualify Duraclean can work out financing for half this amount.

We furnish electric equipment and with your first shipment, enough materials for you to *return your TOTAL investment.* If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to inquire about a Duraclean dealership *while* your service area is still available.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in *your life*. So, with no *obligation whatever,* mail the coupon TODAY. Please cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Duraclean International

The first step—send for FREE Booklet today!

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WITHOUT OBLIGATION send free booklet that tells how I can have a Duraclean business. No salesman will call.

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

This was one of those baffling cases that would go nowhere until investigators found the answer to:

WHO TORCHED THE GIRL-LOVER OR PSYCHOPATH?

by JOHN DUNNING
Special Investigator for
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

IT WAS SUNDAY evening, February 7, 1982, and 47-year-old Mrs. Jeanette Courtil was sitting alone in her living room watching television. Her husband, Francois Courtil, two years her senior, was at a meeting of a farmers cooperative in the neighboring village of Lauzerte and her 22-year-old son, Jean-Luc, was at the police training depot in the city of Nantes, over a 150 miles to the north up the French Atlantic coast. The only other person in the pleasant little two-story villa in the village of Cazes-Mondenard deep in the southwest corner of France was her 20-year-old daughter-in-law Manuela, who was four months pregnant and who had gone off to bed an hour earlier at 10 o'clock.

As is often the case, the TV program was not very good and Mrs. Courtil was on the point of getting up from her chair to turn it off when her attention was attracted by a faint scraping noise. The noise came from the direction of the closed living-room door. Curious and a little startled, Mrs. Courtil got up from the chair, walked to the door and tried to open it.

She found that she could not, and that discovery immediately explained the source of the faint, grating sound. The key sticking in the lock on the other side of the door had been turned. She was locked into her own living room!

This realization amazed Mrs. Courtil beyond all measure.

Volunteers check equipment before starting out to search for missing Manuela Courtil, who was abducted from her home. Days later, she was found dead in a field, her body mutilated. Nearby was corpse of a family friend, Alain Gallo, 22

No one else was in the house other than her daughter-in-law, so it must have been Manuela who had locked her in. But why, in the name of heaven, Manuela would do such a thing, Mrs. Courtil could not imagine. It was true that Manuela was Spanish and, therefore, a foreigner, but she and her family had lived in France for several years before she had met and married Jean-Luc on November 7th of the preceding year. The Courtils had approved of the marriage with all their hearts. Manuela was a lovely girl, gentle and well mannered; they could scarcely think of a more suitable daughter-in-law. As Mrs. Courtil had often said, she was more than a daughter than a daughter-in-law and it had been assumed without question that she would live in the Courtil house while Jean-Luc was off taking his police training.

Mrs. Courtil rapped hesitantly on the door with her knuckles. "Manuela?" she called. "Open the door, Manuela. What is it, Manuela?"

No reply came, but, after a moment or two, it seemed to Mrs. Courtil that she could hear sounds coming through the door from the other side and she placed her ear against the panel.

Somebody was coming down the stairs. She could distinctly hear the sound of footsteps.

Bewildered and now thoroughly frightened, Mrs. Courtil left the door and ran to the window overlooking the front of the house. The ground floor of the building was taken up by a two-car garage and a utility room, so that the living room was actually on the first floor, 10 feet above the ground. To the right, a flight of steps ran down from the front entrance and it seemed to Mrs. Courtil that somone was moving down the steps. Unfortunately, the night was dark and chill and Cazes-Mondenard, which has a population of under 1,500, does not have street lighting. There was a light over the front entrance, but whoever was going down the steps had not turned it on.

Pretty, 20-year-old Manuela was clad only in nightdress when kidnaped

"Help!" cried Mrs. Courtil and then immediately became silent. In the first place, there was no one to help her. The house of the nearest neighbors was almost a quarter of a mile off, and in her own house there was no one but the pregnant, 20-year-old Manuela. Whoever had invaded the house and had locked her into the living room, Mrs. Courtil did not want to draw attention to her pretty, young daughter-in-law.

Therefore, the woman remained standing silently at the window and, after a time, she saw what appeared to be the lights of a car go on in the lane that ran at right angles to the street on which her house was located. The car was perhaps 300-400 yards away. It moved off down the lane away from her house, gathering speed, and eventually disappearing.

Mrs. Courtil went back to the living room door and began to hammer on it violently with her fists. She could only assume that the visitors had been burglars, but they were now gone and, if she could arouse the attention of Manuela and have her unlock the door, she could telephone the gendarmerie headquarters at Cahors, a town of some 25,000 inhabitants, 25 miles to the north and report the matter. Actually, she could scarcely believe what had taken place. The southwest corner of France is very thinly populated and the people living there are far from rich. Although she had lived her entire life in Cazes-Mondenard, she had never heard of a burglary taking place there.

Manuela, however, appeared to be a far sounder sleeper than Mrs. Courtil would have thought and, although she hammered on the door until the sound of the blows rolled through the house like thunder, the only reply was a puzzling and frightening silence.

Had something happened to Manuela?

Mrs. Courtil backed off, took a run and

threw her not inconsiderable weight against the door. It held firm and did not even creak. It was obviously going to be impossible for her to break it down.

She had badly bruised her shoulder in the attempt, but she did not notice it and, rubbing it unconsciously with her hand, she ran in a sort of panic to the window. It opened easily and it was quite big enough for her to get through, but it was a ten-foot drop to the cement and stone paving surrounding the house, and Mrs. Courtil was quite plump.

It was, perhaps, some indication of her affection for her daughter-in-law that she only hesitated for an instant. Then, pulling over a chair, she stood on it and stepped out of the window feet first, turning around so as to slide over the sill with her face turned toward the house. It was her intention to let herself down with her arms as far as she could and then drop the rest of the way. If all went well, she would not break too many bones and she would be able to crawl up the flight of steps to the front door. It did not occur to her that the door might be locked. People in Cazes-Mondenard never locked their doors.

It did not work out quite the way she had anticipated, her skirts catching on the window sill and dragging up over her chest and face so that her arms were encumbered and she missed her grip with the result that she plunged downward into the darkness at terrifying speed. The impact knocked some of the breath out of her, but it was not as bad as she had expected and she realized that she must have unconsciously pushed against the wall with her feet so that she cleared the concrete and stone edging and landed in a sitting position on the relatively soft earth beyond it. There were to be, it seemed, no broken bones at all.

Breathing hard and wondering dazedly if she was going to have a heart attack, Mrs. Courtil scrambled to her feet, climbed the stairs to her front door as rapidly as she could manage and burst into her house calling out her daughter-in-law's name at the top of her lungs.

The only reply was the same sinister silence and, when she had finally gained the door of the second floor bedroom where Manuela had been sleeping and had turned on the light, she saw that the bed covers were thrown back and the bed was empty.

For an instant, she stood stupefied, and then her eyes fell upon something which frightened her nearly out of her wits. It was Manuela's clothing, including her underwear, neatly folded and hung on the chair at the foot of the bed. Beneath the chair stood Manuela's shoes. Whatever the circumstances of Manuela's departure, she had left barefoot and wearing nothing but her nightdress!

Mrs. Courtil went back down the stairs and to the kitchen at a speed which imperiled her life, hunted frantically in the telephone book for the number of the gendarmerie station at Cahors, the nearest police presence of any consequence, dialed the wrong number twice and eventually made contact with a somewhat sleepy desk sergeant due to go off duty in another 15 minutes. For 50 miles around in every direction, there's scarcely a community with a population of as much as 2,000 and the Cahors gendarmerie headquarters is not the most exciting place in the world.

Perhaps for this reason, the desk sergeant seemed inclined to take Mrs. Courtil's report very seriously and he urged her to remain calm while he sent a patrol car to investigate. There was, he said, one within two or three miles of Cazes-Mondenard and it would be there very shortly.

Actually, he did not clearly understand at all what Mrs. Courtil was trying to report, possibly because she herself did not know what she was reporting. Someone had locked her in her living room and when she had got out, her daughter-in-law was missing. She could hardly have been kidnaped. The Courtils did not have the kind of money which would have made a kidnaping profitable and the girl's own parents were simple agricultural workers. On the other hand, Manuela could scarcely have left voluntarily or she would have at least stopped long enough to put on her clothing and her shoes. Even in the extreme southwest of France, the weather in February is distinctly cool.

Jeanette Courtil, Manuela's mother-in-law, was locked in her living room by the abductor, but managed to escape

From the desk sergeant's point of view, there was always the possibility that Mrs. Courtil was either drunk or mad. The patrol car which arrived a short time later, however, quickly confirmed that she was neither the one nor the other, but a respectable housewife and the facts were as she had reported them. The door to the living room was still locked from the outside. The living room windows was still open. The girl's bed had been slept in and the covers were thrown back, but her clothing and shoes were on and under the chair at the foot of the bed. A check of her wardrobe showed that nothing was missing except the nightgown she had been wearing. She had left without even putting on a coat.

Mrs. Courtil had produced a photograph of Manuela to aid the officers in their search and they reported to the desk sergeant over the radio telephone that the girl was very pretty and well built. They also reported that, insofar as Mrs. Courtil could determine, nothing in the house had been taken or even disturbed.

This information alarmed the desk sergeant sufficiently that he immediately brought in every car at his disposal to the area around Cazes-Mondenard and attempted to block off the roads leading out of the district. It was, he realized, a rather futile gesture, as so much time had passed since the girl's departure that, if she were in a vehicle, it would have had time to clear the district altogether. It was, however, his duty to make the attempt.

At this same time, he telephoned the on call duty criminal investigations officer and made a report on the circumstances insofar as he knew them.

Inspector Jules Petri, who had been sound asleep in bed, said that he would come immediately to gendarmerie headquarters and proceed from there to Cazes-Mondenard. His assistant, Sergeant Charles Delamoine, was to be called in and would meet him there.

As the sergeant was unmarried and lived in gendarmerie bachelor quarters behind the station, calling him out was a simple matter and he was waiting in the squad room when the inspector arrived. So, too, was the inspector's official car with a gendarmerie driver and, stopping only long enough to inquire if any trace of the girl had been turned up, the inspector and the sergeant set off for Cazes-Mondenard at the maximum speed which the somewhat winding roads would permit. The response had been, of course, negative. Manuela Courtil had vanished into the night.

And vanished without trace. With the use of powerful electric lanterns, the inspector and the sergeant examined the ground between the front door of the Courtil house and the blacktop road running past it. The ground was not frozen, but it was rather hard and they found only one distinct footprint of a small, naked foot. As it was extremely unlikely that anyone else would have been going about barefoot at this time of year, the footprint had, in all probability, been made by Manuela. The blacktopped road did not, however, retain footprints, and the inspector and sergeant were unable to find any on the dirt road where Mrs. Courtil said she had seen the lights of a car go on. There were automobile tire tracks there, but there were a large number of them and there was no way of determining which ones had been made by the car whose lights Mrs. Courtil had seen.

In the darkness, there was not a great deal more that could be done, but the investigating officers remained in Cazes-Mondenard, familiarizing themselves with maps of the area and arranging for search parties to be made up and sent out the following morning as soon as it became light. A gendarmerie helicopter was to fly down from Cahors to join in the search and the gendarmerie dog handler was bringing down two of his tracking dogs in a van.

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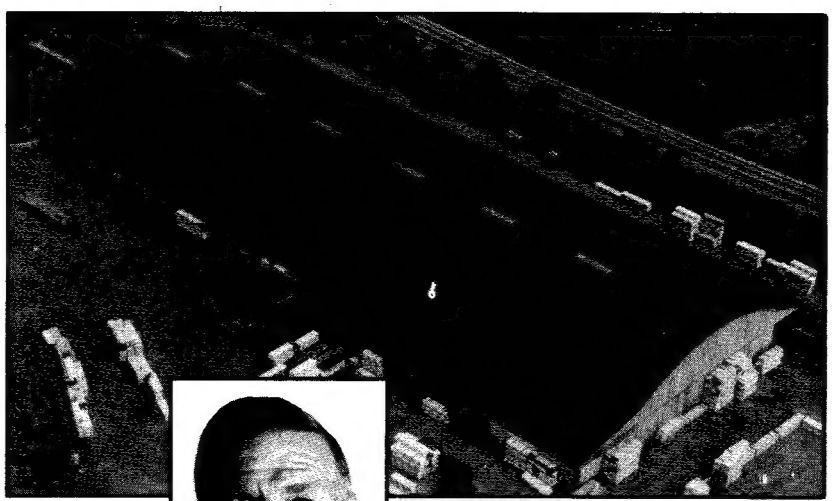

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"It may be a waste of time," said the inspector resignedly, "but we can't leave any stone unturned. If he had the girl in the car when Mrs. Courtil saw the headlights go on and he simply kept going, he could be halfway across France by now."

"But you don't think so," the sergeant suggested. He was a big man, broad shouldered and not yet in his 30s. Although not actually handsome, he was impressive looking and he had a great head of long, yellow-brown hair like the mane of a lion.

The inspector shrugged. Much smaller than his assistant, he was a dark, wiry man in his middle 50s, neat and careful in his dress and in his manner. "Only if he's a complete psychopath," he declared. "One of those sexually disturbed persons who fix on some girl and follow her around for days until they find the right opportunity to attack her. It could be such a person and, if it was, then there's probable not much chance that we'll recover her alive. I don't really think, however, that it was a sex psychopath. He obviously knew the house and it would appear that he knew that Mrs. Courtil was there alone and in the living room. She's certain that he didn't open the door and look in before he locked it and you can't see through the living room windows from the street level. I think that this may be an abduction by some former suiter who was driven off the deep end by her marriage to Courtil."

"Mightn't her family know something about who that might be?" said the sergeant.

"Ask them," said the inspector.

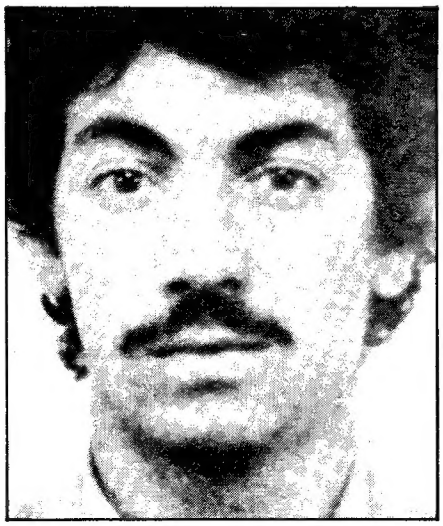
Manuela's family lived in a village of Cagnac-les-Mines less than 10 miles from Cazes-Mondenard and the sergeant drove over immediately although it was five o'clock in the morning, awakened the family and explained that their daughter had disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

To the sergeant's surprise, Manuela's mother turned on her husband and began pounding him with her fists, screaming in Spanish that it was "Perez," and that it was all her husband's fault.

The sergeant, wanted to know who Perez was and the infuriated woman stopped pounding her husband and said that he was a 40-year-old itinerant farm worker whom her husband had thought would make a good son-in-law. He had hinted to the middle-aged bachelor, who was believed to have substantial savings, that Manuel was secretely in love with him but that she was too shy to give any sign of it. Sebastian Perez, who was more than a little shy himself, had screwed up his courage enough to approach the girl, at that time only 18 years old, and had met with rejection. Strangely, this had stimulated him in some way and he pursued the girl right up to the time of her marriage to Jean-Luc Courtil.

Manuela's father would neither confirm or deny this, but her numerous brothers and sisters said that what their mother had told the sergeant was true. Perez had been madly in love with their sister and had appeared unable to grasp the fact that she was really not in love with him after all.

Asked where Perez was now, the brothers and sisters said they had no idea. Once Manuela had married Jean-Luc Courtil, he had stopped coming around. The father, however, volunteered the information that Perez had not been seen for over a week in the cafes where the local Spaniards hung out and it was believed that he had gone back to Spain.



Jean-Luc Courtil (above), husband of Manuela, was away on a police training course at time she was kidnaped

Like most European countries, France registers foreigners living in the country and, having ascertained that Perez had been living in the tiny hamlet of Trespoux a good deal to the north—actually not far from Cahors itself, he drove to the village and, having got the mayor out of bed at a little after six o'clock, asked to see the man's registration form. If what he suspected was true, he would not find Perez in Trespoux, but he would be able to obtain the name of his native village in Spain. It was just possible that there was where they would find Manuela.

Perez was not in Trespoux, but, according to his registration form, he came from a bigger city than the sergeant have expected, Pamplona, the town in which the "running of the bulls" is celebrated every year.

This was not very good news because it would be much harder to trace Perez and, eventually, Manuela, in as big as a community as Pamplona than it would be to locate them in some tiny country village.

The sergeant drove back down to Cazes-Mondenard where he found the search operation just beginning. The gendarmerie dog handler and his dog had arrived and had already proved one thing. Manuela had been taken away in a car whose headlights Mrs. Courtil had seen light up shortly after someone left the house. The dog had been able to follow her scent from the house to that point, but then had, of course, been unable to proceed further, as she had no longer been in contact with the ground.

A half dozen search parties had now been assembled from Cazes-Mondenard, Lauzerte and other villages in the vicinity and were taking the field. Each search party was accompanied by a gendarme who remained in contact with the inspector's temporary command post at the Courtil house over two-way radios. The search was to be conducted methodically, with each party taking a specific sector and the members passing through the area in a line abreast with only 15-foot intervals between searchers. Sightings of anything unusual were to be reported immediately to the inspector over the radio and, if necessary, a flying squad of four gendarmes waiting in readiness at the Courtil house would proceed at top speed to the scene.

At a little after eight o'clock, the gendarmerie helicopter appeared and began making sweeps over the area. Visibility was good and the helicopter was highly effective over the cultivated fields and open areas, but less so over the patches of forest and brush. Such places had to be searched on foot; there were many places where a human, dead or alive, could lie concealed from above.

The search continued throughout all of Monday, February 8th, and was only called off when it became dark. It was resumed the following morning and continued until noon when the inspector terminated the operation. The entire area had been carefully searched for a distance of over five miles from Cazes-Mondenard and not the slightest trace of Manuela or Sebastian Perez had been found.

In the meantime, a request for assistance from the Pamplona police had been passed through official channels and the process of asking the man's extradition on charges of kidnaping had been begun. This was, in fact, no more than a formality, as Spain does not, any more than any other country, extradite its own nationals other than in the most extraordinary cases. The girl would, however, be sent back to France if she was recovered as, being married to a French citizen, she had acquired French nationality herself.

The inspector only hoped that she would be recovered. According to all accounts, Perez was not overly bright, although an honest hard working and sober man, but it seemed probable that he would be bright enough to realize that the police would be looking for him in his home town and take his captive somewhere else in Spain. Spain is a big country. It was quite possible that no one in France would ever lay eyes on Manuela again.

And yet, even as the inspector was calling off the search around Cazes-Mondenard, a 54-year-old farmer named Gaston Lebeau whose field lay on either side of a path known as Pradel just to the north of the hamlet of Trexpous where Sebastian Perez had lived, was within two hours of sighting Manuela Courtil for the first time since she had left her parents-in-law's house on Sunday evening.

He was going to regret it. Manuela had been a very pretty girl, but she was not a pretty sight now and she caused Lebeau to lose not only his lunch, which he had just eaten, but his breakfast and the residue of the preceding evening's dinner as well. He was still retching violently when he telephoned the police from his home.

Manuela lay in the middle of the path called Pradel, flat on her back, her arms and legs

(Continued on page 67)

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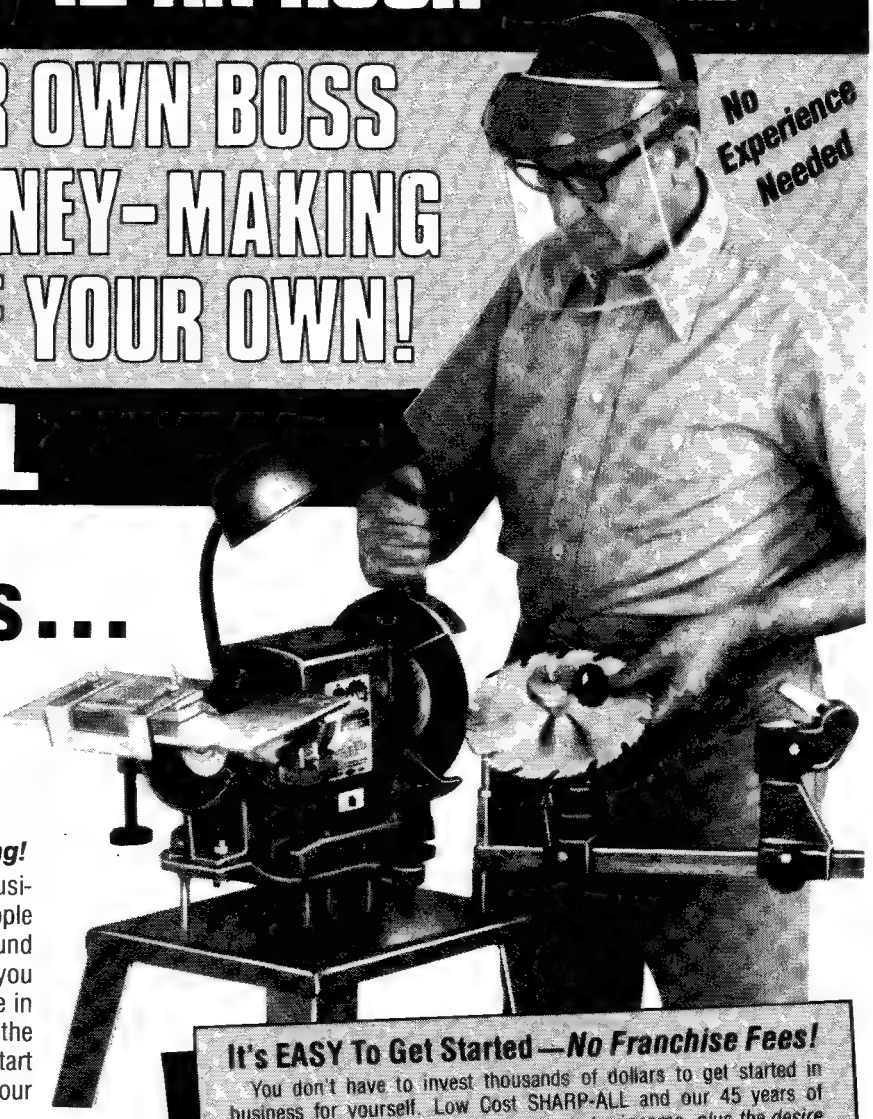

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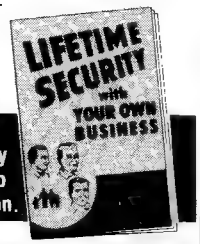

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THE LYNCH MOB TRIED TO HANG THE WRONG MAN!

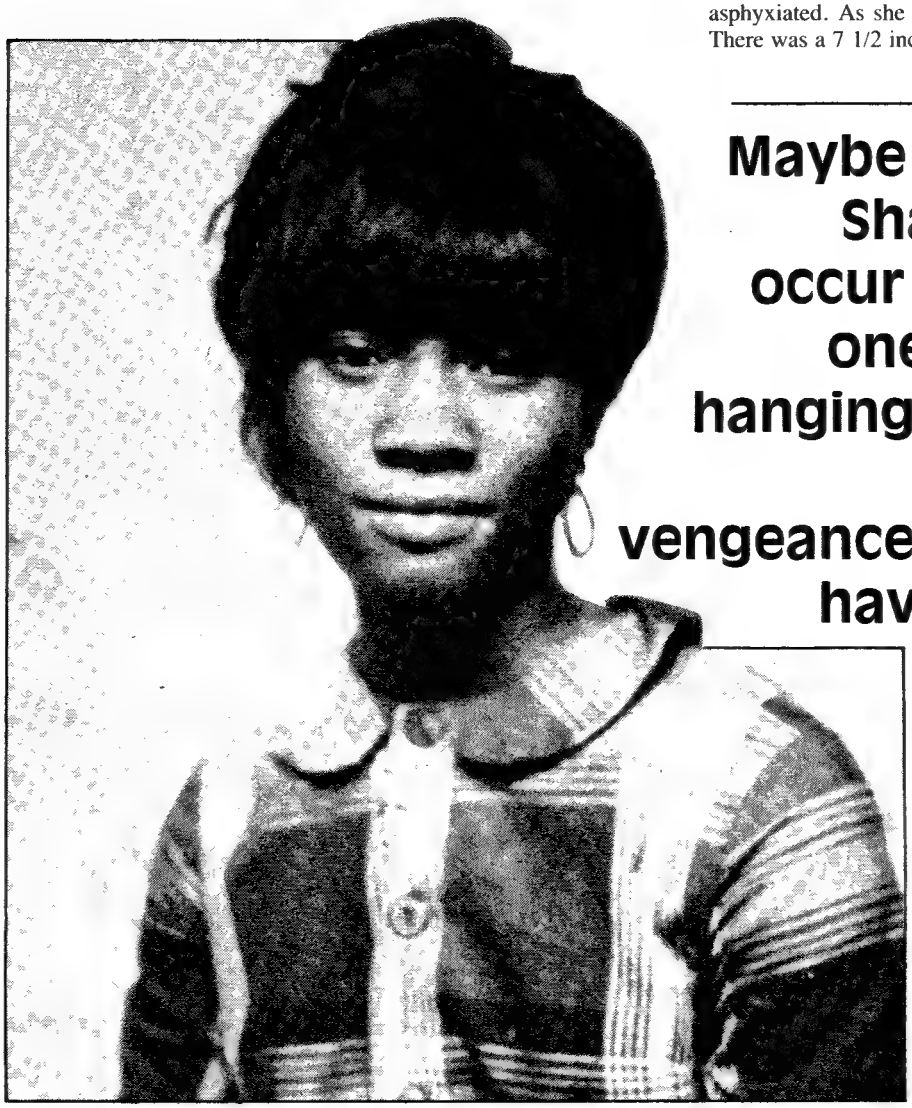
by JEROME GREER CHANDLER
Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

ON THE WARM fall afternoon of October 2, 1981, Jenny Barker answered the phone at Hobson City, Alabama's Town Hall, listened a moment in disbelief and then recoiled in horror. On the other end of the line was a hunter who had apparently stumbled across a very different kind of game—the body of a human being.

The man identified himself as Robert Miller and said he was calling from a store. He described the place he found the body, a wooded area near a region called the Rock Quarry, and told the clerk how police could get there. He would meet them at the scene. Officers of the Hobson City P.D. were sent. A quick search produced nothing: no body, no hunter. A call to the Calhoun County Sheriff's Department brought help. Deputy Bobby Clark was on call that afternoon.

Around 3:30 p.m. the search ended. There is no gentle way to describe what Clark found spread-eagle in the garbage-strewn stubble of young pine trees. The word "corpse" fits. Barely. Whoever killed the young woman redefined the word "butcher."

An autopsy report by Dr. Joseph Embry of the Alabama Department of Forensic Science would later show that the woman had been asphyxiated. As she lay dying, the killer had tried to gut his prey. There was a 7 1/2 inch midline incision which ran vertically. It had



Maybe an old line from Shakespeare didn't occur to sleuths when one member of the hanging party screamed the loudest for vengeance, but they might have read the guy's insistence on a neck-stretching as one who "protested too much."

Mary Louise Williams, 33, had been mutilated with a knife, and an attempt was also made to hack off her hands

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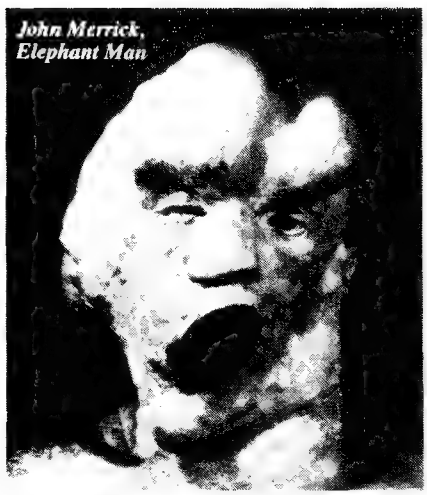

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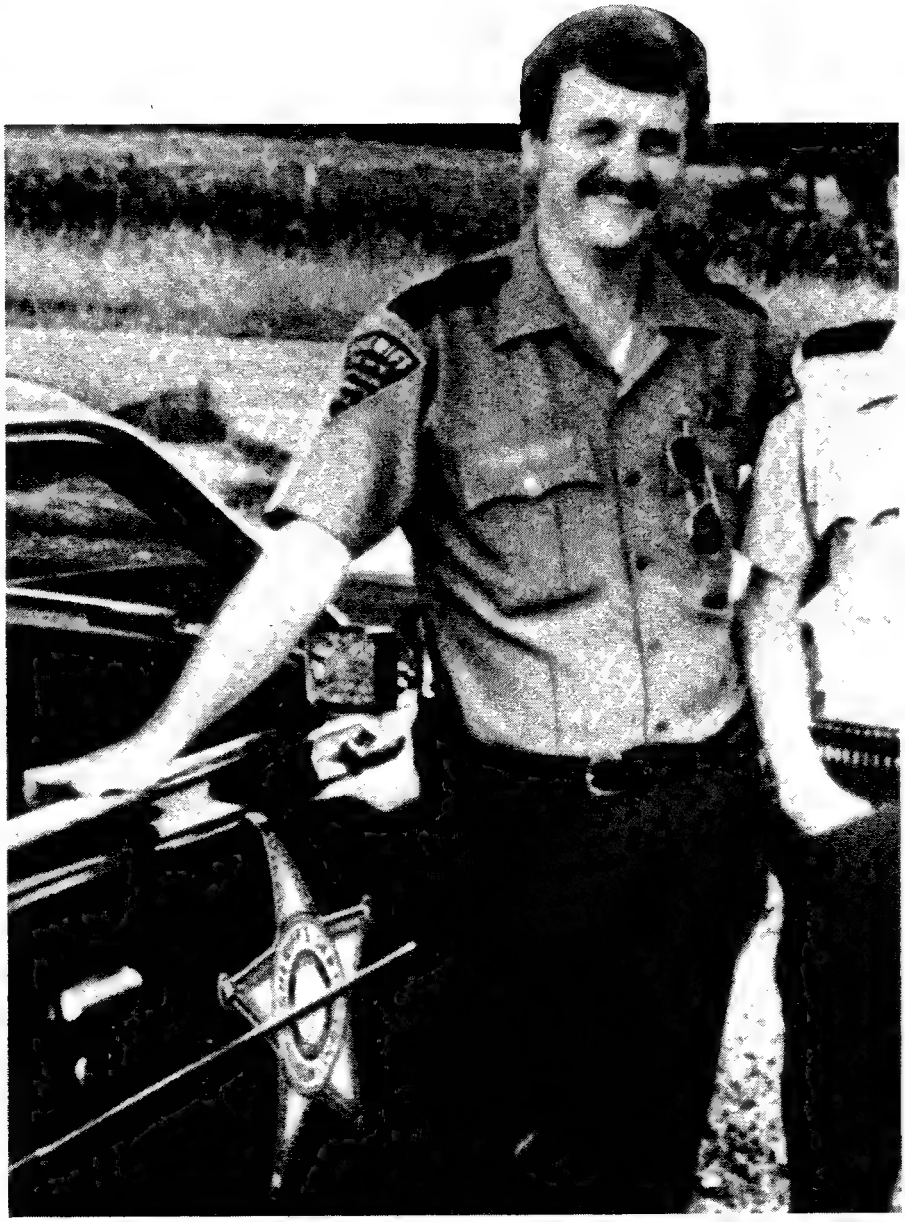


Deputy Sheriff Larry Amerson, one of the lead investigators in the murder probe, began to doubt that common-law husband was killer when evidence didn't click

hemorrhaged slightly. Dr. Embry's postmortem would also indicate a jab-like stab wound to the right abdomen which had bled somewhat. Finally there were the hands. It appears that the murderer returned after his victim's death and attempted to hack them off. These crude wounds showed no blood.

Clark called for an investigator. Lean, mustachioned Larry Amerson, a veteran of the sheriff's department, was dispatched. On arrival he joined Sherriff Roy Snead, Hobson City Officers and agents of the Alabama Burea of Investigation at the crime scene. Frequently, police are at a loss for potential evidence. Not this time. "It was a dump area" said Amerson later. "There was all kinds of garbage. The problem was deciding what was useful as evidence, if there was any there, and what was at the scene originally." Amerson immediately noticed the absence of blood, and the fact that the trees and bushes had been pushed down, indicated to the young but seasoned sleuth that a car had backed into the area, that the murderer used the fetid place not as a killing ground, but a disposal site.

At first, no one knew who the young woman was. Hobson City police didn't immediately make the connection between the ghoulish butchery and a missing person report they had gotten earlier. When they did; a relative was sent for. There was no other way.

Gently, tenderly, the mutilated torso was covered. Identification could be had from the unscathed face. When led to the place where the woman lay, Mary Louise Williams' relative wept uncontrollably.

Family, friends and investigators said 33-year-old Louise Williams was a fun-loving decent person with a problem; she drank. "It hadn't been unusual in the past for her to disappear for a twenty-four-hour period" says Deputy Amerson. After a day had passed with no word, her family began to worry and notified police.

She lived in nearby Anniston with Ralph Bingham, her common-law husband of several years. The couple had never borne children and their relationship could be stormy; even violent. The fights were fueled by alcohol.

In fact, as far as the family was concerned, they had no doubt about who had killed Louise. They were sure it was Ralph because of his alleged treatment of her.

Their suspicions were confirmed when a group of Louise's relatives drove to Bingham's house. Their suspect was not home, but they spotted something hanging on a chain-link fence that drew their interest. They got out of the car and saw that the object was a piece of white cloth with blood on it. It was part of Louise's blouse. The relatives hurried home and called police. A Hobson City officer picked up the bloody cloth and called Deputy Amerson by radio. Amerson was still at the Rock Quarry. After a brief exchange of information, they decided to pay Ralph Bingham a visit.

Bingham's Anniston residence was still blacked out when officers arrived, so they placed it under surveillance. Bingham did not show that night. He was hiding, not from the law, but from the family of his murdered common-law wife.

Sheriff's Deputy Juan Burke and Anniston Police Chief Wayne Chandler located Bingham at 9:50 Friday night. They weren't ready to charge him. Not yet. Says Larry Amerson, "He was interrogated intensively until the early morning hours." The quizzing took place at the Anniston Police Department. Bingham was consistent in his answers, said Amerson. "He didn't know anything about her being dead; he loved her and it was just 'killing him' that she had died." Bingham admitted that there had been fights in the past, most recently on Wednesday when Louise had packed up and moved out. Then he said something potentially damning: Once, he had cut her.

During the interrogation, now joined in by Amerson and other officers, Bingham was asked if he objected to a search of his house. He agreed and willingly signed a consent form.

While Anniston police continued to probe Bingham's story, skillfully feeling for a raw nerve, a pressure point which would unlock the truth, a team of veteran investigators began to search his house.

Amerson was accompanied by the APD's top forensic evidence expert, Lt. Rick Townsley, his assistant and Calhoun County Sheriff Roy Snead. "We examined the house to see if she had been killed there," said Amerson. Inside the small, wood frame dwelling the officers found no blood, no knives, no clothing. Nothing. Well, almost nothing. There was the dirt. The place was filthy. "If he killed her there he would have cleaned up the mess. There was no way a portion of it could have been cleaned up without it showing said the deputy.

The search moved outside, the harsh glare of flashlight beams softening in the warm night haze. Their beams played on the fence, the corners, the weed-choked lawn. Nothing. They were looking for something hidden. And yet there it was, in plain sight lying on top of a table in a shed behind the house: a

pair of navy blue, knit stretch pants. They like the swatch of blouse found impaled earlier on the fence, had blood on them. "They had been torn in a manner that you would think they had been cut. It was a real clean tear" Amerson recalls. The pants fit the description of those worn by Mary Louise Williams when she was last seen alive.

Officers took the pants to the Anniston Police Station. "Look here" they said to a shaken but resolute Ralph Bingham, "this is it. While maintaining his innocence, Bingham didn't have an ironclad alibi as to where he had been since what he claimed was his last angry parting with Louise.

As Friday's interrogation dragged in Saturday morning, cigarette smoke mingled with the steam from cups of hot coffee. The main room of the APD's detective section was stifling; the investigators deadlocked. The pieces of the puzzle all seemed to be there. But the rough edges wouldn't allow the thing to quite fall into place. Facts had to be forced using a bit of investigative body English in order to fit the notion that Ralph Bingham was their man.

Anniston Police Chief Chandler and Detective Lieutenant Gary Carroll were, by now, ready to charge Bingham with the murder. They were operating on the belief that the crime was committed in their jurisdiction and Louise William's body dumped in Hobson City. Neither man was given to shooting from the hip. Being pros, Deputy Amerson and Sheriff Snead had reservations. Throughout the night officers rotated their questioning of Bingham. More than once the weary suspect broke down. But he never cracked. His story, what there was of it, didn't waver. Amerson began to develop a gut feeling that they were talking to the wrong man.

First there were the bloody garments. It wasn't so much what they had recovered that troubled Amerson as where. "It was significant that the clothes were found outside. Nothing was found inside to implicate him." Bingham lived on Anniston's west side where the line between poverty and barely making it was hellishly thin.

"The typical thing in this area, especially among the poor people, is that they don't use a standard door key. They have a household padlock, a hasp on the outside of houses," Amerson said. It would make sense, he and Snead felt, for the incriminating clothing to be secured inside the house, stuffed in some corner or wadded under a mattress. It just wasn't logical that such damning material would be locked out, in plain view, waving like a bloody flag.

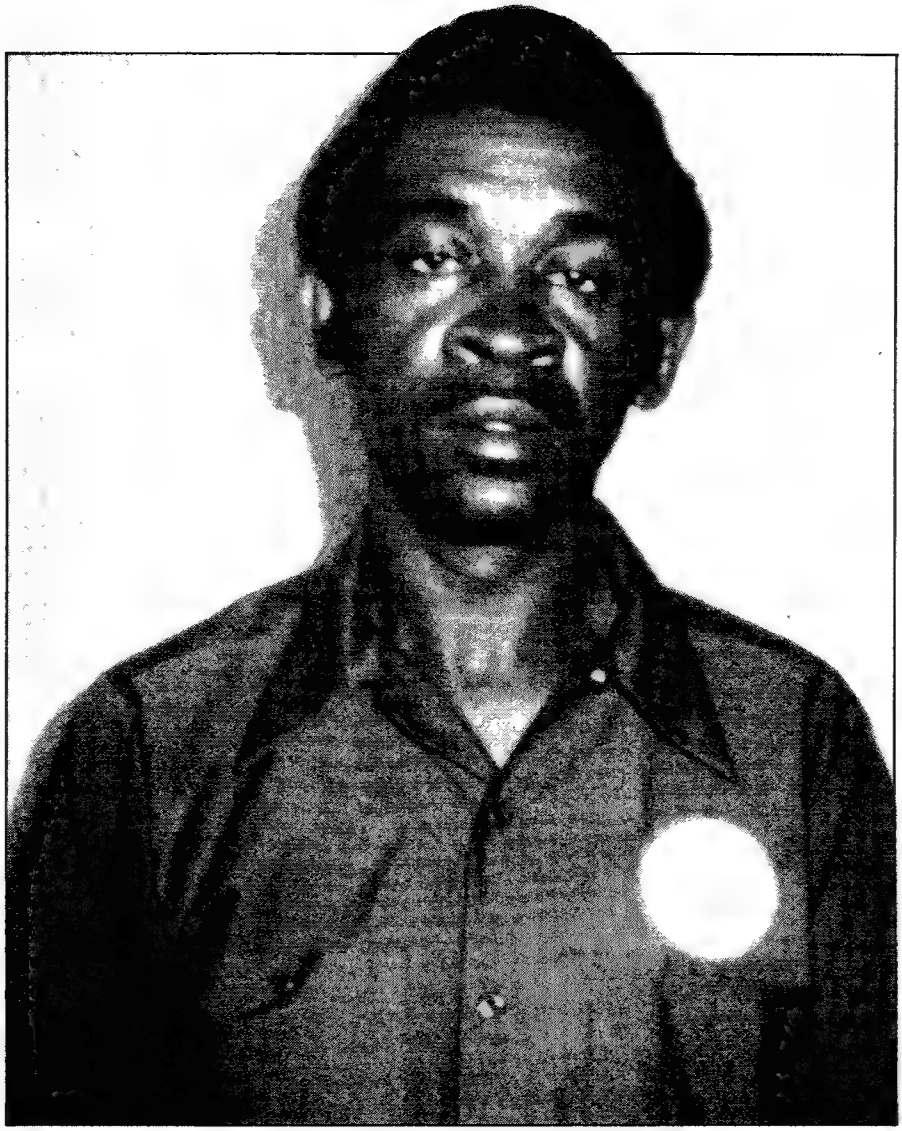
No one doubted Bingham's potential motive for killing his lover. Opportunity was another matter, at least as far as the sheriff's department was concerned. "Ralph Bingham had no automobile and no access to an automobile," recalls Amerson. "Mary Louise Williams was found in Hobson City" several miles to the south of Bingham's residence. Any doubts surrounding Bingham's ability to smuggle the woman's body across three police jurisdictions were put to rest by an item investigators failed to find in their prime suspect's wallet: a driver's license. The man didn't drive.

Still, the dramatic motive and bloody clothing weighed heavily on the groggy interrogators. Chief Chandler made the motion that Bingham be placed in jail and held because there was enough probable cause to make an arrest. The debate see-sawed, Anniston Police on one side, the Calhoun County Sheriff's Department on the other. Deputy Amerson wasn't ready to regard the clothes as evidence. "The stains and the pieces and everything appeared to be that but we had no lab report to back it up, no scientific evidence, no any kind of evidence," he said.

In the end, they told Bingham he was free to go home. More than one investigator had the feeling that a guilty man was walking out the door. But the bone-tired men assembled at the Anniston Police Station were professionals. They knew there was no legal basis to hold the man who, by his own admission, had once taken a knife to the woman whose mutilated corpse had been found only a few hours earlier.

After another trip to the Rock Quarry Saturday afternoon, Snead, Amerson and

Left shoe of victim, which could not be found in police search, became key to cinching case



Police began to suspect Edward Jett Favors when small details in his statements kept changing, and when he turned the victim's family against common-law husband

Hobson City Police Commissioner Artis Clayton decided to begin retracing Mary Louise William's steps: Where did she go on Wednesday? How did she end up in the garbage-littered thicket? The quarry itself yielded nothing. The focus shifted from a hunt for physical evidence to the taking and sifting of statements. By Saturday night it appeared that the path to eventual solution would be paved with words.

The victim came from a large, closely-knit family. On the evening of the 3rd, word got out that the authorities were taking statements while the killer was free. Emotions ran white-hot as relatives and friends gathered outside the Hobson City Police Department located at city hall. The crowd began to take on the appearance of a lynch mob. Fear and loathing ruled the night. Deputy Amerson recalls: "All the family members were saying 'Ralph Bingham cut her up; Ralph Bingham had a fight with her.' Ralph Bingham did this; Ralph Bingham did that." Mob psychology dies stillborn without an agitator. Amerson, Snead and Commissioner Clayton pressed each person to tell them how they could be so sure that Bingham was the killer. Who was present when they found out what a day-and-a-half's non-stop investigation had failed to prove? Each person provided the same answer: "Foots" a nickname for Edward Favors, a relative.

The night before, Edward Jett Favors had been interviewed by Sergeant Ed Traylor of the Alabama Bureau of Investigation. In the hurry and confusion of those first hours after the body was discovered there hadn't been time for investigators to compare notes. Now there were reasons to talk with Favors again. He seemed to be orchestrating a chorus against Bingham, going out of his way to fan the flames. A good reason for a second look. That, and the fact that he was the last person to see Louise alive.

Favors initially told Sgt. Traylor that he and a friend took Louise to Anniston on Wednesday afternoon, September 30th, to look for a place to live. After letting his friend out, Favors said, Louise settled on the old Jefferson Hotel in a rundown section of the west side. He let her out, drove away and that's the last he saw of her, he insisted.

On Saturday the interrogator was different, the question the same: Where had he gone that afternoon? Again, "Foots" said he let Louise off in front of the hotel. This time, as he was driving away, he happened to look back and see her get into a yellow pickup truck with two men in the cab. That was the last time he saw her alive. "We began trying to find a yellow pickup truck" said Amerson. "We questioned all the people we could find in an attempt to locate a vehicle like that." With no success.

In their attempt to retrace the victim's last movements, investigators drove by the hotel. To be exact, they drove by the place the hotel had been. What they found was a virtually abandoned building, used only for a teen disco on Saturday nights. The upper floor was deserted. No one had checked into the Jefferson "Hotel" for a long time. When Amerson told him the hotel didn't exist, Favors shot back that it was Louise who had described it to him as a hotel. He didn't really know. Favor's friend corroborated his story.

Later that evening, Amerson and partner Max Kirby took another statement. This one was lengthy and in writing. The deputies weren't satisfied with Foots' first two recollections. "He kept changing small details" recalls Amerson. "He was just so evasive. He would talk with you. You wouldn't have to worry about him giving you a story. But he gave it like he had the entire thing memorized. You didn't ask him any questions; he just ran it all off for you. You had to slow him down so you could write it down. And that," noted the veteran interrogator, "was unusual."

After the three statements had been cross-checked, Deputy Amerson, Sheriff Snead and Commissioner Clayton huddled. "We decided that something was definitely wrong" said Amerson. "His whole story, his whole attitude smelled. We thought we might turn our attention to him. We couldn't forget Ralph Bingham (by now safely sequestered in a neighboring county to avoid the family's wrath) but we decided that night that Edward Favors knew more than he was saying."

Later in the week, on Wednesday, October 7th, deputies asked Favors for permission to take a look at his car. That afternoon he drove the souped-up Pontiac Ventura to the sheriff's office where it was meticulously searched.

The back seat of the Ventura was littered with diapers and toys. Favor's common-law wife had children. Kids accumulate an awful lot of stuff. Normal enough. "But the front and the exterior were just immaculate" Amerson recalled.

Amerson knew that he couldn't confide his suspicions about Favors to Louise's relatives. "They would have immediately gotten hostile and that would have cut off all our information" he said. Finally, one family member helped. It was the one who had identified her body at the Quarry. Amerson told the relative, "We don't think Favors is telling the truth. We'd like you to be aware of that and watch his actions."

Plotting Favors' current activities would help. But what investigators really wanted to know was something about "Foots' "past. Something they obtained from Bingham in an

(Continued on page 80)

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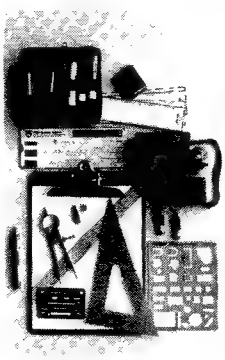

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LAPD ALERT:

FIND THE MESSENGERS OF DEATH — FAST!

by TURK RYDER
Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

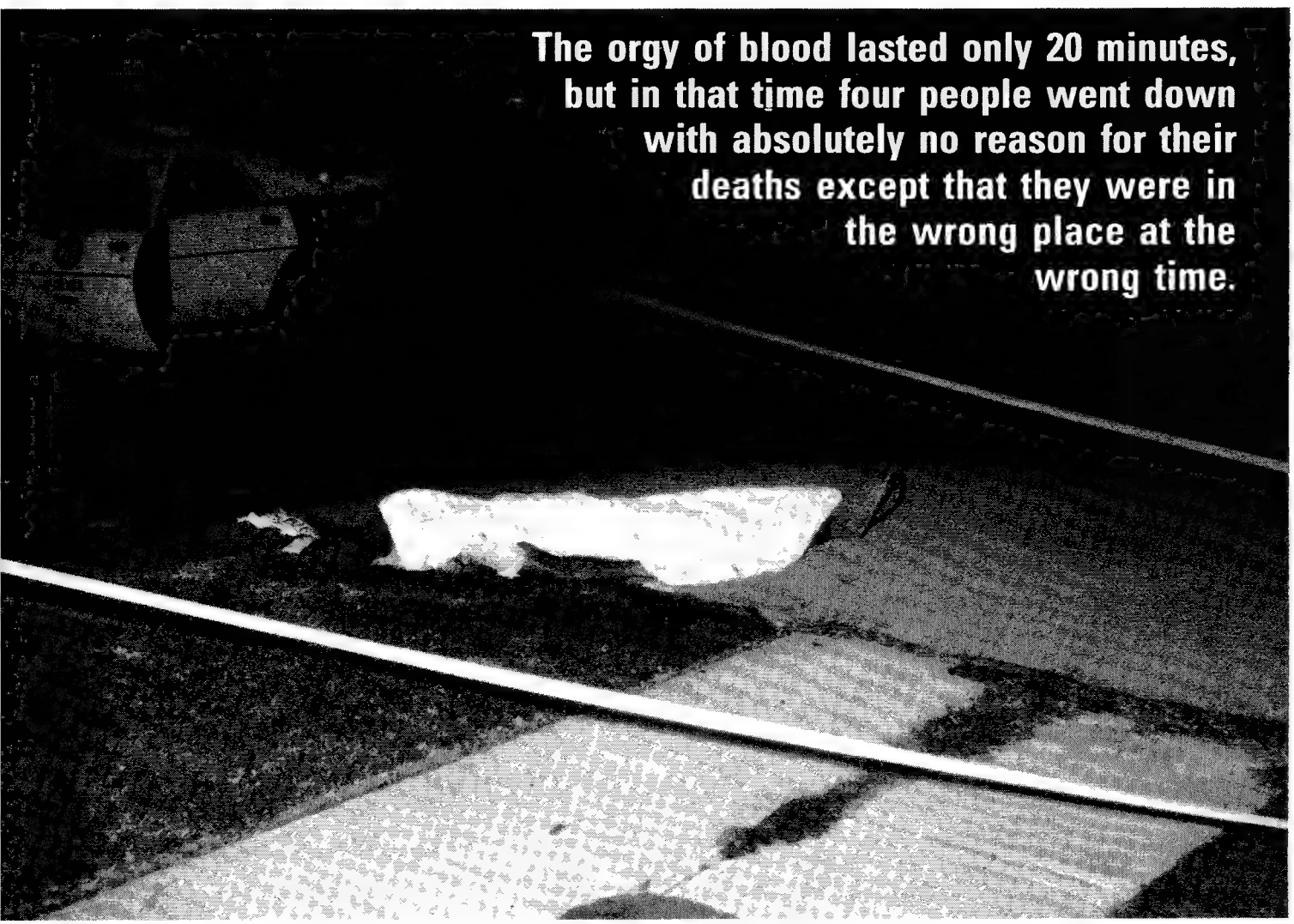
THE 20-minute crime spree termed the work of "messengers of death" by a judge, but known to most of Los Angeles as the "Westside Killings," began shortly after 8:00 p.m. on Sunday, August 24, 1980. It was a sultry and singularly unpleasant evening, as humidity combined with smog to create a cloud of poisonous, motionless air that hung over the L.A. basin like a wet raincoat.

It was the type of evening best spent in front of the television watching "Archie Bunker's Place," with the air conditioner turned on high and a couple of cold cans of beer within easy reach.

But for a 28-year-old rabbi, that Sunday evening was time better spent wheeling his 21-month-old son around the block in a baby stroller. The rabbi was not a fan of the Archie Bunker show and he did not mind the oppressive heat, nor did his infant son, who liked these short walks in the stroller almost as much as he enjoyed the Mickey Mouse plastic toy his father got him for his birthday.

Father and son approached the corner of Bedford and Cashio Streets when two teenagers appeared out of nowhere.

Both were quite young, the man remembered, perhaps no older than 15 or 16. One stood about five-ten, had a wildly long afro-type hair cut and wore what police call "mugger clothes," white jogging tennis shoes, designer style jeans and a thin cotton shirt worn over a tank top T-shirt. The other was about a few inches shorter than his friend, had shorter hair and wore the same mugger uniform, except that his T-shirt was dark colored.


The orgy of blood lasted only 20 minutes, but in that time four people went down with absolutely no reason for their deaths except that they were in the wrong place at the wrong time.

A sheet covers the corpse of victim Jean Vernin, 19, who was shot in chest while walking with friends

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

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'The progressive re-growth of hair is not in question'.

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NOTE: The actual file photographs shown on this page, photographs of the progressive re-growth of the hair experienced while using MEDI-TEC 90™ have not been altered

SEEING IS BELIEVING

But with the complex regulations binding the F.T.C., the possibility of coincidence prohibits F.T.C. endorsements.

FACT: That there is a definite progressive regrowth of hair while under the MEDI-TEC 90™ program is not in question

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"I'm writing you this letter because I must apologize. When my husband ordered your product I was mad. Throwing money away on some worthless product again. But now after about 5 weeks hair is growing. I can see it myself with my own eyes." **Mrs. S.C.**

"I started using your formula at — — (a well known private clinic). Now I apply it (MEDI-TEC 90™) myself at home. The formula works — my hair has grown on the balding areas and it only cost me 1/3 the price." **Mr. P.G.**

"What more can I say but thank you, thank you, thank you." **Mr. L.M.**

"Besides the fact that your product works...It's easy to use, no odor and not greasy!!" **Mr. H.B.**

"Your product has done more for me than grow hair on my scalp...It has given me back my confidence..." **Mr. C.D.**

NOTICE

The above testimonials, although real, true, and documented, are ignored by the "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Community in the U.S. because "THEY" state there is no known cure for baldness (that is, no known cure that "THEY" are aware of). However, the European "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Community, not as set in their ways, disagrees and ACCEPTS the use of various "baldness" preparations. While all the "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Communities are bickering about who is right, and who is wrong, THOUSANDS OF OUR CLIENTS ARE OVERJOYED WITH THE RESULTS THEY, THEIR FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND CO-WORKERS CAN SEE WITH THEIR OWN EYES.

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WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM MEDI-TEC 90™?

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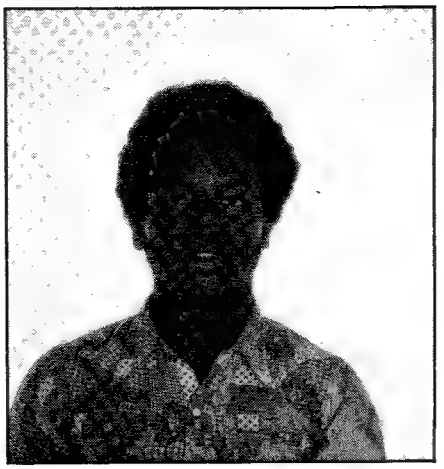

Evidence linking suspect, Perry Jackson (l.), was hard to find until cops were told whereabouts of murder gun. Suspected murderer, Norris Reece (r.), reportedly boasted to pals about having killed "people in Beverly Hills"

They stepped in front of the rabbi so they were almost touching him and pulled pistols from shaving kit type bags the two carried.

"Your money, honkie," the Afro-Haired one commanded.

The rabbi felt a spasm of fear as he reached for his back pocket wallet. He had not bothered to bring his wallet because he was walking in the neighborhood and didn't plan to be gone for more than 25 minutes. Now he wished he had brought it. The look in the eyes of the gunmen told the rabbi they meant business. He knew they might easily kill him and his son because he had nothing to give them.

"I didn't bring it," he pleaded. "I would give it to you if I did. I will do anything you ask but please don't hurt me or my son."

Afro-hair ordered his partner to search the rabbi. "Nothing," Short-hair said. "I think we should teach this honkie a lesson about walking around with no money."

Afro-hair just chuckled. "Not this time. We going to let you go this time, honkie. You just keep walking and don't look behind. And don't think about calling no cops."

The two stepped back into the street and disappeared into the darkness. The rabbi waited several seconds before heading back to his house.

Ten minutes later and one block away, a 66-year-old Russian emigre was enjoying the warm August evening by strolling arm and arm with his wife along Pickford Street, a narrow street of older homes a few blocks south of Beverly Hills named after the silent screen actress, Mary Pickford.

The Russian emigre had lived in L.A. only a few months and was still astonished by his new homeland. "So many cars, so much of everything," he often remarked to his 55-year-old wife.

At ten minutes past eight, the Russian was going to encounter another fact of American life—street crime.

As he and his wife neared the corner of Pickford and Bedford Streets, two black teenagers appeared behind them and ordered them to stop.

The man had lived through the horrors of the Stalin purges and World War II, but had never seen street muggers before. "What do they want?" he asked his wife in Yiddish.

The thugs made their intentions known when one grabbed him by the arm and shoved his hand in his pocket to take out his wallet. He did not resist because the other mugger had produced a pistol and was waving it at him and his wife.

"They would have killed us," he later told police. The mugger had grabbed his wallet but was unable to remove it from the pants pocket. He said in broken English that he would give the man his wallet if he would remove his hand from his pocket.

"You get that wallet out or I'm gonna blow you away," the gunman threatened.

He removed the wallet and gave the robbers all the cash he had and his watch. His wife also removed her watch and gave it to them.

"Please do not hurt us," she pleaded. "You have all our money. We have done everything you asked. Just please leave us alone."

Before the muggers could respond, 82-year-old Teh Hua Chau and her 60-year-old daughter Mai Yung Yu, came into view. They were walking slowly on the other side of Pickford Street headed for a Chinese store on Sherbourne Drive.

"Let's get them," Afro-hair said. Before they crossed the street, Short-hair turned to the emigre and his wife and said, "Keep quiet. Don't call no police or we'll come back."

The emigre was too scared to move. He just watched as the gunman bolted across the street and confronted the elderly women as they waited for a light.

He saw Short-hair grab the older woman's hand and demand money. The 82-year-old woman did not immediately respond to his demand because she did not speak any English. Instead, as she reached out with her hand and pushed at the black gunman who stood between her and the Chinese market, the black man raised his gun and fired.

Flames belched from the end of the .22-caliber pistol and the old woman fell to the pavement. Her 60-year-old daughter started screaming for police and ran to her mother's aid. The gunman fired again and the daughter dropped to the cement. Afro and Short-hair took off running.

When a police cruiser arrived 10 minutes later, Teh Hau Chau was already dead and Mai Yung Yu was barely breathing. The 60-year-old daughter still had a pulse when she was placed on a gurney and put in the back of an ambulance, but she died before they made it to the hospital.

Meanwhile, this same tragic scene was being played in almost identical fashion on Holt Avenue, just one block away from the Pickford Street slayings.

French-born Marie Claire Prevost, a beautiful 16-year-old with wispy brown hair, gaunt cheeks and a typically Gallic lushness to her lips, had first visited the U.S. in 1978, and promptly fell in love with Los Angeles. So much so, in fact, that she had decided to stay there rather than return to France.

Her descriptive, sometimes overly romantic, letters written about L.A. were so compelling they convinced two of her friends, Rene Girard and Jean Louis Vermin, both 19, to visit her in the summer of 1980. First appalled by the terrible smog and the freeway culture lifestyle, the two Frenchmen had come to share their friend's love for the city and even considered extending their tourist visas.

This was, of course, before the evening of August 12th. At around 8:25 p.m., Marie and her two male friends were walking from her uncle's home to an ice cream stand at West Pico Boulevard. They didn't quite make it. At the corner of Holt Avenue and Cashio Street, the trio was ambushed by two black men who jumped from the bushes.

Rene Girard later told police the taller of the two gunmen pulled out a dark-blue "cowboy gun" and pointed it at his friend Vermin, who was walking slightly ahead of the others. "His eyes were wide open and very nasty," he said, describing the gunman. "He extended his gun to the height of his chest and fired. Jean Louis fell down. He rolled and then he got up and started running across the street."

The gunmen did not pursue Vermin, who staggered around the corner and out of sight, but turned to Marie, and one put his gun to her head. His friend pulled out a snub-nosed revolver and jammed it agianst Girard's ribs.

"You give me the money," snarled Afro-hair, "or I'll do to her what I did to your buddy."

Girard did not understand the robber's words, but there was no mistaking the meaning of the gun or the gunman's baleful expression. He handed over his Seiko watch, a wallet containing English pound notes and U.S. currency, and some jewelry. Short-hair, meanwhile, ripped the gold bracelet off Marie's wrist and stuffed it in his pocket.

Having taken everything they could, the gunmen ordered the two French citizens to walk away and not to look back.

Rene and Marie went searching for Jean

(Continued on page 76)

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Says Dr. Papon: "I'm not sure what the limits to the amulet's powers are. Even his name, ABRAXAS, contained great strengths and mysteries. I think each holder of the amulet will find out for himself just how well he can control these ancient ***powers for riches, cures and safety day to day.*** *This is an incredible find... the few people I have given the amulet to cannot stop thanking me. I am convinced there is something big here and* ***I want the world to have this opportunity, not just a privileged few.***"

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For the kind of crime this man committed, a judge ruled

72 HOURS OF SOLITARY FOR THE

by BILL BILLOTTE
Special Investigator for
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THERE WAS only one topic of conversation on the streets of Bellevue, Nebraska, on that cold afternoon of January 24, 1982, Super Bowl Sunday. Would the Cinderella team of the San Francisco Forty-niners, riding the rifle arm of quarterback Joe Montana, beat the Cincinnati Bengals?

Like the rest of the country, the residents of the bustling little city which depends for much of its business activity on the nearby Strategic Air Force Command Base, were putting their everyday cares and worries behind them for the afternoon.

And when it was game time and the TV sets were turned on there were few of the 21 thousand residents to be seen on the streets. And this circumstance was to hamper the Bellevue police in the investigation of one of the most brutal murders in the history of the usually peaceful city.

After the game, while the backers of the Forty-niners were collecting their bets, Janice Ashton and her boyfriend returned to her apartment she shared with 19-year-old Edel Cook.

As she opened the door at 8 p.m., she turned to her companion as she noticed her friend lying on the sofa and said: "Sh!—I think she's asleep."

Then, after taking a couple more steps into the room, she stopped and her eyes widened in horror as she saw that her roommate was covered with blood.

"Oh, my God!" she said, and ran from the room.

A uniformed officer was the first to answer the dispatcher's call to be followed almost immediately by Captain Donald Carlson and Detective Bill Stednitz. The scene that greeted them was so gruesome that even the seasoned officers winced. Stretched on the sofa was the bloodstained body of what had once been an attractive young woman.

A cursory examination by the officers revealed the young woman had apparently been bludgeoned about the head and her throat cut. A shattered vase, a heavy mug and serrated knife were found near the body which the investigators believed probably were used by the killer.

The volunteer Rescue Squad arrived and Sergeant Mathew Jarvis, a policeman who serves with the squad on his own time, said the woman was beyond help. Jarvis is a qualified paramedic.

As other officers arrived, Captain Carlson ordered the scene be secured and the investigators made a foot-by-foot search of the apartment, carefully preserving any item that might later prove vital in solving what promised to be a baffling case.

The mug, shattered vase and serrated knife, which Miss Ashton said was a housewarming gift to her roommate when she moved into the apartment, were carefully placed in evidence bags to preserve any possible fingerprints.

Although the officers could not be certain, it appeared to them the young woman had been murdered more than two hours before Miss Ashton had made her shocking discovery. She told the investigators she had not seen Edel since she had left her in the apartment when she went to church.

Distraught by what she had found when she returned to the apartment, Miss Ashton said she could think of no one who would want to harm her friend.

"She was nice to everyone," she said as she tried to regain her composure. "Edel would go out of her way to keep from hurting your feelings. Whoever did this would have to be some kind of a creep."

Judge Ronald Reagan presided at trial in bloody murder of 18-year-old Edel Cook. Reagan's name, same as the President's, drew a lot of publicity during trial

that a life term was not enough. So he imposed an annual

NEBRASKA THROAT-CUTTER!

The room the body was found in was not in disorder as would have been the case if a fierce struggle had taken place. And a careful inspection of the doors and windows showed no signs of forced entry. Neither did it appear that the place had been ransacked.

These circumstances caused Captain Carlson and Stednitz to discount the possibility of robbery or burglary being the motive. It made them wonder if Miss Cook had been the target of a sexual attack and paid with her life when she resisted.

Technicians made a 5-minute videotape of the death scene, and a coroner was summoned to the scene to officially declare the victim dead. The body was then removed to a hospital in neighboring Douglas County for an autopsy.

As the investigators moved out to question those in the vicinity to find if anyone had noticed anything unusual during the afternoon or evening they soon learned of the impact the playing of the Super Bowl was to have on the investigation.

"We were glued to the set watching the game," was the answer given over and over to the hard-pressed lawmen.

The officers worked far into the night without getting a clue to the identity of the ruthless killer who had invaded the apartment of the attractive 19-year-old to snuff out her life.

One of the hardest duties of the night was to break the news of the slaying to members of the victim's large family. Besides her parents there were six brothers and five sisters. One brother is a member of the Omaha Police Department.

Miss Cook was a 1980 graduate of Bellevue West High School where she had taken part in many of the school activities and was regarded as a fine athlete. Her parents, despite their shock and grief, tried to give the investigators any help they could but said they knew of no one who would want to harm their daughter.

Believing that Miss Ashton, who had been in daily contact with the victim, would be of the most help in learning about the dead woman's friends and activities, she was asked to come to police headquarters. She was questioned there by Detective David Carlson, brother of the captain, and Detective Joe Jeanette.

Away from the tragic scene of the murder, Miss Ashton seemed better able to gather her thoughts and talk with more composure about her dead friend.

"Did she have a steady boyfriend?" Carlson asked.

"Yes, she was dating a man from Omaha," the woman replied. "She saw him pretty often and sometimes he would spend the night. His name is Jason Thurston."

"Do you know if she was planning to see him today?"

"No, I don't," she said. "If she was, she didn't say anything about it to me before I left for church."

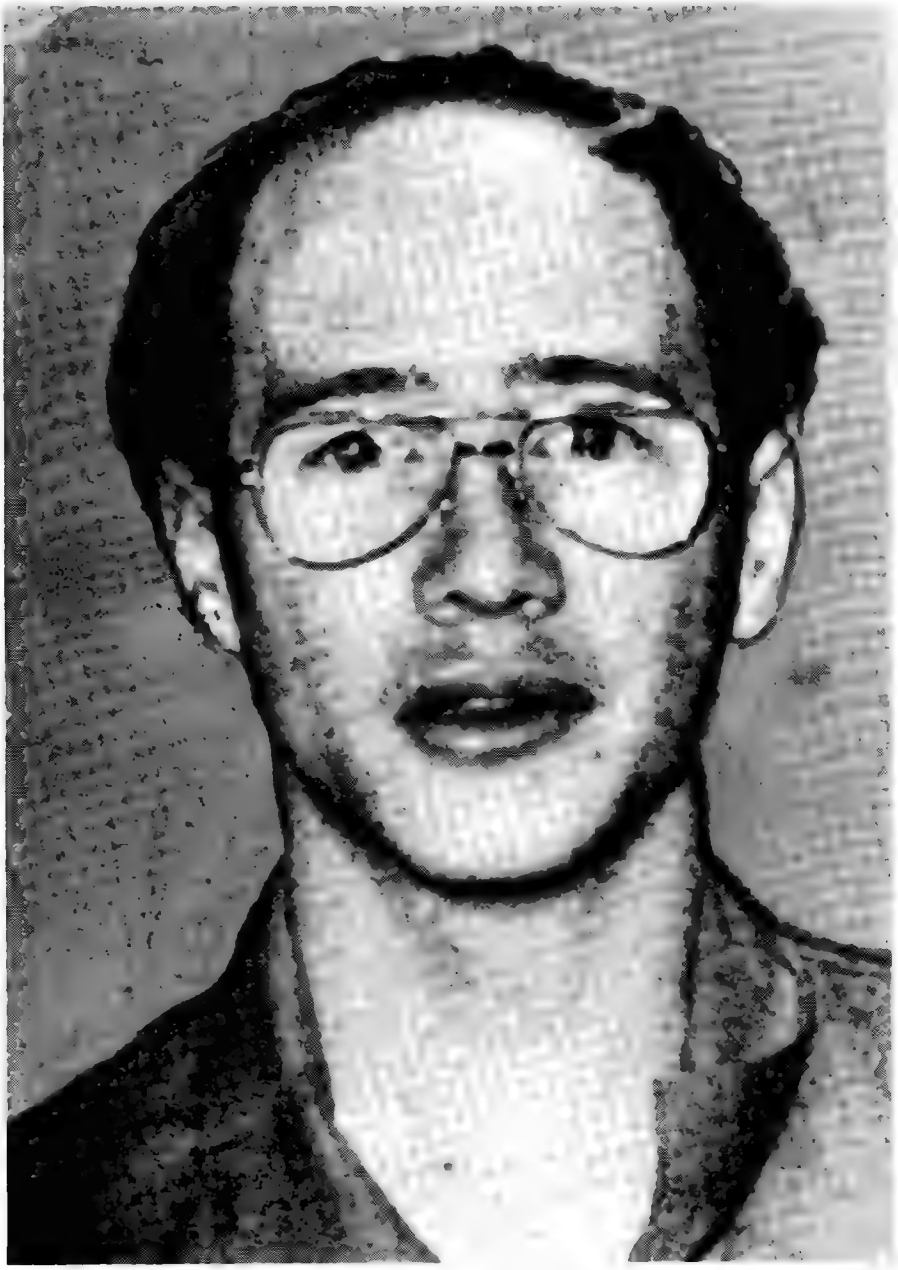
She said under further questioning that she thought Thurston sometimes seemed to have a hot temper and that one time he had caused Edel some pain by "bending back her fingers." She said the man's mother lived in Bellevue.

Carlson instructed an officer to pick Thurston up and bring him to headquarters and then asked Miss Ashton if any of their friends had free access to the apartment. She said that Edel was always glad to have people drop by.

"Like Kevin Rife—he drops by and listens to TV. He works with Edel over at the restaurant at the local motel and sometimes they ride to work together," Miss Ashton said. "He's a little guy, about five feet tall. They're just good friends—he wouldn't hurt a fly."

When Jason Thurston arrived he made it plain he resented being disturbed

On January 24th, 1982, after the Superbowl game, a roommate found Edel Cook's corpse on the sofa. She had been bludgeoned with a vase, her throat slashed



Kevin Rife became suspect when police found discrepancies in his statements. They had also become suspicious when Rife showed interest in the murder probe

at that hour of the night and seemed more concerned with that than the news his girlfriend had been murdered. He said that he had been in Bellevue visiting his mother that afternoon but he had not seen Edel. He said an Omaha neighbor had made the drive with him.

The investigators had learned that Miss Cook had worked at the motel until 1:30 p.m., visited with a woman friend until about 2:30 and then was driven to her apartment by her friend at that time. The police believed that Miss Cook was murdered between the hours of 3 p.m. and 5:30 a.m.

Det. Carlson had also been told that a washrag with blood on it and some hairs had been found in the apartment bathroom.

Thurston was unable to account for about two hours during the critical time period and he refused to give a sample of his hair, stating several times he objected to being considered a suspect in the investigation.

Noting that Thurston was over six feet in height and was strongly built and probably would have had no trouble in overpowering the athletic victim, Detective Carlson told Thurston he was merely following routine police procedure.

Making a mental note to further check into Thurston, Carlson told him he was free to leave.

Kevin Rife was an exact opposite of Thurston. Just five feet, one inch in height and weighing 110 pounds, he seemed almost overcome with grief when he arrived at headquarters.

"I don't know who could do this terrible thing to Edel," he said in a choked voice. "She was one of the best friends I ever had. I hope you get the killer—fast."

When asked to account for his time, the 19-year-old Rife said his car had broken down and that he was at the home of his parents all day Sunday working on it. He said his mother drove him back to his apartment at 7 o'clock in the evening.

Rife said he also lived in the college apartments but in a different building than the one Miss Cook lived in. He said he had not seen her on the day of the murder.

"Did you make any telephone calls or received any after your mother drove you home?" the detective asked. "Did anyone call you to let you know Edel had been murdered?"

"No, I didn't find out about it till the cops came after me," Rife answered. "It sure was a shock."

Although Rife had known the victim since high school days, they had not attended the same school.

It was dawn before the tired investigators went home for a few hours sleep, knowing that it was going to be 17- to 18-hour days until there was some kind of a break in the case. With only 27 active officers on the force, everyone becomes involved when one of the rare murder cases occurs. The uniformed men become almost as active as the detectives.

The news of the brutal and seemingly senseless slaying hit the community like a bombshell and the conversations about town switched from postmortems about the Super Bowl to the shocking murder of attractive Edel Cook.

Dr. Blaine Roffman, the Omaha pathologist who performed the autopsy, told investigators that the cause of death was multiple fractures of the head and severe lacerations of the trachea and jugular vein. He said that, in his opinion, Miss Cook was alive when her throat was cut.

He said that either the head injuries or the slashed throat would have been fatal even if the victim had received immediate attention from a competent physician.

Although the detectives were not ruling out that the murder might have been committed by a burglar, they were inclined to discount that theory. They based their belief on the fact there were no signs of forced entry and nothing missing from the premises and that the body was on the sofa with no signs that it had been moved.

The investigators theorized the murder was sexually motivated, that the killer might have been angered when he was repulsed, and battered the woman with the vase and mug. Then, knowing he would be identified if the victim talked, slit her throat.

Feeling that the killer had known her slayer, they concentrated their efforts in that area. Detective Jeanette alone questioned 30 persons during one 17-hour day.

Bellevue Police Chief Warren Robinson, who had been keeping close personal contact with the case, told reporters Monday night after a hectic day of investigation: "So far we have no firm suspect and no motivation."

Robinson said it was not known how long the victim had been dead when the body was discovered but it was believed the attack had

(Continued on page 56)

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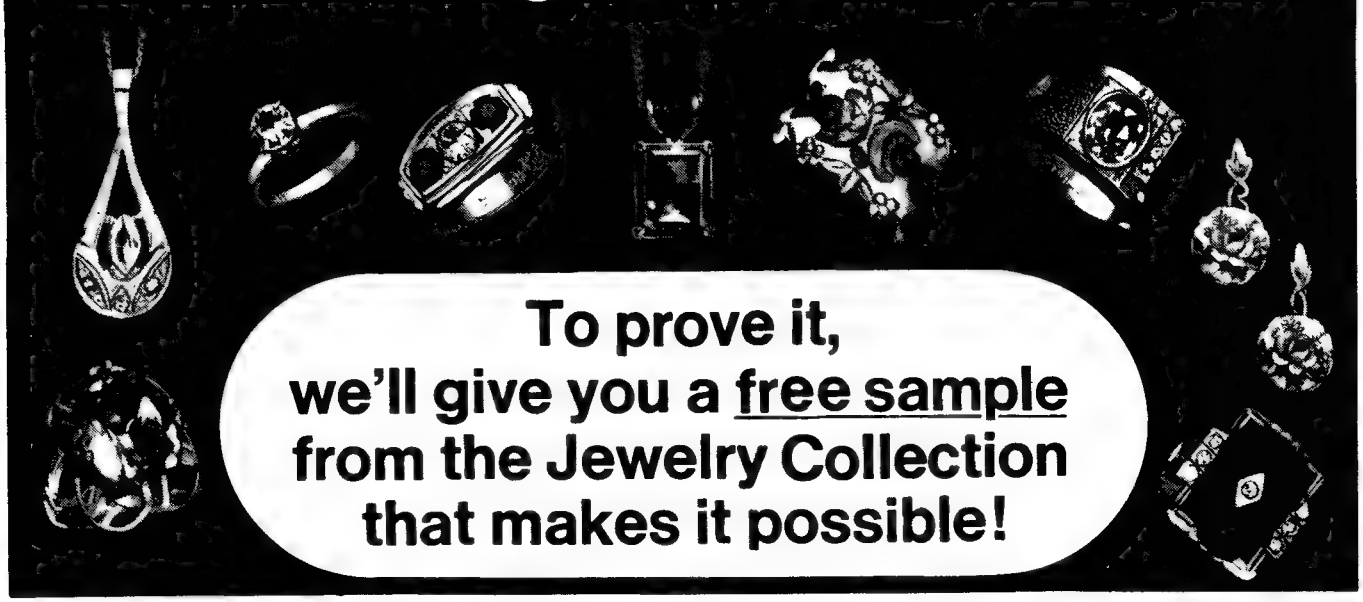

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A DEAD MAN TOOK A HORRIBLE SECRET TO HIS GRAVE

Eighteen-year-old Sherry Eyerly left pizza restaurant to make delivery, disappeared, and has not been seen since

by JACK G. HEISE
Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

VERY POSSIBLY there wasn't a person in Salem, Oregon, more pleased with her job than 18-year-old Sherry Eyerly.

It wasn't the cute little red, white and blue cap she wore, the red, white and blue shirt, nor the red, white and blue car she drove with the pizza shop sign on top with a propane-heated oven in back. It was the hours she worked.

Sherry was an avid swimmer and water skier. The shift she worked from seven in the evening until one o'clock in the morning freed her days for water sports. She wasn't even disappointed at not being able to see the fireworks display on Sunday night, July 4, 1982.

Sherry's parents weren't too pleased by the hours she worked delivering pizzas and urged her to get a day shift to be safer. Sherry poo-pooed the thought. The company she worked for had pizza shops all over the country with 7,000 drivers. Sure, some had been robbed, but the company instructed all of its delivery people to hand over the money if accosted. And there were other precautions taken.

It was Sherry's first day back to work after a vacation with her parents. As a graduation present, after finishing Sprague High School with an almost straight A grades, they had taken her to Lake Shasta in northern California, a water skier's paradise. She bubbled with delight when telling fellow workers of skiing behind fast boats on the big lake.

Sherry had another joy. She and a cousin had moved into their own apartment. It wasn't far from her parents' home and parental eyes, but it gave the girls a sense of independence. Both planned to go on to college in the fall.

The pizza company for whom Sherry worked was not a restaurant. Customers placed their orders by telephone and either drove in to pick them up or had them delivered.

The call came in at 9:07 p.m. The person taking the order noted the time, the various toppings for three large pizzas, and asked for a call-back number, it being company policy to call back before a delivery is made. It prevents pranksters from placing an order to someone not expecting it. Occasionally, someone considers it a big joke to order a number of pizzas to be delivered at one o'clock in the morning and have someone get out of bed to accept the unordered food.

It was a busy evening with Fourth of July parties going on, and when Sherry was ready to make the delivery at 9:30 to an address on Riverhaven Road, the call-back had not been made. At the time, it didn't seem important. The person taking the order had heard the man turn away from the telephone and ask others their preferences for toppings, so it seemed a legitimate order.

At about the time Sherry left to make the delivery on a road that parallels the Willamette River and leads out to where there are

The bodies of Sherry and Danielle have never been found. Oregon detectives are convinced the case is closed. Yet they know, too, that final confirmation will never come because the lips of their prime suspect are sealed forever.

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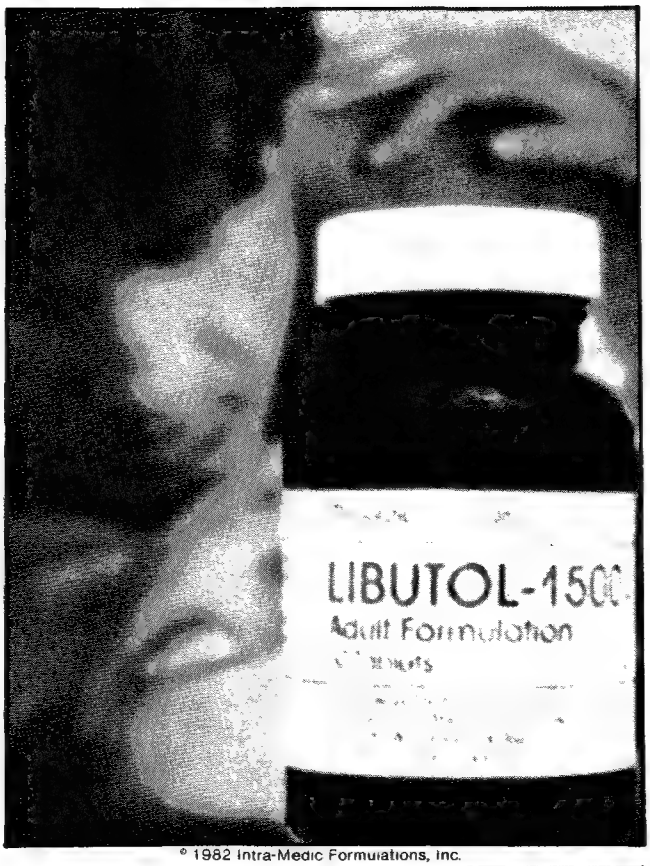
NOTE: Because conclusive research has not been done to completely verify the sexual efficacy of non-chemical preparations, Libutol-1500™ ***is only for the most sexually adventurous.*** National Drug Code Registration # 51729-1500-30



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numerous large homes around two large golf and country clubs, a minister living in the area received a call from one of his church members. There was a marital problem and he said he would call on them to see if it could be resolved.

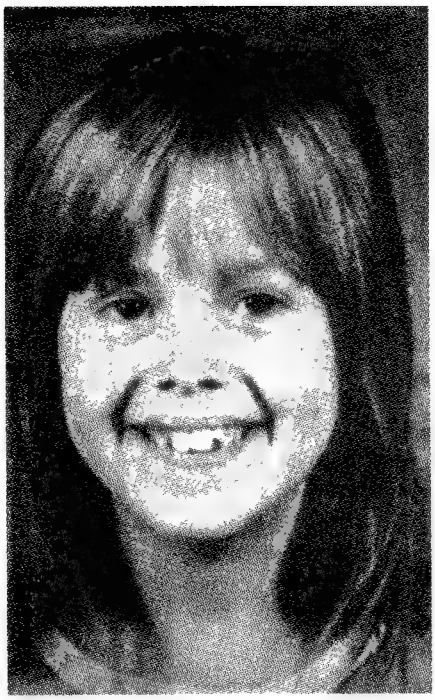
The red, white and blue pizza car, with its lights on, motor running and tailgate down was parked on the narrow gravel road in an area where there were no residents. The minister stopped to investigate. Three pizzas were lying on the ground and there was no one around.

The minister hurriedly drove to a store a couple of miles away and called the Marion County sheriff's office. He said he suspected there might have been an accident or some kind of trouble, since there hadn't been anyone around when he stopped.

The first deputies on the scene saw no signs of violence, other than the pizzas that had been spilled on the road. A short distance away, however, they found the red, white and blue cap Sherry had been wearing. More deputies were called to the area to search along the road and to knock on doors to ask if anyone had heard or seen anything that might explain the disappearance of the pizza car driver.

The pizza shop was contacted. They had the address and telephone number of where Sherry was to have made the delivery. The call-back number was for a pay telephone at a motel, not located in the area where the delivery was to be made. The address given was fictitious, as it would have been for a section covered with wild blackberry bushes.

A check at the motel failed to locate anyone who could recall having seen anyone in the telephone booth at the time the call was placed for the pizzas. The booth was located outside the motel office and could have been used by anyone driving into the motel parking area.



Danielle Good, 9, went to bed after watching TV. She was kidnaped during the night—and has never been found

By the time the sheriff's investigators Lt. Kilburn McCoy, Lt. Leon Riggs and Det. Wil Hingston arrived, there seemed to be little doubt that Sherry had been lured to the deserted road and someone had managed to intercept and abduct her.

The two big questions were why—and if she would be released unharmed.

The clerk who had taken the pizza order was questioned. He was certain it was a man's voice and had the impression it was that of an older man. He was also sure the man may have placed orders previously because he seemed familiar with the sizes and types of pizzas offered.

At daybreak the sheriff's Search and Rescue Unit joined the deputies. A helicopter with a spotting crew covered the area. Search dogs were unable to pick up a scent beyond the spot where the pizza vehicle had been found.

Deputies set up a road check to question persons driving in the area the previous evening between nine and ten o'clock. It produced what appeared might be a good lead.

A young couple returning from a fireworks display recalled passing the area where the pizza car had been found, apparently only a short time before Sherry arrived. They had noticed a lime-green 4x4 pickup truck. Because of their interest in off-road vehicles, they recalled it had mag wheels with a roll-bar and lights mounted on it. "A real sharp looking rig," one of them said.

They weren't able to remember having seen anyone in or near the truck, only that its headlights were on and it was parked.

Investigators questioned Sherry's family and friends. They asked if she had been threatened previously or had trouble with anyone that might explain the abduction. All of the answers were negative. Sherry had boyfriends but no serious commitments.

Puzzling to the investigators was that the pizza company had several vehicles making deliveries and some of the drivers were young men. Whoever had called hadn't asked for Sherry by name and wouldn't have known that she would be selected to make the delivery.

It brought up the theory that the motive had been robbery. The pizza deliverers carry only $20 to make change, so the small amount involved suggested youths and the possibility that Sherry might have recognized them as someone she had known from school or in her other activities. The abduction could have been to prevent her identification of them.

An alert went out from the sheriff's office with a description of Sherry and the 4x4 pickup.

Volunteers joined the deputies and the state police in a concentrated search along the river roads, stomping through wild blackberry thickets and probing into anyplace that might conceal a corpse. Skin divers and deputies with drags searched the Willamette River.

At the end of a week not a single lead had been developed as to where Sherry might be. Hope that she would be found alive dwindled for almost everyone except the missing girl's family and friends. They raised a reward fund and had circulars printed which were posted throughout central Oregon. They read:

MISSING PERSON...FOUL PLAY SUS-

Police are shown starting what turned out to be futile search for Danielle

PECTED. There was a photo of Sherry with printed material: Sherry Eyerly, an 18-year-old woman, 5'2" tall, 100 pounds, medium-brown shoulder length hair, blue eyes, missing since evening of July 4, 1982. Sherry has a 1" scar in her right eyebrow, a 1" scar under her chin, and an 8" surgical scar along her lower spine with a closed 3/8 impression near the bottom of the scar, and joined initials TB tattooed onto the webb of her left thumb.

A vehicle believed to be lime green pickup with roll bar and possibly overhead lights was observed in the area about the time Sherry's delivery car was found by passing citizens. This pickup truck may be mid-50 to mid-60 4-wheel drive model.

REWARD: Sherry Eyerly's family and friends are offering a $10,000 reward for anyone who can substantially help locate her, and $20,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of suspect(2) if foul play is confirmed:

CONTACT: Marion County Sheriff's office, Detective Section, Salem, Oregon, 503-588-5113 or 503-588-5032.

For almost a month the police, with friends and relatives of Sherry, searched for the missing girl without finding a single trace—and then, the Salem police had another mysterious missing person case.

There seemed to be no connection between the cases at the time. Sherry was 18 and the new missing girl only nine. The circumstances surrounding the disappearances were entirely different.

The family lived in the Royal Oaks residential section of the city.

There were four grown children and the couple had been married 20 years when Danielle Rene Good came along. "She was one of those late but wonderful surprises that sometimes happens to people who think they've already raised their family," the couple said.

The mother chose to work the night shift as a waitress so she could be home days with her daughter. She returned home from work at 1:30 on Saturday morning July 31, 1982.

She found Danielle curled up on a davenport in her sleeping clothes sound asleep and the television set playing. Apparently she had coaxed her father into seeing something "just until it ends" and he had gone to bed and went to sleep. The mother picked up Danielle without awakening her, carried her into her bedroom and tucked her in.

The father got up at seven o'clock in the morning. He put some coffee on in the kitchen and began to prepare to leave for work when he looked into Danielle's bedroom, which was in the front of the house and just off the entrance hall. Danielle wasn't in her bed.

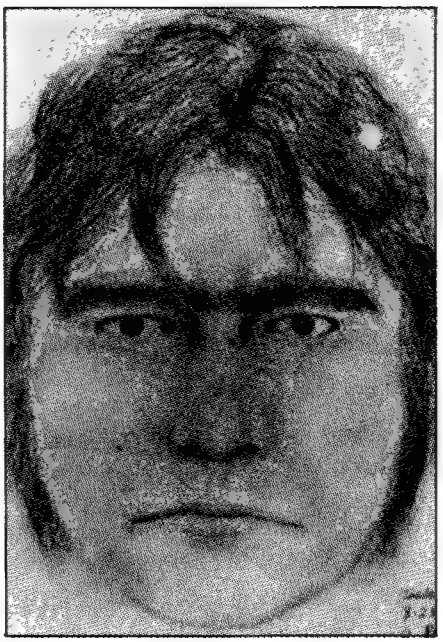
He looked into his own bedroom, thinking Danielle might have gone in to snuggle up to her mother. She wasn't there. Nor was she in any of the other rooms in the house. He awakened his wife.

She thought it possible Danielle might have gotten up earlier and went out to visit some of her friends in the neighborhood. They made a number of calls without locating anyone who had seen Danielle. They also noted that the girl's bicycle was in the garage.

The mother became really concerned when she checked and found Danielle hadn't put on any of her play clothes or her shoes. It was highly unlikely that she would have gone anywhere in her nightclothes and barefooted.

After searching the neighborhood and calling relatives, the parents called the police. They were unable to even guess for the patrol officers what could possibly have happened. Certainly, they didn't have the wealth to be the target of a kidnaping for ransom. It wasn't a case of an abduction, as sometimes happens, in a custody suit.

Satisfied that the girl hadn't voluntarily left the house, the patrol officers put in a call to Lt. Robert Sappingfield. He arrived with Sgts. Cal Steward and Roy Harrell.



Police circulated this sketch of a man seen near Danielle's home when the child was abducted during night

There were no signs of a forced entry. The bedroom windows in Danielle's room were locked open, but not wide enough to let anyone enter. The parents hadn't been awakened by any sounds during the night. Both were positive they would have heard Danielle if she had cried out.

How anyone could have gained entry to the house was narrowed down to two possibilities as the investigators talked to the family.

One was the front door might not have been locked. The father usually left the front door unlocked when he was home and his wife was at work. She couldn't be positive she had locked it when she came in.

The other was that someone had come to the house whom Danielle knew. Using some kind of a ruse he had gotten to the girl without arousing any fear. The next step could have been to clamp a hand or gag over the girl's mouth.

The question was why?

The father was a guard at the state prison. Had any inmates been released who had threatened him? If there were, he wasn't aware of it.

Fellow guards from the prison joined the city and county police in a search for the missing girl or any clues as to who might have abducted her and for what reason.

They turned up one possible lead. A man had been seen cruising in a Ford Falcon station wagon in the neighborhood. He wasn't anyone the neighbors recognized. He was described as having long, stringy hair, a round face with heavy eyebrows. Police artists prepared a sketch from the description and it was given to the news media with a request for anyone who might recognize him to contact the police.

On the fourth day after the disappearance of Danielle, investigators came up with what appeared to be a "red hot" lead. An ex-con contacted a detective in Portland. He claimed he had been approached by another ex-con with a proposition of kidnaping the prison guard's daughter. The plot was that the youngster would be held until certain prisoners in the state penitentiary were released. He claimed he had turned down the propositon, but named the person who had contacted him.

There was an immediate nationwide alert out on the suspect. FBI agents joined the local police in an attempt to locate the man. He was spotted two days later in Reno, Nevada, and taken into custody.

The suspect had a solid alibi for not having been in Salem at the time the girl was abducted. He claimed there had been some talk among prisoners about kidnaping a prison official and holding him as a hostage in exchange for the release of prisoners, but insisted it was just "pot talk" and no one seriously considered following through with it.

A relative of Danielle Good, living in California, put up a $5,000 reward for information concerning the missing girl. Posters were printed and joined those with the reward being offered for information concerning Sherry Eyerly.

A relative of Sherry watching a reality television show saw a psychic in Dallas, Texas, being interviewed. Over a period of 14 years he had been credited with helping the police locate a number of bodies of crime victimes.

The relative sent the psychic a picture of Sherry, her car keys, a wooden plaque she treasured along with police reports on the case and a map of the Salem area.

The man reported back that after holding the articles, he had a vision that included a white house, some kind of bars and pillars and a golf course. He was asked to come to Salem. He said he would. He did not charge a fee for his services, only travel expenses.

Meanwhile, sheriff's Detective Hingston developed a possible lead in the Eyerly case. He had been contacted by an auto body shop owner outside of Salem with the information that a man had come in a few days after Sherry disappeared and asked to have his lime green 4x4 pickup painted a dark brown.

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WAS DAWN'S RAPE-SLAYER A TRUSTED FRIEND?

by ED BARCELO
Special Investigator for
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THE FIRST alarm sounded at Massillon, Ohio police headquarters on September 29, 1982: A frantic mother on the phone. So frantic that the words ran together and the message had to be repeated.

Her little girl missing. The girl's age: Seven.

In former times, such calls would not have raced a police dispatcher's adrenalin. For more often that not, the parent or police would locate the missing child at a friend's house. Innocuous and commonplace.

But all this was before the era of poisoned Halloween candy. Before a sick society, operating in ever-increasing numbers, fell to the more monstrous hobby of abducting, raping and slaying little girls.

In Ohio it was bad. Real bad. Maybe a small epidemic. Which was why the Massillon police dispatcher now had difficulty concealing his own alarm. In a score of months, nine little girls had disappeared from homes between Cleveland and Columbus, a distance of only 140 miles. None of these girls, aged seven to 13, had ever been found alive. Some were still missing. But the bodies of the remaining little girls bore mute testimony of the unthinkable sexual horrors they had endured before being strangled, stabbed or shot to death. Even sicker, the sexual abuse to some of the little girls had occurred *after* their slayings.

So it was, on this sunny fall afternoon, a nostalgic time of cider, pumpkins and hayrides, a sleepy, small city to the south of Akron, suddenly visited by the threat of tragedy: *Dawn Marie Hendershot, just seven years old, missing from her Massillon, Ohio home.*

The dispatcher, noting the parents' name and address, radioed a patrol car to investigate.

Shortly after the officers arrived at the Hendershot home, they were joined by Massillon detectives.

In a neat frame house away from the downtown area, the Hendershots, visibly upset, explained that Dawn had been dismissed from school at 3:05 p.m: She was a well-behaved little girl, always came straight home, they said. When Dawn failed to arrive at the customary time, nor in the 15 or so minutes thereafter, they phoned the school, Gorrell Elementary.

The detective noted that this was about four blocks away, a five to ten minute-walk, at best.

The parents provided the lawmen with bits of information about Dawn's after-school actitivies, which were unlike millions of other little children. Home from school, she would quickly change into playclothes, then go outside to play with her neighbor friends. No behavioral problems. No history of running away from home. And, no, she had not been scolded for a misdeed this morning.

Donald Maurer, 28, became chief suspect in the frenzied rape-murder of seven-year-old Dawn Hendershot (above)

As the detectives guessed, the parents had already perfunctorily searched the neighborhood, phoned Dawn's friends and made back-and-forth trips to her school.

Dawn Marie was described as about 4 feet 2 inches tall, weighing 55 pounds. Her parents said their daughter had hazel eyes, and recently had her blonde hair cut into a short, curly style.

"Can you tell us something about the clothes she wore to school today?" a detective with a note pad asked the parents.

The mother said that Dawn had been wearing a white, short-sleeved blouse with back buttons and a cuffed front; a white sweater that buttoned down the front, with pockets and a hip tiestring; a green ruffle skirt with small scattered flowers a white half-inch eyelet lace at the bottom; blue-and-beige tennis shoes, and pierced gold-heart earrings.

Also, she was carrying a crescent-shaped shoulder purse with a dark-blue canvas shoulder strap, and a brown change purse, open at the top, with a white stripe and a picture of a Jordache horse.

It was quite a description, the lawmen thought. Very complete.

The Hendershots also furnished the detectives with a recent picture of their missing girl.

She was a sweetheart, the lawmen thought as they gazed at Dawn's photograph. A grinner. A toothy smile. Open space, dead-center, separating two of her upper teeth; and with eyes that crinkled with laughter, merriment popping out of the photo. Dawn Marie was at once impish and lovable.

And now she was missing.

With the September sun slowly disappearing behind the rooftops of the peaceful Massillon neighborhood, the lawmen drove to Gorrell Elementary School. Administrators and several teachers, aware and deeply concerned about Dawn's mysterious disappearance, had remained at the school, wanting to help.

The principal described Dawn as an average pupil. "She got along well with others," he said, "and there were no behavioral or learning problems."

Dawn's dismissal time was confirmed, and there was no need for her to ride a school bus, her teacher pointed out, since she lived within walking distance.

"What school exit would she have left from?" a detective asked.

Reflecting only briefly, the principal said, "The side entrance."

"Do you have a school guard stationed there?" the principal was asked.

The answer was no. No crossing guard at the crosswalk on that side of the school. The nearest crossing guard would be several hundred yards north of the crosswalk, at the intersection of Lincoln Way and 23rd Street.

So scratch that one, the detectives thought. If a school crossing guard had been at the school's side entrance when Dawn emerged this afternoon, he or she might have remembered something that could help them.

Now leaving the school, the detectives were puzzled. How could a little girl so completely and mysteriously disappear from this quiet, peaceful neighborhood during mid-afternoon? If the youngster had been forcibly pushed or hauled into an assailant's car, surely someone would have noticed and reported it. But no such call had been received.

A kidnaping? the detectives wondered briefly.

But a probable negative on that one. The Hendershots didn't appear to have *that* kind of money or status. Middle-class working people—not a likely target for a kidnaper.

The other possibility—more frightening, more realistic—raised grave fears among the investigators. Yes, the little girl's disappearance could be sexually-motivated. There were a lot of sickos out there with a yen for young girls, and while Massillon was not especially noted for violent sex crimes against young girls, neither was it immune.

As dusk approached, every available police officer was pressed into service. Patrol cars scoured every section of the city. Plainclothesmen, driving unmarked cars, toured back alleys and seldom-traveled streets.

At police headquarters, grim-faced detectives reviewed the list of known area sex offenders and contemplated possible actions. Assisting in the hunt for clues, the local news media urged any citizen having knowledge of Dawn's disappearance to immediately phone the police.

In Dawn's neighborhood, over 200 friends and neighbors took up the search for the missing schoolgirl. Among the searchers was an across-the-street neighbor, a parent himself, Donald Lee Maurer. Maurer, a 28-year-old umemployed meat cutter, seemed to have an understandable reason for wanting to help. Ordinarily, he accompanied Dawn and his three stepchildren to and from school, sometimes driving them in his jalopy, sometimes walking along with them. But this afternoon, he'd skipped the pickup service to go hunting.

As the September night fell dark, the searchers, weary and grim, abandoned the hunt until daybreak.

But worry was not abandoned. It hung in local households like the pungent odor of death. For with no reminder needed, people knew it was now nine o'clock and there still was no word of the missing seven-year-old. Nothing at all.

On the morning following Dawn's disappearance, Massillon Police Chief Frederick M. Kirkbride told the news media, "We are treating this as a missing person case until we can prove otherwise." He said there was no evidence of forced abduction and emphasized that police so far saw no link between Dawn's disappearance and two kidnap-slayings of schoolgirls in neighboring Wayne County.

Chief Kirkbride, of course, was referring to 12-year-old Tina Marie Harmon, of Creston, and 11-year-old Krista Harrison, of Marshallville.

Tina Marie Harmon had vanished in October, 1981, while walking from a grocery, not far from where she lived. Her body was found November 3rd, near Navarre, in neighboring Stark County. She had been strangled and raped. The case was ultimately solved and two men were convicted in Tina Marie's rape and murder.

Of Krista Harrison, witnesses said that the 11-year-old was dragged into a van near Marshallville's park on July 17, 1982. Her body was found six days later at a derelict shed in Holmes County. There had been no arrests in her strangulation death, and an autopsy revealed evidence of sexual assault.

But despite chief Kirkbride's media reassurances that this was still being treated as a "missing person" case, and that he saw no link between Dawn Hendershot's disapparance and other Ohio sex slayings of young girls, local parents took strict measures to insure their childrens' safety. In large numbers, parents personally drove their children to school and watched their safe entry before driving off.

In the home and in the school, children were repeatedly warned not to talk to strangers. If they (the children) were approached by a stranger, they were to immediately turn and run away.

To lend organization and know-how to the investigation, Chief Kirkbride appointed Detective Bruce Wilson of the police morals squad to direct the case. Wilson, not yet able to call Dawn's disappearance a kidnaping for money, simply noted that no ransom had been demanded.

Hitting the streets, Wilson and his men looked for leads. Meanwhile, the principal of Gorrell Elementary School assembled his teachers before classes and told them to reassure pupils "that everything we can do is being done to find Dawn."

Although the Massillon schools traditionally taught pupils, beginning in kindergarten, to go straight home and stay away from strangers, the Gorrell School principal asked his teachers to review these safety procedures with their children. According to school records, only 80 of the more than 400 Gorrell pupils rode the school buses, which meant a lot of children would be on local sidewalks, suddenly deemed unsafe.

Chief Kirkbride, with 31 years on the force, four as its chief, said, "Massillon never had anything like this before, involving kids." Which was the truth. Sexual imposition, fondling and rape of nubile nymphets—yes. But a young girl never before had vanished from the streets. This was a tragic first.

Urgency mounted, and Detective Wilson and his men paid another call to the Gorrell school. Administrators and faculty members again were questioned. Additionally, police addressed questions to the pupils of every class. In carefully-structured interviews that followed, the detectives talked to several lower-grade pupils who thought they had seen Dawn with a stranger during after-

(Continued on page 60)

That was only a hunch, but Ohio detectives had to follow it to its natural conclusion or they would never rest easy. They did, and came up with some surprises in the case

Texas probers needed only to look at all of the victims to know that

THE SEX FREAK WAS HUNG UP ON BLUE-EYED BLONDES!

by NINA I. COX
Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

A SMALL Texas town situated on the edge of Fort Worth city limits, River Oaks, lies between the curves of the Trinity River that winds through the Fort Worth-Dallas metropolises and becomes an integral part of the area.

Not a wealthy community, River Oaks has one thing in common with Dallas: It is proud of its cheerleaders. Many of the River Oaks 8,000 residents believe the high school cheerleaders compare favorably with Dallas Cowboy pom-pom girls in beauty and talent.

Pretty Retha Stratton, 18, was one of several blue-eyed blondes attacked in Ft. Worth area—but was only one slain

At one high school counselor at River Oaks put it, "It always seems to me we have such great cheerleaders. They are always some of the prettiest, classiest-looking girls in the school."

River Oaks cheerleaders are not chosen by athletic try-outs, as they are at some other high schools. It's strictly a popularity contest. They are chosen by a popular vote of the 900-member student body.

In late 1981, River Oaks police became alarmingly aware of the attraction of the town's pom-poms. It seemed to them that a masked rapist was stalking the beauties.

In early December, a former River Oaks High School cheerleader was raped by a masked man who entered her parents' home through an unlocked door, between the hours of 10:30 and 11 p.m.

The next night the sister of another cheerleader was raped. She told police that her attacker wore a ski mask when he entered her house through an unlocked door.

Two other high school cheerleaders reported to police that they had been threatened with attacks.

While police were probing the two rape cases they learned of another in the nearby community of Saginaw.

The 19-year-old Saginaw girl who had recently graduated from high school was raped in her parents' home by a man whose description matched that of the River Oaks rapist. The Saginaw victim described her assailant as white, muscular, about five-foot nine or ten. He also wore a ski mask.

"All the rapist's victims were blonde, real shapely and recent high school graduates," Saginaw Police Chief Gene Springer stated.

Lawmen were amazed at the boldness of the rapist who entered the homes of the victims, raping and escaping detection three times.

River Oaks and Saginaw police officers continued to work in close coordination on the rape investigations, comparing notes on the evidence they had obtained.

They believed they had a pretty good description of the rapist, and luckily, at the scene of the Saginaw rape, the sleuths had lifted a thumbprint from the bedroom furniture where the attack had occurred. Police hoped the print would help identify the young woman's assailant sooner or later.

It was January 14, 1982, before a rapist hit again, this time in Sansom Park Village, located just a short distance north of River Oaks. It was about 11:00 p.m. on Thursday when 20-year-old Ann Mitchell found out that she had nothing clean to wear to work on Friday. Although it was late for her to go out alone, she had no alternative. And besides, she thought, the laundromat was only a short distance away.

Miss Mitchell had been there only about 30 minutes when a good-looking young man walked in. The two were alone in the laundromat. Suddenly, the man forced her into a back storage room and sexually assaulted her.

After the rape, the young woman ran to the nearest store and called police. She described her attacker as medium in height, about five-

foot-nine or ten. "No," she answered the investigating officer, "he was not wearing a mask."

Just one week after the Sansom Park rape, Amy Kindle was returning home to the apartment that she shared with Retha Stratton in River Oaks.

The two classmates had graduated from River Oaks High School where pretty, blonde-haired Miss Stratton had been elected one of the cheerleaders for three years. Miss Kindle was her best friend.

Their apartment was a duplex. A sister of Miss Kindle's lived in the other side. It was still early on the winter evening as Miss Kindle stepped up on the porch and discovered the front door was unlocked. Apprehensively, she opened the door, calling Retha's name, so as not to frighten her.

She knew her roommate should already be home after her day's work as a computer operator. All the girls around River Oaks area were quite nervous about leaving their doors unlocked, because of the recent attacks on others in their age group. They always took precautionary measures, locking their car doors while they were driving unaccompanied, and being careful to keep their apartment doors locked at all times.

Miss Kindle was concerned that she had received no answer to her call. Then she saw the ghastly sight. Something red, like blood, was spattered on the light-colored wall of the room and on a table lamp that was close by.

The terrified girl ran next door and got her sister. Together, armed with a baseball bat, they bravely went back to the blood-spattered room to search for Miss Stratton. The search took only a few minutes, although the memory of their grotesque finding will remain on their minds indefinitely.

When Miss Kindle opened the clothes closet door her sister was looking over her shoulder. They screamed simultaneously. Their eyes focused on the partially nude and bloody body of Retha Stratton. She was in a half-sitting position, a kitchen knife embedded in her chest.

Shocked at the appalling scene, the near-hysterical sisters bolted out the door and managed to telephone police. The next call the frightened girls made was to their parents.

The frantic call came in to the River Oaks police department where Walters Schertz is police chief. All available men were dispatched to the address given by the tearful caller.

The sisters were waiting when the police arrived. They pointed to the apartment door and the officers entered, wondering what awaited them. The blood on the living room wall gave them a hint that it would be grisly.

Officers followed the blood-spattered trail on the floor to the small clothes closet in the bedroom. The door was partly open. Opening it wider, they could see the victim of the fiendish crime was partially nude, a knife protruding from her chest.

A cursory examination by officers revealed that blood had oozed from a number of wounds to the girl's neck and chest to redden her sweater. Her lower body was clothed only in panties. Her wrists were slashed.

Crime scene search officer V.R. Caughron arrived at the scene which had been cordoned off by police, and began his routine work of collecting evidence. Caughron picked up a gold earring from the living room floor, and collected over 30 hairs and fibers from the scene.

He picked up a pair of pink pants, a gold basket, pantyhose, and a soft drink bottle to be examined by laboratory technicians.

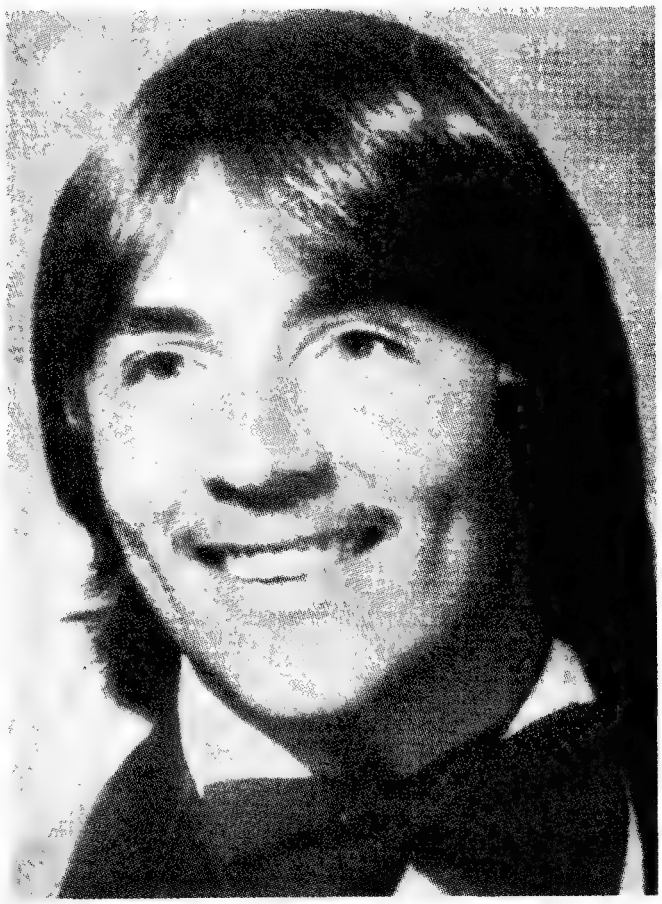
Fort Worth Detective C.D. Timmons arrived and took charge of the investigation. Meanwhile, the photo lab crew began taking pictures of the bloody crime scene and of the victim before and after she was removed from the small closet.

Dr. Nizam Peerwani, Tarrant County medical examiner, arrived at the scene with an amublance to move the body to Fort Worth for an autopsy.

Detective Timmons allowed the knife to remain in the chest of the victim when she was taken away by amublance. He told the medical examiner that he would arrange for the knife to be fingerprinted later.

Timmons was still at the scene when a young man arrived who identified himself as Miss Stratton's fiance.

He told Timmons that he and Miss Stratton were planning to be married the following August. In answer to Timmons' questions, he gave his name as Gary Mathis, and revealed that he had talked to his fiancee something that afternoon, about 4:45 p.m. Then he went on some errands, including a trip to the cleaners, he said.



Wesley Miller, 19, came under suspicion when cops learned he had asked a girlfriend to wash his bloodstained jeans

Timmons asked him if he had driven past the victim's house between the hours of 5:00 and 6:00 p.m. and he answered, "No." He told the detective that he had arrived at her house because she was expecting him. He was started to find the house swarming with police officers.

Timmons surmised that if Miss Stratton's fiance was telling the truth, then he was possibly the last person who had talked with the slain girl besides her attacker. The detective believed Mathis' statement; however, since Timmons knew that no possibility can be overlooked in a homicide probe, he would have investigating officers check out the places Mathis said he had been during the time that the slaying had occurred.

This line of investigation cleared Mathis as a suspect.

Officers conducted a door-to-door investigation in the neighborhood, asking residents if they had noticed any suspicious looking characters on the streets, either driving or walking, or if any vehicles foreign to the area had been seen.

The investigators knew it would be mighty unusual for a person to arrive at the scene of the crime, commit the ghoulish act, and leave again in broad daylight without being seen by at least one person. The crime had evidently occurred during one of the busiest times of the day, between the hours of 5:00 and 6:00 p.m., when working people were going to and from their jobs.

In the small surburban town of River Oaks, people were generally more neighborly than in the larger cities, and they were prone to know what kind of cars their neighbors drove.

Detective Timmons received some information that proved to be the first break in the investigation during this door-to-door campaign.

A neighbor in the immediate area of the crime scene had seen a pickup during the crucial hours, parked at the back of the duplex

(Continued on page 68)

Author Sasser is shown investigating one of many murders which often led to war of wits with wily suspects

INCREDIBLE TALES OF AN OFF-BEAT HOMICIDE COP

by CHARLES W. SASSER
Special Investigator for
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

EARLY IN my career as a homicide detective for the Tulsa, Oklahoma, police department, I learned the value of using every off-beat trick I could think of, as long as it was not illegal, in order to cast a killer or other criminal behind bars where he belonged. Armed with a little imagination and a good sense of humor, I solved cases other detectives called impossible. While my methods were frequently and admittedly unorthodox, they busted cases where more conventional methods of investigation would have left suspects free to continue to prey upon innocent people.

Take, for example, the Grinning Hyena. Ultimately, the grinning stopped when he found himself unarmed in a battle of wits that he himself had unfortunately started.

One sunny Valentine's Day my wily old partner, Austin Roberts, and I were summoned to the second floor of a rundown rooming house where we found 62-year-old Gina Sanders sprawled naked and face down on her floor with an electric cord twisted around her neck. She'd been raped anally. It took us a few weeks to track down a suspect who had left a nearby bar with her the night she was killed. Witnesses described him as "grinning like a hyena."

The 54-year-old parolee we ferreted out as a result of this description did in fact, with his death's skull, sunken-in eyes, and wide, mirthless grin, resemble the animal whose name we gave him. Records revealed that he had been convicted and sentenced to 99 years in the penitentiary for murdering and anally raping another Tulsa woman in 1962. It had been his confession that convicted him. If nothing else, 15 years in prison taught him to keep his mouth shut when cops were around. Without a confession, we had insufficient evidence to make an arrest stick. It appears the Grinning Hyena would successfully elude justice.

For the next two months, Roberts and I followed him all over the city, questioning him at every opportunity. He moved constantly, trying to avoid us, finally cohabitating with a woman with a blind poodle and the IQ of a good golf score. It was she who advised us how distraught the Hyena became after each of our visits. He would leap up in the middle of the night and stalk from window to window brandishing a butcher knife and screaming into the darkness: "Roberts! Sasser! I know you're out there!" That gave us an idea.

In April, my partner and I picked up the Hyena and took him to Gina Sanders apart-

Here's how one detective uses his wild imagination and an outrageous sense of humor to bring the bad guys to justice. TV producers please note

ment where we pointed out how the front window overlooked a vacant lot across the street.

"We've learned," I said, "that two homosexuals parked in that lot were looking through Gina's window that night and saw you strangle her. We don't know who they are yet, but we'll find them. When we do, we'll be coming for you."

I thought he would faint.

Of course, there weren't really any such witnesses. But it didn't matter as long as he *thought* there were. A few days later a pair of well-coached plainclothesmen from the police vice detail appeared at the Hyena's door pretending to be gay.

"What do you want with me?' the Hyena asked.

"You brought a lot of heat down on us," the undercover officers said. "The cops are looking for us now because they know we were looking through the window that night and saw you kill that woman."

The Hyena's Adam's apple bobbed like a fishing cork and he grabbed for something with which to support himself.

"You didn't tell them nothing?" he gasped in a squeaky voice.

"It's none of our business," the voice officers said. "We don't like cops any better than you do. For all we know, the old hag deserved killing."

"Yeah, yeah!" the Hyena agreed, looking relieved. "Don't say nothing to the police. I'll pay you money. Anything! Just don't say nothing to the cops!"

We couldn't use admissions gained like this in court, but we could use them like a pry bar to help open him up later on. For the next couple of weeks, we left him alone to stew about the gays. Then, one morning, one of the mysterious gays came alone to the Hyena's door. Roberts and I waited in an alley down the street, watching.

The pigs busted my friend last night!" the plainclotheman exclaimed excitedly. "He's telling the police everything about how we saw you kill that woman. I don't know about you, but I'm getting out of town. I don't want to be mixed up in this mess."

The "gay" ran to his car and drove off. "I never saw a man look so scared in my life," he reported to us.

It was important that we capture the Hyena at exactly the right psychological moment. Tantalize him with an escape route, and then close it off on him like a hangman's noose.

Ten minutes passed. The Hyena's door cracked. He glanced up and down the street, then came scurrying out with a cardboard box under each arm. The blind poodle and his roomie with the tiny IQ followed. The woman later admitted they were heading for Colorado.

We let him start his car before we closed the noose. The Hyena did a double-take when he saw us. He slumped behind the wheel and his head fell forward onto the steering wheel. He burst into nervous tears, a man so totally defeated that he then followed the scenario we had carefully laid out for him and made enough admissions to get himself sent back to prison.

The Hyena fell victim to the ploy because never in his wildest imagination did he expect detectives to behave so unconventionally. Neither did another killer who whined to the judge just before being sentenced to life imprisonment: "Judge, he don't play fair!"

(Continued on page 72)

Detective Austin Roberts was Sasser's homicide partner for many years, often joined with the author in never-ending battle to out-smart society's outlaws

THE TRACKING DOG'S "TESTIMONY" CONVICTED A KILLER

by BEN McGILLICUTTY
Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

CALL HIM a bloodhound and Detective Dux will lift his lip and give you dogbreath. Dux is Shepherd, German. He was in Hampton, Virginia, on another case, on loan from Schuyler County, N.Y., with his supervisor, Undersheriff Kenneth J. Stayer, when 11-year-old Kevin Wayne Thomas disappeared. Dux entered the case early, to sniff out the small Hampton beachfront bar where Kevin was last seen alive by his father, on the rainy night of April 5, 1981—another date that will "live in infamy."

Undersheriff Ken Stayer and his tracking dog, "Dux," were destined to play key role in the investigation into disappearance and murder of 11-year-old Kevin Wayne Thomas

The father and son and a recent acquaintance, Jimmy Jones had spent the afternoon and evening in the bar, located one block from Chesapeake Bay, where earlier the three had no luck surf fishing. Jones, a potbellied, salty-talking bear of a man, played pinball and shot pool with Kevin, while the boy's father sat at the bar drinking beer and talking with other patrons. When Kevin grew sleepy, his father sent him out to sleep in Jones' station wagon. The two men polished off another pitcher of beer and decided to call it a night. On the way out, Kevin's father stepped into the men's room. In less than a minute he was back in the bar. Jones apparently was already outside. Mr. Thomas went out to the parking lot, but the station wagon was gone. He ran around to the other side, in case the wagon was waiting on the street. But it was nowhere to be seen. Nor was his son. It was raining. Thomas ran around to the door and checked the bar in case Kevin had gone back in. But the boy wasn't there. Thomas ran outside to the phone booth, dropped in a quarter and called the police.

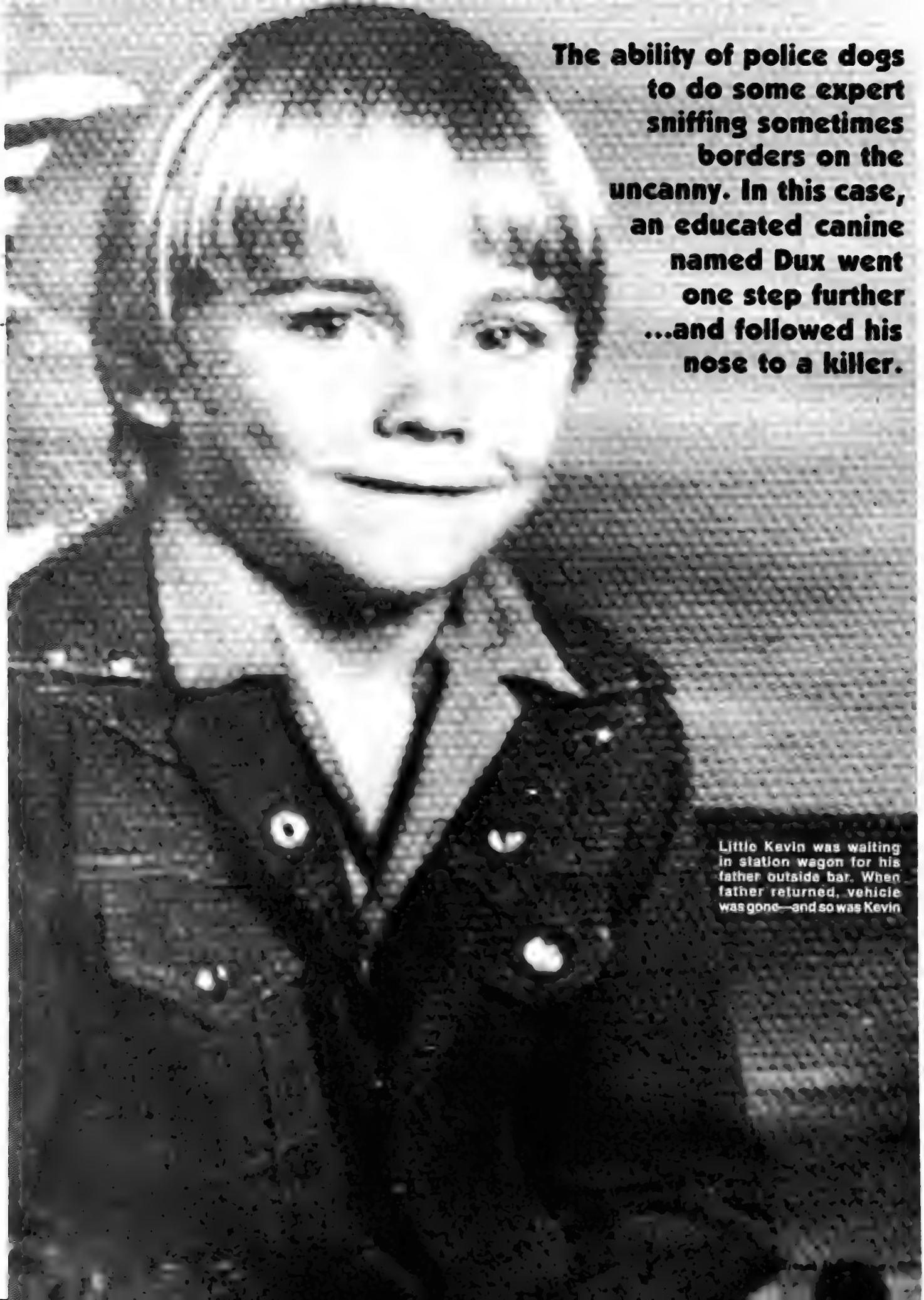
A patrol unit was nearby and responded in minutes. Thomas told them to look for a blue Plymouth station wagon. He didn't know the tag number. Driver? Jimmy Jones. The name sparked no recognition in the patrolmen.

"Does anyone else know the tag number?" It was a routine question, but it did the trick. Thomas remembered an accident, a fender bender the day before, when he and his son were riding with the stranger to a fishing spot that "J.J.," as he'd introduced himself said was "guaranteed" to be lucky.

Kevin was fishing the evening before, when he first met J.J. The boy and a friend were fishing for crappies in a pond behind the pizza restaurant where Kevin's mother, a cook, had given him strips of Pizza dough for bait. J.J. was sitting at the wheel of his station wagon talking to Kevin when Mr. Thomas rode up on his Moped to tell Kevin it was time to come home. Kevin introduced the gray-haired man to his father. "Jimmy Jones," said the man. They talked fishing. Jones knew of a great place, where "big" fish could be caught. Kevin's father volunteered some fishing gear for the man. They returned the five blocks to the Thomas home, picked up the gear and drove to a secluded, wooded pond that nonetheless yielded no fish. Walking through the thick underbrush to the wagon, J.J. had distracted Kevin and his father from the barking of nearby dogs by showing them a vicious-looking scallop knife and promising that if the dogs bothered them he'd take care of the dogs "real easy." It was about 2 a.m. when they reached the Thomas home. J.J. was so tired that Thomas told him to sleep on the couch. It was Sunday.

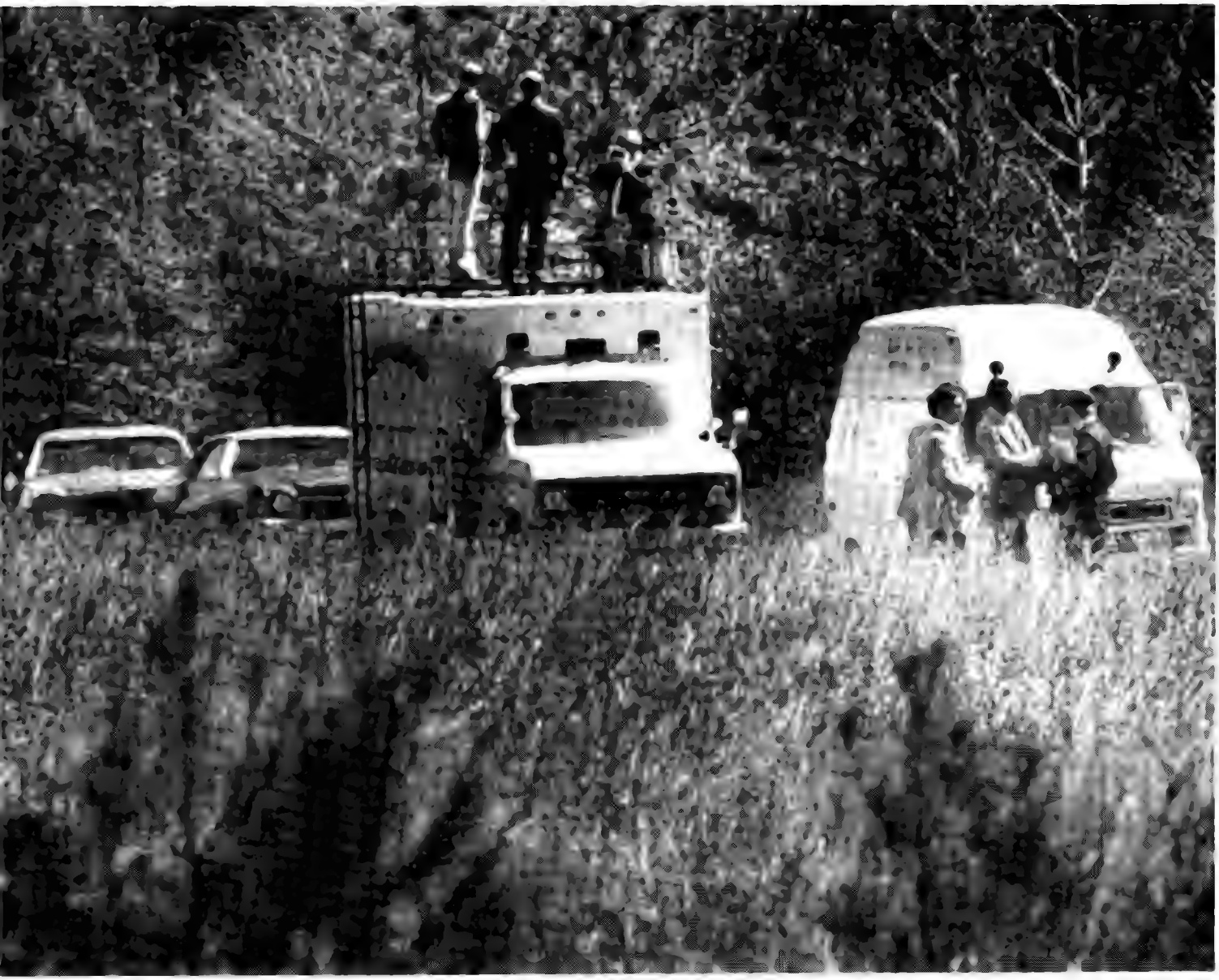
Around noon the stranger spoke of taking Kevin fishing. Mrs. Thomas objected to her son's going alone with the man. She didn't like the looks of him, despite his claim to be an investor in a $700,000 scallop boat and his offer of a job for Mr. Thomas as a scallop fisherman for twice the earnings he now made as an upholstery trimmer. Tales of hard luck fueled their midday conversation.

The stranger spoke of the recent death of his wife and young son in their car on the interstate. They were crushed by a cement truck, he



The ability of police dogs to do some expert sniffing sometimes borders on the uncanny. In this case, an educated canine named Dux went one step further ...and followed his nose to a killer.

Little Kevin was waiting in station wagon for his father outside bar. When father returned, vehicle was gone—and so was Kevin



said. The Thomases had troubles, too. Two weeks prior, a fire had destroyed Kevin's bedroom. The stranger offered Kevin his dead son's clothes. Then he called someone on the telephone and dickered until he got a guaranteed 65 percent discount on furniture to replace what was lost in the fire. Thomas assured his wife he'd accompany their son and their new friend to Buckroe Beach for an afternoon of surf fishing. Rain was threatening, and Mrs. Thomas, who had no real enthusiasm for the angler's game even on sunny days, stayed home. The three caught nothing in several hours, but the men drank a six-pack of 16-ouncers. They drove the block to the bar.

The fender bender had been the day before, when J.J. backed into a car while trying to get into the parking lot of a shopping mall where Kevin could get a drink. Police arrived at the scene and wrote up the accident. The wagon's tag number would be in the report. A quick check at headquarters gave the patrolmen who were investigating the apparent abduction a name that did spark some recognition. Ronald David Elkins, 38, an ex-convict currently out on bail in the stabbing death three months earlier of a drifter in all-night restaurant. The patrolmen didn't tell Mr. Thomas about the stabbing or about the prison record. They just quietly put out an all-points bulletin.

The patrolmen took the father home. He didn't sleep much. He grabbed the phone on its first ring when police called at 7:30 Monday morning to report they had Elkins in custody. But they hadn't found Kevin. Hampton Patrolwoman Cynthia Smith had recognized Elkins' station wagon from the bulletin. Elkins waved at her before she took up a cautious pursuit, calling backup units while she followed the wagon. When the units arrived, they stopped Elkins, who surrendered without a struggle. He reeked of beer. His hands were bloody and his shoes were off, his socks soaking wet.

In an interrogation room at Hampton police headquarters, Elkins assured detectives that he knew his rights. He answered their questions freely. Yes, he knew the Thomas boy. He'd last seen him in a phone booth outside the bar, which he'd fled because Kevin's father was trying to start a fight with somebody. Elkins said he'd slept off his drunk in a parking lot and was on his way home to his Savage Drive apartment in adjacent Newport News. He said he wasn't aware Kevin was missing. He said he'd concocted the name "Jimmy Jones" while talking blarney to some women in the bar. The detectives questioned him about the murder of Kevin Thomas. He denied it. They booked him on a charge of abduction and revoked the $30,000 property bond a relative had put up in the stabbing murder. Elkins spent the night in jail.

At 7:00 the next morning Kevin's body was found in a field about a mile from Elkin's apartment when a man walking along a dirt bike track near his home spooked a rabbit. He chased the rabbit along a line of trees.

"I noticed what I thought was a rabbig head or a pile of clothes. I was shocked to find a body there," he said.

It was the body of a blond boy about 11 or

Investigators gather at field where Kevin's body was found next day. He had been stabbed to death, sodomized

12, lying on its side, shirt pulled up and pants down. One trouser leg was pulled off. The autopsy found two stab wounds, one in the back and one in the back of the neck. There were bruises on the legs and skin was scraped off the right hip and elbow. The anus was delated and torn. Kevin's father sadly identified the body.

Since the corpse was found in Newport News, that city's chief prosecutor, Willard M. Robinson Jr., took over the case, charging Elkins with murder, abduction, sodomy and attempted sodomy. The attempt count was a backup in case no seminal fluid was found on the body. It was a wise decision, since the lab report came back negative. It wasn't Robinson's only bad news from the lab. Nothing among the scrapings of Elkins' and the victim's bodies, their clothing, the inside and outside of the 1973 Dodge wagon could link Elkins to the murder. The blood on his hands when he was arrested had been his own. Not one pubic hair was found out of place.

The trial last three days that November. It got off to a false start after one of the first sworn panels of imported jurors was compromised by one prospective juror's talking about what he'd read about Elkins in the newspapers. He told a group of his fellow registered voters from a Richmond suburb—who'd been bused to the Tidewater port city to hear the case because they were less likely than local residents to have been exposed to the extensive media coverage in the case—that he'd read of Elkins' conviction of first degree murder in the stabbing case. The jury had given him life. Judge Douglas M. Smith dismissed the panel and set a new trial date. The next jury came from rural Exxes County. They passed the "pre-trial publicity" test and 13 of them were picked to hear the case. They were 7 men and 5 women, with a male alternate. Defending Elkins was a young firebrand attorney with a growing reputation as a persuader of juries in tricky cases.

Commonwealth's Attorney Robinson had no doubt the case would be tough. But the circumstantial evidence was sufficient to convince him beyond a reasonable doubt that Elkins had sodomized Kevin Thomas, 12, and butchered him with a knife, even if the only knife they'd gotten from Elkins had not a speck of identifiable blood on it. Evidence Robinson couldn't share with the jurors was Elkins' prior record, that he'd spent most of his adult life in prison, that he had a history of mental problems, that he'd admitted in a murder trial three months earlier that he'd stabbed a man "several" times (19 times) in "self defense," and that in 1977 he'd been a prime suspect in the murder and sodomy of a young boy in a rural part of Tidewater where Elkins was known to have been. That murder has not been solved. To share that kind of information with the jury in this case was improper and would have caused a mistrial.

Robinson had prosecuted Elkins in the stabbing case, but his trial record with the defendant was still 1-1. In 1978, Elkins swayed at least one juror to doubt his guilt in a grand larceny trial, hanging up a verdict. Robinson knew that it was largely Elkins' coolness on the witness stand, his refusal to lose his temper under cross-examination, his good-natured, plausible explanations, his seeming candor and the Bible he held on his knee that hung the jury. But then it was stealing an air conditioner. Now it was killing a little boy. Robinson was not surprised to see that for this trial Elkins had left his Bible at home.

Elkins' demeanor during the trial was calm. He wore the same blue suit all three days. "No—God no! I didn't hurt that boy no kind of way," he said in a firm baritone when pleading innocent to the charges. On the third morning he took the stand and, under gentle prodding from his court-appointed lawyer, told a rambling story of being drunk, meeting the Thomases, fishing, going to the bar, drinking countless pitchers of beer, being cut off by the bartender and leaving to sleep it off when his new acquaintance seemed about to take a punch at a pool player in the bar. Prosecutor Robinson listened patiently to the rambling account and then cut it off when it was his turn to question Elkins.

Robinson picked up the questioning from where Elkins had left off "answering." The low key, but subtle prosecutor reminded Elkins of the conversation he and Mrs. Thomas had with some women, when Elkins had repeated his story about the horrible deaths of his wife and son.

"You were able to bring tears and emotion, weren't you?" Robinson asked.

"Yes, sir. I did," the defendant said.

Robinson scored solidly with the next question, delivered accusingly, almost before Elkins finished speaking: "You can play it and bring emotion, can't you?" Elkins knew he'd been hit. His voice faltered.

"Well, not exactly. When you're drunk you can do almost anything, I reckon," he said, looking at his shoes.

Robinson moved in for the kill. He lowered his voice, spoke as though to a child. "You liked this little boy?"

"He was a good kid," Elkins muttered.

Robinson backed slightly away from the defendant and was nearly shouting when he delivered his final question: "And you wanted him to go with you because you began to feel something for him, didn't you?"

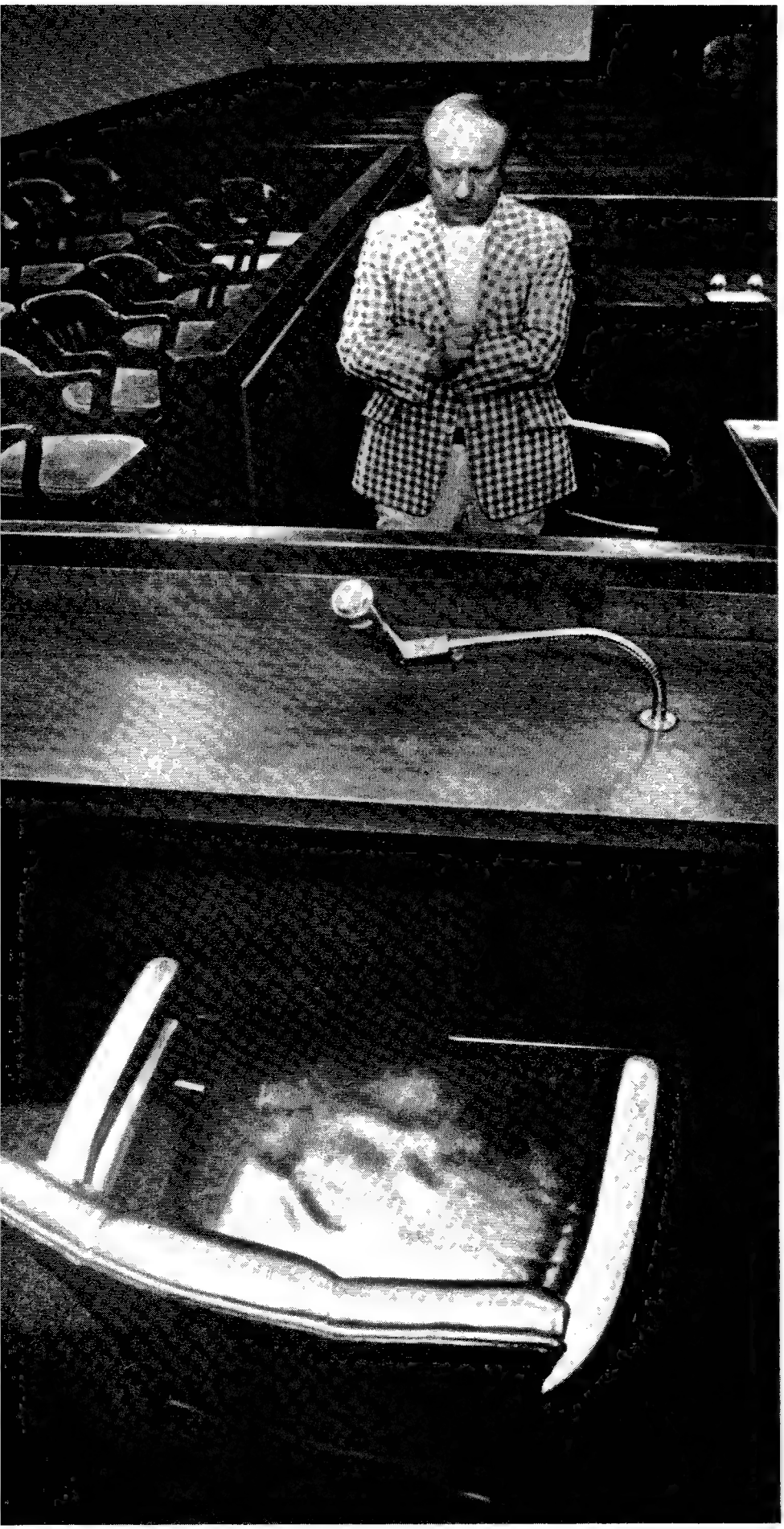
"No," Elkins said quietly, "I didn't."

The trial was nearly over. All that remained were the closing arguments by the lawyers and the jury instructions, both filled with tactical considerations. The evidence against Elkins was thin, much thinner than Pros. Robinson normally was able to present in a sex case. He usually had some hairs, blood, fibers...something. Some of his closest cases had been tipped to success by evidence prepared in the state's forensic laborities. They were of no help now. What remained was credibility, that of the defendant against that of all the other witnesses.

Robinson gave the jury a parade. Perhaps the most crucial in challenging the defendant's story were the people in the bar who had seen Elkins leave alone while announcing that he was doing so.

Then there were the Hampton patrolmen, who testified how they'd canvassed the city all night Sunday, checking repeatedly on the parking lot where Elkins said he'd slept off his drunk, but had not seen the station wagon. The detectives who interrogated Elkins on Monday testified how he denied telling the Thomases about his wife and child being killed. Elkins later admitted he'd lied to the Thomases, after he learned detectives interviewed the women he'd told the same story to in the bar.

Robinson's star witness stayed home for the trial, home in his kennel in Schuyler County, New York. Dux's "testimony" was presented via a videotaping made moments after Kevin's body was found. But because it was Dux's first trial and because the Virginia Supreme Court had not yet reviewed the admissibility of evidence obtained by the nose of a dog, Dux's debut could become a landmark case. For that reason, hours of testimony and arguments were given, first before the judge, to determine if the jury should hear it, and then, when the judge agreed, again for the jurors. Dux's boss testified, as did the



Prosecutor Willard M. Robinson awaits verdict of jury at murder trial

man who'd brought Dux from Germany, John M. Preston, recognized in the courts of half a dozen Atlantic states as an expert with tracking dogs.

Preston explained that Dux (pronounced Dukes) von Eckbachtal, as the 3-year-old shepherd's pedigree read, was a 3rd-degree "Schutzhund," which is to German-trained German Shepherds, what a black belt is to karate students. Dux began his training—about 4 hours a day—at the age of six months. For the next eight months Dux was trained to develop his carefully bred tracking skills. Then, at age 14 months, he was tested and awarded his "Schutzhund-1" degree. The next 10 months were spent training for "Schutzhund-2," which emphasized his duties as a guard dog. Four months later, after intensive obedience drills, he obtained his 3rd degree. Preston turned him over to undersheriff Stayer the next day. Over the next months the two men got acquainted with Dux, working him daily and learning to appreciate his remarkable nose and his even more remarkable powers of concentration. In runs at Preston's kennel, Dux followed tracks to within 40 feet of female dogs in heat. He didn't waver for a single frivolous sniff.

In his first case, that March, Dux worked a kidnaping-murder of a young girl in Orlando, Florida. The dog located a seven-day-old track in front of the elementary school where the girl was last seen alive. Dux followed the track to where witnesses had told police they'd seen the girl get into a car. Later, Dux picked a suspect's car out of a lineup of six cars, with all trunks and doors open. Dux found the girl's scent on the car's seats and in the trunk.

A companion dog was taken to the parking lot where the girl's body was found. That dog, tracking on the suspect's scent from some clothes, found the spot where the body had lain. The suspect confessed when he saw videotapes of the two dogs' performances. No so with Elkins.

Only one tape was made of Dux's work, although he'd done two trackings. The first was at the bar the night Kevin disappeared. Kevin's pillow was brought to Dux and the dog quickly picked up the boy's scent in front of the bar. But the trail led around to the parking lot. Kevin's scent wasn't in or near the phone booth Elkins had said he'd last seen him in.

His second time out was the big one for Dux. It was the morning Kevin's body was found. When Dux arrived at the wooded bike track, the young corpse was covered with a yellow rain slicker. The body was about 100 yards from the road where Dux was given a whiff of the shirt Elkins had worn the day before, when he was arrested.

Dux headed toward the bike track, following an arc from where he started, then circling back, nose to the ground, a standard search pattern, Undersheriff Stayer testified.

On his second circling sweep, Dux found the scent he was assigned to find, on a dirt footpath leading through a woods. The path, not visible from the road, led almost straight to Kevin's body. About 10 yards from the

corpse, Dux stopped at a cowboy boot—a boy's cowboy boot. Kevin's.

"He indicated the presence of (Elkins') scent on the boot by touching it with his nose," Stayer said.

Dux continued to the body, ignoring it, but indicating by tracking around it that Elkins had been there, too. Stayer explained that Dux communicated what he found with "body language."

"It's the way he holds his head, the manner in which he's working his nose, the pace at which he tracks," the trainer pointed out. He said the intensity with which Dux followed Elkins' scent in the field indicated that the scent was fresh. The possibility that Kevin's scent on Elkins' shirt was what the dog tracked, was rebutted as "highly improbable" by Stayer, who emphasized that Dux was trained to follow the dominant scent on the shirt—Ron Elkins'.

"In my opinion, the scent extracted from (Elkins') shirt was present on the footpath, was present on the boot and was also present on the part of the body the dog was working," said the trainer.

In his closing arguments, Prosecutor Robinson reminded the jurors of the cumulative testimony that disputed Elkins' version of events. "Here's a man who would say, 'I didn't want to get stopped for drunk driving,' but he waved at a police officer. Makes you think a cunning mind is working and you saw a cunning mind when he testified."

He contrasted Elkins with the victim's father, whose version of events at the bar was corroborated by witnesses, all of whom had been strangers to Mr. Thomas.

The prosecutor recalled for the jury how the young father had told of feeling sorry for Elkins' personal tragedy; how the defendant had told him Kevin reminded him of his dead son and how he thought Kevin was "a beautiful little boy."

"I really love him. He's beautiful looking," Thomas said Elkins had repeated several times. "He acted like he was really grief stricken. I felt we were helping him get over his grief. I really felt sorry for him," the father had testified.

Robinson argued that the "totality of circumstances cries out that the defendant is guilty. He took this boy and for that appetite that developed within him that night, chose to kill him willfully, deliberately, premeditatedly!"

The defense lawyer, until recently one of Robinson's assistants, but an effective advocate for the other side, countered that Robinson's "pieces" of circumstantial evidence simply did not add up.

"There's nothing that Mr. Elkins said or even did to imply criminal intent on his part," said the youthful attorney, explaining his client's lies to the Thomases as harmless talk. He discounted Dux's tracking as "an art, not a science—full of conjecture," and, as such, inconclusive.

"We're guessing about what happened once that (bar) door closed," he argued.

Robinson agreed in rebuttal that to convict an innocent man would be a "grave injustice."

"But it would be an equal injustice to not convict and put in the penitentiary one with such a demonstrated appetite," he maintained.

The jury retired at 2:44 the afternoon of the third day. Tension in the packed courtroom was at its peak. After several minutes, parti-

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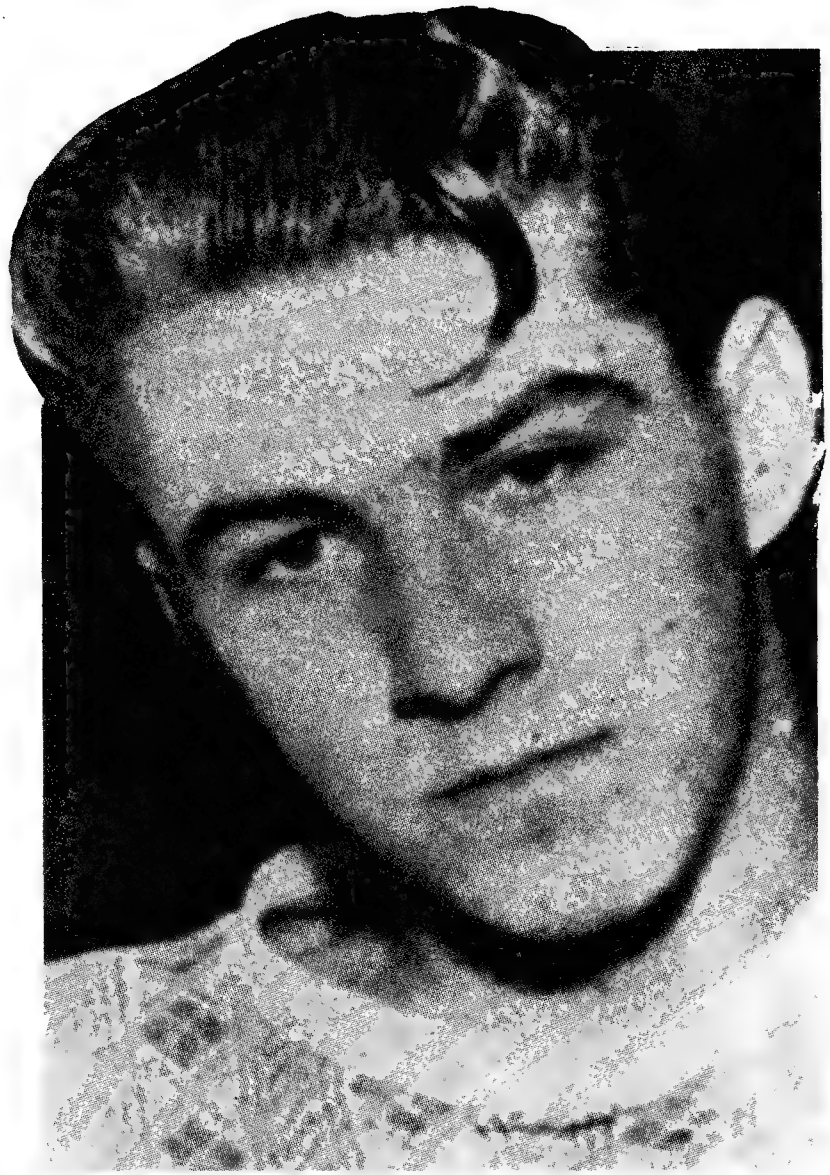
Suspect Ronald Elkins, here with deputy, protested to police: "No—God, no! I didn't hurt that boy no kind of way"

The question has baffled the experts for ages. We don't have the answer, either. But the account given here does give us pause to wonder...



Shown at left is John Gasser, 54, suspect in 1982 sex-murder of 49-year-old Gerri Barker. Photo at right is Gasser in 1948, at age 20, shortly after he had been found guilty in rape-murder of Donna Woodcock, 22, and sent to prison

IS A SEX KILLER EVER CURED?

by ROBERT JAMES
Special Investigator for
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

JOHNSON POINT Road in Thurston County, Washington slices through scenic portions of the county which provide ideal play spots for children. The West Coast forests grow thick and lush in the area from the abundant rainfall at the southern tip of Puget Sound.

Olympia is the state's capital and county seat of Thurston County. It is the largest city in the county, and reflects the county's reputation for cleanliness and beauty.

Children aren't the only ones attracted to the forested areas. Lovers, nature devotees, sightseers and tourists also frequent them. In many spots along county roads one can walk into thickly wooded areas. Such areas also provide ideal dumping spots for dead bodies.

On July 17, 1982, several young children were playing in the woods not too far from the Johnson Point Road. At first they didn't know what was lying in the underbrush in a ditch not too far from the shoulder of the road. It couldn't be seen from the road but from their vantage point they had spotted it.

As they approached, their eyes widened as they realized that what they were looking at was the naked, dead body of a woman. They ran to the nearest home and soon Thurston County sheriff's deputies were racing to the scene.

It didn't take long for the deputies to verify the find, and detectives weren't far behind. The woman was naked. Nothing was around the body to even hint at any possible identification. There was no purse, no clothing, no jewlery to be found in the area.

Technicians covered a wide area but couldn't find anything of significance that

was linked to the woman. The only thing they had to go on was that she was approximately 45 to 50 years old, and was attractive for her age. Attractive, at least, before the vicious attack occurred.

The body was removed from the scene after routine examinations by the county coroner and technicians. The medical examiner's autopsy later revealed that the woman had died of strangulation. The hyoid bone in her neck had been broken.

Her broken nose and jaw also told the medical examiner that she had been severely beaten during the course of a sexual assault.

Because the body was found in the county, it naturally was under the sheriff's jurisdiction. But there was nothing at the spot on Johnson Point Road to indicate that the crime had occurred there. There were no signs of a struggle, no deep heel or knee gouges in the soil which would indicate the rape had occurred at that spot. Detectives were sure the victim had been murdered elsewhere and dumped along the road. The probers then embarked on a house-to-house canvass of residents living in the immediate vicinity. As far as anyone knew, nobody living in the area was missing.

Drawing a blank on the woman's identity,

Olympia, Wash. Police Commander Dick Minshull (above) spearheaded probe into the sex-slaying of Gerri Barker

Sheriff Dan Montogomery decided to appeal to the public. The news media cooperated. The telephone calls started to trickle in at first and then became more numerous. Sheriff's deputies were given a variety of names and leads that they had to check out. Neighbors who hadn't seen their friends became concerned and phoned the sheriff's department with tips. A lot of leg work was involved and detectives were kept hustling through the weekend and Monday.

Finally they started getting tips from callers who kept naming one person in particular who hadn't been seen in several days. Up to that point most of the callers had identified various individuals and the same name was never repeated. But then detectives got several calls from persons who said Mrs. Gerri A. Barker, of Neil Street, hadn't been seen for several days.

"How old is Mrs. Barker?" the dispatcher who took the message asked one caller.

"Forty-nine years old," was the reply.

Detectives went to the residence of Mrs. Barker and could get no response. Upon questioning neighbors they learned that Mrs. Barker had sons living in Olympia.

Detectives contacted her relatives, who positively identified the body. Finally on Tuesday, three days after the body was found, the victim was identified and detectives had something to work with.

During their initial questioning of friends, neighbors, and relatives, probers learned that Mrs. Barber was no stranger to the Olympia night spots.

"She enjoyed going out on Friday nights," one acquaintance told investigators. "It's terrible, what happened."

Because detectives had learned that Mrs. Barker went to night spots in the area, they concluded that there was a very good possibility that they were investigating a crime that could have occurred in a variety of jurisdictions.

It might have occurred in the county, in which case the sheriff's detectives would have jurisdiction, or it could have occurred in Olympia or the adjacent city of Tumwater.

Because of that, an eight-man task force composed of county detectives, Olympia and Tumwater detectives was formed to investigate the murder. They started checking local taverns and clubs on Tuesday, and continued their investigation all Tuesday night. Thurston County investigators have built a reputation equalled by few departments in the state when it comes to the solution rate of murder cases.

Olympia Police Chief John Wurner, Commander Dick Minshull and Thurston County Sheriff Montogmery agree that a non-stop investigation by well-trained, smart detectives is the best way to crack a case. On many occasions during the past few years detectives have worked almost continually, taking time out just to sleep and eat, until cases have been solved.

They canvassed the city and surrounding area. They asked restaurant owners, cocktail lounge waitresses and bartenders if any of them had seen Gerri Barker on Friday, July 16th. They were armed with copies of a photograph of the woman.

Most of the waitresses and bartenders working Friday night couldn't give the investigators any help. They hadn't seen the woman on Friday night, although some knew what she looked like. She'd been in occasionally, they told the detectives.

At least that information was somewhat encouraging, the detectives agreed. It meant that the woman frequented the establishments often enough to be recognizable, and it was just a matter of time before they questioned somebody who would remember her.

The sleuths were correct in their assumption. Late Tuesday night they found a waitress working in a downtown Olympia cocktail lounge who remembered seeing Gerri Barker the night of Friday, July 16th.

"Who was she with?" detectives asked.

The answer wasn't very encouraging. She'd been seen with a variety of men. But that wasn't unusual, the waitress told the detectives. Guys often sit down and talk to the single woman, she added.

The waitress knew most of the men who had been seen with Gerri Barker the night she died, and gave a list to the detectives, who suddenly had a variety of suspects to check out. One man she didn't know, the waitress told the sleuths.

"He left with her a little before midnight," she said.

"Could you describe him?" she was asked.

The man was older than Mrs. Barker. He looked between 50 and 60, the waitress said. He had either brown or black hair combed straight back and a little to the left side. The hair didn't hang over his ears, which were rather large. He wasn't the best-dressed man in the place, but he wasn't a slob, either, she told detectives.

The detectives tracked down the whereabouts of all known suspects who had been in the establishment on Friday night. Some of them had alibis as to their whereabouts after leaving the popular watering hole, while others did not. It's pretty hard to prove that you were home alone sleeping. Those without alibis were still considered possible suspects, but, checking into their backgrounds detectives determined they were clean. But

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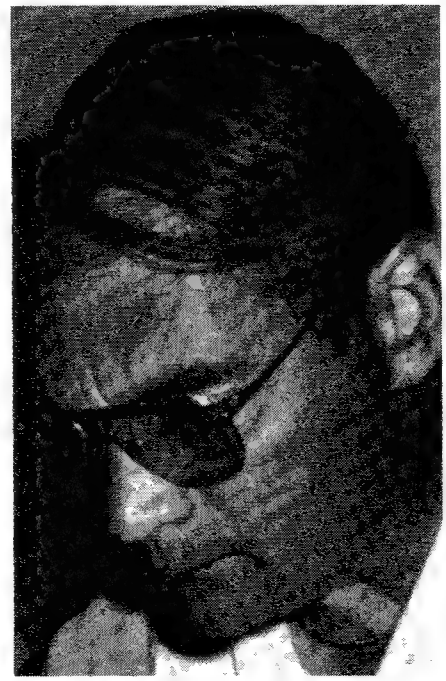


Detective Ron Shultz was part of the investigating team which sorted out clues, tracked down a prime suspect

THE COLORADO MARSHAL NO MONEY COULD BUY

by HORTON STREETE

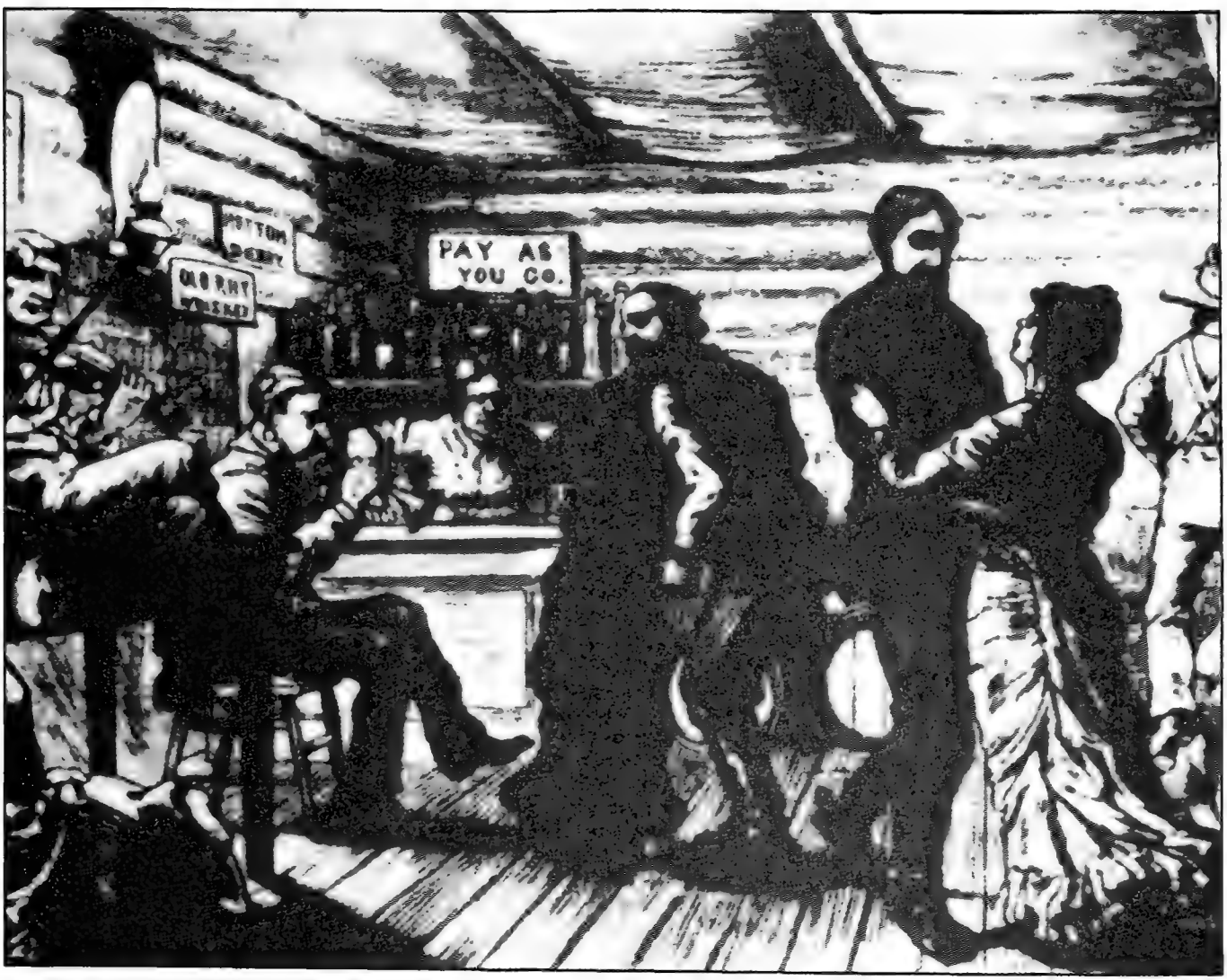
IT WAS said that anybody who took on the job of marshal at Leadville, Colorado was just plain tired of living. It wasn't that Leadville was any more of a hoorayin' town than other Rocky Mountain silver camps or that its citizens were a meaner bunch than you'd find elsewhere...the reason that Leadville was hard on marshals was because a lawman in this town had to follow the rules laid down by H.A.W. Tabor, the multimillionaire owner of the incredibly rich Matchless mine.

Tabor, who was also Leadville's mayor, ruled the town as though he owned it, which he practically did. Any marshal he appointed was expected to maintain law and order, but not to the point of making the boys unhappy—a thin line which didn't give a marshal much living margin in this rambunctious camp.

Miners who couldn't work off their fatigues and frustrations after work, Tabor worried, were likely to start thinking they were getting the short end of the stick. Then they'd organize and demand decent wages, or even safe working conditions like the expensive shoring up of tunnels that kept caving in.

So being marshal in Leadville was an experience. "I want the boys to drink until they're content," Tabor told each marshal, "...but not so much they won't be in shape to work the next morning."

Marshal George O'Connor tried to follow these instructions. He was an honest man who felt, like a lot of other people, that Tabor was about as greedy as they come, making $10,000 a week out of his mines and not sweating a drop or working up a single callous while his miners, if they drew top wages, earned $21 for ten hours of back-breaking



When miners danced with local crib girls they often didn't get to the mines next day. Marshal's orders: Stop the dances

Horace Tabor, silver king and mayor of Leadville, ran town as if he owned it. He hired Marty Duggan as marshal

Marty Duggan was tough hombre and perfect for what silver kings desired in a marshal. But gutsy Marty had surprises up his sleeve in his brand of justice

work six days a week. More likely the wage was $15 a week because far more miners were paid $2.5 a day than the princely sum of $3.5.

But a poor man couldn't buck the Tabor money, which bought influence all the way to Washington, and O'Connor needed the job, having seven mouths to feed, so he did his best to carry out Tabor's instructions without, at the same time, being unreasonable with the groundhogs who slaved in the mines.

But to men who were perpetually tired, broke and in debt to company stores, and who despised their miserable jobs, he was easy to hate. He didn't go down in the mines and work like they did. He got his hundred a month the easy way, just going around bullying men who had to work for a living. And he represented Tabor.

On the afternoon of April 25, 1878 one of these disgruntled men, James Bloodsworth who, incidentally, Marshal O'Connor had deputized to help on payday-night, turned from the bar in Billy Nye's Saloon & Card Parlor and said, "O'Connor, you ain't any better'n that lace curtain son of a bitch we work for!"

Before O'Connor could tell Bloodsworth he'd better smile when he compared an honest man with Tabor, the big frustrated drunk whipped out his Colt Peacemaker .45 and shot O'Connor in his heart, killing him instantly. Then he turned back to the bar, finished his whiskey and said that O'Connor had got what Tabor had coming, after which he lurched out onto the street.

Learning of the incident a little later, Tabor advised Bloodsworth to saddle up and high tail. "O'Connor had a passel of friends," he

The multi-millionaire mine owner figured that everybody and everything in Leadville had a price tag. So when he hired Marty Duggan and pinned a star on his shirt, he thought he'd purchased just the right amount of peace-keeping. But the tough little lawman had ideas of his own. And things didn't quite work out as planned

Duggan's Indian wife, Mary Flying Magpie, had a fearful premonition he would be murdered. She was right

said. "There's no telling what they might do to you after they get a little whiskey under their belts."

Bloodsworth rode out of town, witnesses said, with a fat little poke that Tabor gave him for travel money and was never heard of again.

The dust from this coldblooded killer's mount had barely settled before Tabor rode his big buckskin stallion down West LaFayette (now Fourth Street) to the little clapboard shack which Marty Duggan shared with his wife, Mary Flying Magpie, who was said to be just about the prettiest Indian woman who ever came down the trail.

This big man, who was built like a buffalo bull and who could back up his mouth with either fists or .44s, would make a good marshal, Tabor reasoned. He knew him from way back and from his past he had the makings of a lawman who could tame the rowdies.

Marty Duggan had been a sodbuster in the Platte River bottoms west of Fort Kearny back in Nebraska where he had achieved a reputation as a "tough customer" after two horse-stealing Oglalla Sioux tried to bushwhack him while he was plowing a field.

He cut the eyes out of one of the Sioux with the popper of the bullwhip with which he had been stimulating his mules. Then he flipped the rifle out of the other Indian's hands and gelded him with the whip's popper.

In subsequent months Oglallas rode a wide swath around the big white man's farm. A farmer armed only with a whip who could blind one armed Indian and castrate the other—both being Dog Soldiers who had ambushed many a white—was considered a Devil Man who was to be avoided.

Marty's wife, Nathalie, died the following winter of lung fever (pneumonia) and the next spring Marty sold out and rode with several other Valley men who had been bitten by the "gold bug" to the Colorado mining camps.

Marty staked a first claim on the bank of a glacial stream near Georgetown and washed gravel, barely finding enough gold to pay for his eats and his Saturday night hoorayin' in the raucous little gold camp.

When winter ice froze the stream Marty

Ingots of pure silver await shipment in guarded mule trains. Silver kings mistakenly thought they could buy Duggan

Main street of Leadville, Colorado in 1870's. Mayor and other wealthy citizens learned no man was above law

said the hell with it and got a job as "enforcer" at the Occidental Dance Hall, a position comparable to a modern-day bouncer.

It didn't take long to teach the boys that when he said "simmer down" he didn't mean something else. "I had to bust four of them ignorant heads before they started acting like Christmas," he said later, "...after which that job became the easiest job I ever had. All I had to do was look at a miscreant and he became at once a peaceable citizen."

There wasn't much financial future in this job but Marty wintered it out, meanwhile marrying Mary Flying Magpie. Then he went to Oro City, which would soon be named Leadville, a mining camp in which "every man was a law unto himself."

It was 75 miles southwest of Denver, two miles above sea level and located in a gulch surrounded by towering mountains. "It is prettier'n all get out up here on top of the world," Marty wrote to his sister, Hortense, a school teacher in Moline, Illinois, "but a man can't make a living looking at pretties, so I best hit color or I don't know what I'll do."

(Continued on page 48)

By grub-staking two silver prospectors like these to victuals worth $17, Mayor Tabor made incredible fortune

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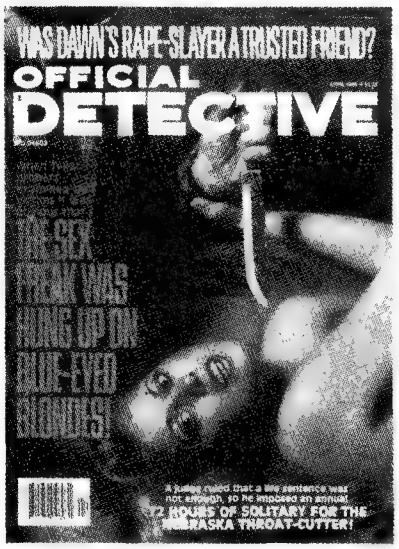

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Tracking Dog's "Testimony"

(from page 41)

cipants and spectators had spread the tension throughout the courthouse hallways where they milled, awaiting a verdict. In less than two hours the jurors returned to the courtroom. But they had no verdict. They had a question: How long is a life prison sentence? Judge Smith instructed them that they were not supposed to know or to consider in their verdict how much time a convict may actually serve.

"The sentence reads twenty years to life and that's all we can tell you," the judge told the jury. They returned to the jury room. Elkins remained at the defense table, fussing with a pencil, doodling on the yellow legal pad on which he'd taken sporadic notes during the trial. A squad of armed bailiffs hovered near the table. Elkins ignored them. Judge Smith took extra precautions with Elkins because of his size and his unpredictable courtroom behavior.

In the stabbing trial, over which Judge Smith also presided, Elkins had tried to address the jurors after they brought in their guilty verdict and sentenced him to life.

"I want each of you to know something," he'd begun, without permission after the jurors had been polled, "I strongly believe in God." The judge cut him off. Elkins saluted Smith as he was taken out of the courtroom, quipping, "Take it easy, Your Honor."

Elkins had broken into sobs and laughter several time during his testimony in the Kevin Thomas murder trial. When the jury in that trial returned to the courtroom half an hour after they'd asked about the life sentence, Elkins was ordered to stand.

The foreman read the unanimous verdict: Guilty on both counts. 40 years for the murder, 10 for attempted sodomy. Elkins stood silently. On the way out of the courtroom this time, he winked at his prosecutor. Robinson stared coldly back.

Judge Smith ignored Elkins three weeks later when formal sentencing was imposed.

"Your Honor, a great injustice has been done to me," Elkins began.

Smith simply banged his gavel and announced, "Court is adjourned." ★★★

The Colorado Marshal

(from page 47)

He didn't hit color. Few of the hundreds of prospectors who horse-backed into the little high-country camp found gold. This was little wonder. The area was rich with silver and after two down-and-out prospectors, William H. Stevens, and Alvinus B. Wood, washing worked-over gravel left by other prospectors, discovered reddish-colored sand which assayed out as "carbonate of lead with a high silver content," the big rush started, transposing the camp from a couple thousand raggedy prospectors into a bustling boom town of thirty thousand and some of the fastest-made millionaires in U.S. history.

Biggest of these was H.A.W. Tabor, a former Vermont quarry worker who had spent 15 unproductive years scratching around the Colorado mine fields and who, at the time the down-and-outers discovered silver, was making a hard-grabbing living out of a little general store.

As every Western buff knows, Tabor staked two empty-poke prospectors to seventeen dollars worth of groceries for 'haffers' on whatever they found.

These men discovered an incredible vein of silver quartz only two feet below the surface, which became the Little Pittsburgh mine.

Tabor's share yielded him a half million dollars a year. With his first year's profit he bought the Matchless Mine for $117,000 and it made him 11 million in less than five years.

Now, in 1878, Oro City was known as Leadville and Tabor was mayor and asking Marty Duggan to become marshal. "I'll pay you one hundred dollars a month," he said.

Mary Flying Magpie begged her husband not to accept such a dangerous job. He would be killed, she said.

"I ain't easy to kill," he assured her. Then he turned to Tabor. "A hundred and a half gets you the best marshal Leadville ever had."

Tabor, who was said to be the stingiest man this side of Hades, practically wept but he finally yielded, probably because—thinking it over—he decided that Marty wouldn't last very long anyway and he would be able to hire his successor for a price that wasn't so painful.

The wage settled, Marty demanded to know how much authority he would have. "All you need," the rich silver king said, "is to maintain law and order." Within, of course, he added quickly, the confines of reason. "Naturally, I don't want the community demoralized by excessive zeal."

This evening, just as soon as Mary Flying Magpie whomped up supper, Marty said he would commence his duties as Leadville's newest marshal.

The time to assert himself as a marshal who couldn't be sassed or gunned down was right now, he decided, walking from his shack toward the four parallel streets which were all the wider California Gulch had permitted Leadville to become.

A gang of Irish miners had kicked the owner and bartender out of the Silver Queen Saloon on Chestnut Street and were generally raising hell, including drinking whiskey without paying for it.

Marty, himself of Irish descent, went inside and bellowed for everybody to quiet down. They didn't so he flipped out his .44 and bullet-busted a whiskey bottle from which Magnus Reilly, the outfit's leader, was

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drinking. "I'm going to give you time for one Hail Mary," Reilly said, winking at the others, "then..."

Nobody ever found out what Reilly was going to say because Marty flattened the Irishman's face with his fist then picked up his unconscious body and flung it through the front window into the street. "Now the rest of you Micks divvy up for the whiskey you drank and for the establishment's window through which I just flang Mister Reilly and through which I will also fling anybody who don't agree that when Marty Duggan says 'quieten down' he don't mean to keep whoopin' it up!"

The Micks divvied up. This incident quickly established Marty's reputation as a marshal who was at least a few notches gutsier than his predecessors, who would have thought twice—and then given it up—about taking on a crowd of whiskey-whooped Irish miners.

"I liked the way you tamed that bunch of Micks," Tabor, who knew everything that went on in his little domain, said to Marty the next day. "You handled it just right, making them settle down before they drank so much they wouldn't be able to come to work the next morning."

Tabor wasn't so happy with his new marshal's law enforcement a week later when he arrested August Rische for being "drunk and troublesome on a public street."

Rische was one of the prospectors who had found the vein of silver which developed into the Little Pittsburgh mine, and he was still Tabor's partner in this fabulous mine. When Tabor learned next morning that Rische was in Leadville's lock-up he started looking for Marshal Duggan. "You realize, of course," Tabor said, "that Mr. Rische is a millionaire and also one of my business associates and that he shouldn't be confined to jail like a common working man."

"Why shouldn't he be?" Marty demanded. "He got drunk and ornery same as if he was a dollar-a-day man so I done any duty as chief law enforcement officer of the city of Leadville and took him off public streets."

"That's splendid, not showing partiality just became Mr. Rische is a wealthy man and a close friend of mine as well as business associate," Tabor said. "Now, how much is his fine?"

"I didn't fine him, Mr. Tabor. Money wouldn't mean anything to him. But ten days in the lockup will make him think twice before he goes off on another tangent."

"I understand very well, Marshal," Tabor said, taking a double-eagle ($20) gold piece from his poke.

Marty told Tabor to put the double eagle back into his poke before he arrested him for trying to bribe an officer of the law.

"Mr. Tabor, either shut up and get out of my office or you can finish what you were going to say on the sad side of the bars!"

Tabor's face became grim. But he didn't push his luck. He went out. "I wasn't bluffing and he knew it," Marty said later. "I would have put him in the lock-up for a week."

Later in the day Tabor sent word, being careful not to make a personal appearance this time, that Marty was suspended from his duties as Leadville's marshal. "I refuse to suspend," the doughty marshal told the emissary.

Tabor sent the emissary back with word that Marty might as well resign because he wouldn't be paid. "Tell him if I don't get my hundred and a half first of every month like we agreed on I'll arrest him for attempting to cheat a working man out of his wages."

The frustrated millionaire then tried to hire a local hardcore to unfrock the determined marshal. "Not on your tin-type!" one of them said. "I ain't about to draw against that big bruiser. Besides I and the rest of the boys kinda like the way he gave Rische his compeuppance."

It was about time, he said, that somebody enforced the law across the board and not just on the miners. "Matter of fact, Tabor, us boys don't mind being put down as long as we know you rich sons-a-bitches are going to get the same medicine."

Tabor ordered the lawyer who oversaw the legal aspects of his mine operations, Wilmot Travission, to "get rid of that obnoxious opportunist."

Travission refused. "You would have a walk-out on your hands, Mr. Tabor. The marshal, since his arrest of Mr. Rische, is a most popular man. They like his practice of equality before the law."

Tabor mumbled that he hadn't hired Marty to enforce the law on everyone. Just the miners. "The rest of us are entitled to the privilege of our wealth!"

Travission explained that a walk-out at the mines would be costly beyond belief, especially if during this strike labor agitators came to Leadville and organized the miners into a union which demanded wages commensurate with the miners' long hours and risks.

But things changed—in fact everything seemed to go wrong in Leadville—beginning with the night of April 9, 1888 when someone ambushed Marty and shot him in the back of his right ear.

The day he was buried—he was 39—in Denver's Riverside Cemetery, a sharp drop began in the price of silver.

Tabor's fortunes began to skid and the subsequent depression wiped him out.

After his death his widow, the once-flamboyant Baby Doe, lived in poverty in a one-room wooden shack in Leadville. She blamed Marshal Marty Duggan for her penniless state. "If that straightlaced son of a bitch had done what my husband hired him to do," she said, "Mr. Tabor would have sold out while he was flying high."

She never explained the logic, if indeed there was logic, to this curious allegation, and she died still despising the long-dead marshal on March 7, 1935.

Mary Flying Magpie fared a whole lot better. A year after Duggan's death she married Lawyer Travission, who took her to St. Louis after the silver bust where he prospered as a corporation attorney. ★★★

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OFFICIAL DETECTIVE, APRIL 1983

BAN THE BULLET— THE REAL KILLER!

THE CONTROVERSY over guns and gun control seems to boil down to two basic attitudes in sharp and often bitter conflict.

The advocates of control point out—correctly—that guns are killing an appalling number of people, and should be banned—or at least very rigidly restricted.

The anti-control forces say that guns are not the villains of the piece. They contend that "guns don't kill people—people do."

They're both wrong.

Bullets kill people.

Few on either side of this hot-potato issue will deny that there are umpteen million handguns—legally and illegally owned—floating around this country right now, with more being manufactured and circulated every day. Rounding them all up would be impossible.

But—those guns would be rendered completely harmless without ammunition.

A gun has to have bullets to kill.

Federal—not state—legislation could launch a three-way offensive on this problem by enacting:

1. A law restricting *registered* handguns to the military, the police, and authorized, licensed sportsmen's clubs for target practice, skeet-shooting and the like.

2. A law restricting handgun *ammunition* to the military, the police and the sportsmen's clubs mentioned above. (The matter of rifles, shotguns and ammunition permitted for hunting purposes would call for special related legislation.)

3. A law against ammunition sale would, almost surely, bring about bootleg bullets. So, restrict the manufacture and sale of *gunpowder* in the same manner as cited above for guns and ammunition. Just as a gun can't do its lethal thing without bullets, neither can a bullet be fired without gunpowder.

This three-pronged approach certainly wouldn't eliminate all crime connected with guns, but it sure as shootin' would make an enormous dent in it, not to mention contribute mightily to cutting down the growing number of murderers populating the nation's already overcrowded prisons.

The question naturally arises: If the resulting lack of ammunition under this plan did indeed render millions of lethal weapons impotent, what should be done with them? They would constitute tons of good scrap metal going to waste, right?

Well, why not round up as many of them as humanly possible, melt them down to raw material and use same to construct something useful—or at least ornamental—to society?

Like, say, a handsome monument to Law and Order.

—Richard F. Gibbons

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•**A 63-year-old man reports that he can now maintain a good, hard erection with ease and his sex acts last longer** because he now has better control over the timing of his ejaculations!

•A woman reports that her sex life has suddenly perked up—and her husband's fitness has been improved!

•**A man who had felt like a sexual cripple for over 3 years—who had gone from one doctor to another without being helped—reports that he regained his full love-making ability,** just 7 days after his order arrived!

•**A minister who had tried everything without any luck reports that now he is astonished by his sexual vigor. He writes, "It works. It works. I am amazed at my performance... church pastor that I am, I can now preach another gospel!"**

•**A man who lost his sexual power after surgery reports that he can now produce healthy erections again!**

Yes, amazing discoveries have been made that are of great importance to *any* man or woman who suspects that his or her sexual powers are being weakened by advancing age.

These discoveries have been published in **Amazing Sexual Potency At Any Age**—that could help **you** lead a more satisfying sex life **now**, regardless of how young or old you might be. For even if you are leading a luke warm sex life now...even if you fear that you no longer have "the ability"...even if you have had no sex at all for the last 20 years, **Amazing Sexual Potency At Any Age** reveals how **these discoveries could help any man or woman in good health ENJOY NEW SEXUAL JOY AND HAPPINESS, REGARDLESS OF YOUR YEARS!**

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Proof That Sexual Vigor Can Be Renewed!

What our research discovered was that **FULL SEXUAL ACTIVITY can often be extended by one, two or three decades and, in some cases, by up to 50 years or more!** That means that almost any 65-year-old man or woman can now look forward to another 10, 20, even 30 years or more of warmth, love and **sexual gratification!**

The frequency of your sex acts can often be stepped up from once a month (or even *zero*!) to as often as any normal person would want sex—or even more—*depending on what you desire*!

•A 58-year-old man who feared that he had forever lost his ability now says he has erections and **joyful** ejaculations every day!

•An 80-year-old man who once struggled to satisfy his young partner now reports that the hardness of his erection has improved and **his desire for sex has increased!**

•One man writes, "I even wake up at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning ready to go. I never knew I would get back in the saddle like this."

Are You Losing The Power To Be A Man (Or *Woman*)?

The leading sex doctors whose work we have reviewed say **many men and women are missing out on the sexual pleasure nature intended them to enjoy.** As high as 30 percent of all couples have totally abandoned sexual relations by age 65...and, it is believed, of those who continue to enjoy some sex, very few have discovered their true sexual potential!

Now—A Program To Revitalize Lost Sexual Power!

According to William B. Masters (of Masters & Johnson, the famous sex research team), millions of middle age and older Americans no longer have any interest in sex at all—a truly tragic situation for their mates—(even more tragic because new evidence suggests that ***frequent, loving acts of sexual intercourse may be a key to LONGER LIFE!***

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You Can Now Enjoy An X-Rated Sex Life, Up To Age 100 And Beyond!

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Sex is a natural function that keeps us physically and mentally alert. If you want greater sexual happiness, I urge you to obtain **Amazing Sexual Potency At Any Age.** Remember, if it fails to help you sexually within 7 days, I will promptly refund your money on your request, and your entire order—regardless of size—is yours to keep free! **ACT NOW!**

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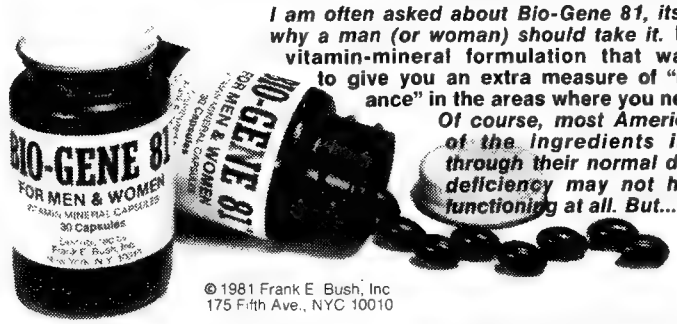

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THE DOOMED who wait for the hangman's noose would be wiser to depend on Providence than a last-minute reprieve from the governor. You have a much better chance to survive.

For instance, Inetta de Balsham went to the gallows at 9:00 a.m., August 16, 1264. King Henry pardoned her, but by the time the courier arrived with the document, Inetta was swinging at the end of a rope. The executioner took a swipe at the rope with his sword, hoping it wasn't too late to save her. It wasn't. Inetta was blue, but still breathing.

History is vague on the story of Matthew of Endeby. He was hanged at Leicester, England in 1363. The crime? Who knows? Nor does anyone know why he was immediately cut down and revived by heaving a pail of water on him. In any event, the pardon from the king came a short time later and Matthew was a free man.

In another hanging, Ann Green fell through the trap door on December 14, 1650. Three university physicians pronounced her dead. Her body was taken to a medical school for dissection, but before the knife was put to her, she suddenly started to breathe. Later, Ann was pardoned. Royalty at that time felt that if anyone survived his or her own hanging, the person deserved to live. Ann Green later bore three children.

Then there was the case of the rogue named Richard Johnson who decided to cheat the hangman by rigging up a device under his clothes that would prevent his neck from snapping.

Under his periwig and shirt, Johnson wrapped ropes around his body and connected these with hooks at his neck. Somehow, he was able to link the hooks to the hangman's noose. The year was 1696 and the device worked! The only problem was that a half hour after he went through the trap door the executioner saw him breathing. Johnson was sent back to the gallows and hanged properly.

Captain William Kidd had quite a time of it on the gallows. On May 23, 1701 the noted pirate mounted the London gallows for his many crimes. With him was another swashbuckler named Darby Mullins. Mullins went to the Great Beyond with no trouble. Kidd, however, fell straight down to the ground because the rope snapped. He climbed the gallows stairs again—and once more the rope broke.

The onlookers were aghast. Many of them cried out for Kidd's reprieve, saying that since the rope broke twice it must mean that it was a sign from on high to spare the pirate. The authorities were not superstitious. On the third try, they were successful.

The story of "Half-Hanged Smith" is worthy of mention here. John Smith was a burglar in 1705, and on December 24th he was supposed to hang by the neck for his crimes. He did, all right, but he dangled for some 15 minutes and showed obvious signs of life. The crowd screamed, "Reprieve! Reprieve!" Worse, the outraged people began to menace the executioner. Finally, Smith was cut down. And in keeping with the whacky medical practices of the day, doctors applied leeches to him. Smith regained consciousness, was later pardoned, and became something of a celebrity.

Thomas Reynolds was still another who lived after being hanged, but not for long. He was a highwayman and was hanged in London on July 26, 1736. His body was placed in a coffin. Workmen began nailing the box shut when Reynolds pushed it open and grabbed one of the men by the arm. The man fainted. Reynolds was carried to a nearby house, where he vomited three pints of blood. Then somebody gave him a glass of wine and he died.

William Duell fared better than Reynolds. He murdered Sarah Griffin and was hanged on November 24, 1740. There was nothing unusual in that. Duell was taken to the Surgeons Hall in London and was stripped of his clothes. He was about to be cut up for anatomical study when an attendant noticed that he was breathing. Two hours later, Duell sat up and complained that he had had a bad dream. For awhile, he was a local curiosity, but was then deported.

In 1752 a surgeon finished the job that a hangman failed to do. The unnamed felon was 19. A short time after he was hanged, he sat up on the dissecting table. The traitor was then bopped on the head by a surgeon. The boy died immediately.

The date was February 24, 1767. The doomed man was Patrick Redmond. He was hanged in Cork, Ireland, and left dangling for about 28 minutes to make sure he was dead. He wasn't. Six hours later a doctor performed a tracheotomy on the victim and he started to breathe. That night Redmond, dressed to the nines, went to the theater.

Will Purvis stood on the gallows in Columbia, Mississippi on February 7, 1894. He was suspected of being a member of the White Caps, a branch of the KKK. He shouted to the crowd that he was innocent and that he had not murdered a black named Will Buckley. Nevertheless, he went through the trap door. The noose untwisted and sent him to the ground. Purvis, bound hand and foot, got to his feet. He was ordered to get back up on the gallows. A man named Ford, a doctor, examined the rope that had fallen through the trap with Purvis. Above him, the executioner yelled, "Toss me that rope, will you, Doc?"

Dr. Ford, who suspected that Purvis really was innocent, yelled up: "I'll do no such thing! The boy's been hung once too many times now!"

In the crowd was the Reverend J. Sibley, who was a friend of the doomed man's family. He jumped to the scaffold and yelled out at the crowd, numbering in the hundreds: "All who want to see this boy hanged a second time, hold up your hands."

Every hand went up. Despite the popular vote, Purvis was taken to his cell. His sentence was later commuted to life in prison. On December 19, 1898 he received a full pardon. In 1917, Joe Beard, a member of the Holy Rollers sect, confessed that he and a man named Louis Thornbill were the killers of Will Buckley.

The Mississippi legislature gave Purvis $5,000 as compensation for his jail time and the rope burn around his neck. That burn was with him until the day he died. ★★★

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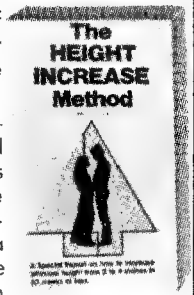

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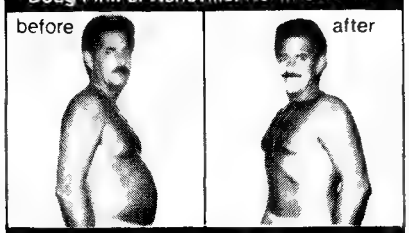

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(#878)

...the Nebraska Throat-Cutter!

(from page 24)

occurred between 3 o'clock in the afternoon and 5:30.

Miss Cook's boyfriend became something of a hot property on Tuesday when Detective Stednitz reported that he had been told that Jason Thurston had "pushed around" another woman and threatened his own mother with a knife. Another policeman said he had heard reports that Thurston was a cocaine user.

Detectives Carlson and Jeanette went to Omaha in an effort to find out more about Thurston by questioning people who were acquainted with him. The results were mixed—some gave him a bad reports and others liked him. Some of those living in his neighborhood said they had played cards with him Sunday night and that he appeared to be acting normal without a care on his mind.

Although Thurston seemed to be a prime suspect, the detectives knew they were a long way from being able to make any charges stick.

Meanwhile, the unrelenting search went on with every tip and telephone call being checked as shocked Bellevue residents attempted to aid the authorities. The hard-working detectives, realized that the passage of time in a murder case is crucial to the solution. A killer can put a lot of distance between the scene and himself in a couple of days.

All of the co-workers of the victim were questioned and they said Miss Cook had not mentioned having a date planned for after work. The manager at the motel described her as a "very dependable employe" who was so well liked that she was frequently used by the catering service.

"She had a lot of friends," he said. "She was a friendly person. To my knowledge, she didn't have an enemy in the world."

Discussing the autopsy with reporters, Chief Robinson said it revealed that Miss Cook had not been raped, but investigators belived that she had been the victim of an attempted sexual attack by someone she knew.

The chief pointed out that the body was clad in underclothing and a blouse, partially covered with a blanket, when it was discovered. He said the door to the apartment was locked when Miss Cook's roommate returned home at about 8 p.m.

Chief Robinson said the lights were not on in the apartment, leading police to speculate the murder probably occurred during daylight.

He said that the friend Miss Cook had visited Sunday afternoon after leaving her job had telephoned her at 5:30 p.m., but had received no answer, which could mean she had been killed before that time.

Miss Cook's parents said their daughter had been active in softball leagues and planned to play in the upcoming Snowball Tournament in Omaha.

They said she had already bought a plane ticket to Germany where she planned to visit a boyfriend in April. Her father said the two planned to marry when the boyfriend finished his duty with the military.

At a meeting of the Bellevue Kiwanis Club, the brutal murder was the dominant topic of conversation, and before it disbanded the group started a reward fund for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killer.

"There was a great deal of reaction this morning to this tragedy," said a spokesman for the club as he announced that $200 was being deposited in Miss Cook's name at the Bank of Bellevue. In only a few hours the reward fund grew to $2,000.

Chief Robinson urged the public to give any helpful information they might have to the police. He called the beating and stabbing death "the most gruesome crime" he had seen in Bellevue in more than 20 years.

He said the serrated knife found near the body, parts of the shattered vase, the mug, blood samples, hair and fingerprints found in the apartment were being sent to the Nebraska State Crime Laboratory in Lincoln.

Robinson said the playing of the Super Bowl game was proving to be a vital factor in the case because "it cut down the eyewitness and hearing factors." He said that when detectives had checked all residents of the College Apartments, where Miss Cook lived on the second floor, no one could be found who had heard or seen anything.

"But you could walk down the halls when the television sets are on and that's all you could hear."

The Super Bowl began about 3 p.m. and ended around 6:30 p.m., which encompassed the time span in which the lawmen were almost sure the murder occurred.

It seemed to the detectives that Kevin Rife was taking more of an interest in the death of Miss Cook than was normal for one who had enjoyed only a casual relationship with her. They noted on Monday night he had appeared in a newscast on an Omaha television station expressing his grief about her murder and hoping the killer would be caught.

On Wednesday evening Detectives Carlson and Jeanette went to the home of Rife's relatives and talked to one of them. There was corroborating on the story about Rife having worked on his car there on Sunday, but with one glaring exception.

Rife said his relative had taken him to his apartment at 7 p.m. but the relative told the detectives she had drive him home at 2:30 in the afternoon!

Why, wondered the two detectives, had Rife lied about those critical four-and-one-half hours? Rife's relative also said she had talked with him on the telephone after she had taken him to his apartment. Yet, Rife had said he had talked to no one during that after and evening.

The detectives also recalled that the friend Miss Cook had visited Sunday afternoon had also said that she had called Rife.

The officers decided to play it cool when they went to Rife's apartment Wednesday night and found he was attending a rosary for the dead woman at an Omaha mortuary and intended to spend the night with friends. Rife was seen weeping at the funeral home but he was not picked up.

Officers went to Rife's apartment Thursday morning and told him that he was wanted for further questioning about the slaying. Rife said he was preparing to attend the funeral and asked permission to go there first and the officers agreed.

Hundreds of friends, relatives, neighbors and the curious attended the funeral service at St. Mary's Catholic Church with cars lining the snow-clogged curbs as far as the eye could see. And among those who were able to get into the crowded family church was Kevin Rife, sobbing as if he had lost a member of his own family.

When Rife arrived at police headquarters at 1 p.m., Detective Carlson took him to a conference room and advised him of his rights and asked him if he wanted to call a lawyer. Rife said that he did not want a lawyer.

The tall, soft-spoken, sandy-haired detective sat in silence for a few moments and then said: "Some of the things you have been telling me simply are not true."

"What do you mean?" Rife protested. "Everything I've told you is the truth."

"First of all there's that matter of the time element," the detective said. "You told me your relative took you from her place to your apartment at 7 p.m. She told me she took you home at 2:30 in the afternoon."

Rife mumbled there might have been a mistake about that.

Carlson then reminded him that he had told him under questioning that he had said he had received or made no telephone calls after he had arrived at his apartment on Sunday.

"She told me you had telephoned her later and the girl Edel had visited said she called you and talked to you about Edel," Carlson said.

"Oh, yes, I did call my relative—I didn't think that mattered."

Finally, Carlson looked directly into Rife's eyes and asked: "Kevin, why have you told me all these lies?"

"Because I killed Edel Cook!" Rife blurted out.

Then he put his head down on his arms and sobbed.

After Rife regained his composure, Carlson again informed him of his rights and asked him if he would give him a formal statement. Rife agreed and told the following story:

On that Sunday he left his apartment in the neighboring building to ask for a ride to the motel where they both worked. Invited in, Miss Cook repeated an offer she had made two weeks earlier to "fool around" with him

He cooked children and ate them. She murdered hers for the insurance.

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sexually whenever he had the time.

"She didn't think I was actually gonna go for it," he said.

Miss Cook then told him to "leave me alone." Angered at being teased, Rife picked up a vase and struck her in the head.

"The handle broke off the first time I hit her...I kept on hitting her with the vase until it broke again...then I grabbed the mug and hit her again," Rife said.

Realizing what he had done and seeing Edel still breathing, Rife said, he went to the kitchen and got a steak knife and made two slashes on her throat, and the blood spurted out."

"Then I really panicked. I realized what I had done and knew I had to kill her because if she lived, she'd tell on me."

He said he molested Miss Cook and attempted to clean himself up before turning off the Super Bowl game on TV and leaving the apartment.

Sarpy County Chief Deputy Attorney Michael Wellman then scheduled an arraignment proceeding on first-degree murder charges for Friday afternoon as the news of the arrest spread to the shocked residents of the city.

At the arraignment, Sarpy County Judge Albert Walsh set a $500,000 cash bond on Rife and scheduled a preliminary hearing date for February 11th.

Richard Bruckner, an experienced trial lawyer from Omaha, represented Rife at the preliminary hearing at which Rife pleaded innocent. The bond of $500,000 was continued and a trial date was set for July 12th in Sarpy County District Court before Judge Ronald Reagan, who because his name is the same as that of the President, has received considerable publicity in the state.

After an all-woman jury had been sworn in on July 12th in the packed Sarpy County District Courtroom, the attorneys made their opening statements with Judge Reagan presiding.

Deputy County Attorney John Irwin repeated admissions he said that Rife had made to police, charging that Rife had beaten and stabbed Edel Cook to death while visiting her apartment to ask her for a ride to the motel where they both worked.

He told the jury that Rife had acknowledged hitting her on the head with a vase and mug when she rejected his advances, then slashing her throat twice with a carving knife.

"He knew he had to kill her because she could tell on him," Irwin said.

Bruckner described his client as a "gullible, easily intimidated follower" and said he would question whether statements given by Rife to police were voluntary.

The defense attorney said Rife went to the Bellevue Police Station voluntarily after attending Miss Cook's funeral on January 28th and was questioned for nine hours in a small, bare, "hidden" room furnished with a table and two chairs.

Detective Carlson was one of the first witness for the prosecution and he recounted Rife's confession, testifying the defendant told him he had made his attack on Miss Cook when she rejected his advances.

Carlson said Rife told him the dead woman had asked him if he wanted to "mess around" and then rejected him when he started to unbutton her blouse.

A five-minute videotape of the murder scene, introduced over the strenous objections of defense attorney Bruckner, was the center of attention during the second day of the trial. The all-woman jury watched the black-and-white tape—shot by the Bellevue police—on a television set.

Bruckner first attempted to keep the tape from being introduced as evidence, claiming "it would inflame the passion and prejudice the jury."

He then moved for a mistrial, citing the tape, photographs of Miss Cook's body, "prejudicial" reporting in a weekly newspaper and a juror's admission that she watched a television news report about the trial Monday night. Judge Reagan overruled the motion.

In other testimony, Miss Cook's roommate, Miss Ashton, testified how she and her boyfriend had discovered the body. She identified the shattered vase and mug, saying they had not been broken when she left the apartment Sunday morning when she left for church.

During cross examination by Bruckner, she said her roommate smoked marijuana but never used pills or other harder drugs. Bruckner also asked her questions about the Omaha man Miss Cook had dated and who had been regarded as a hot suspect by the police before the arrest of Rife.

Two taped statements were played in the courtroom Wednesday by Detective Carlson. They differed only that in one Rife had said he "freaked out" after Miss Cook had given him four pills and that he had attacked her and in the other he had beaten her and cut her throat when he became angry after she resisted his advances.

The bespectacled, balding Rife, now 20, took the stand on his own behalf in a bid to refute the statements he had given the police. Almost engulfed in the orange-colored coveralls worn by Sarpy County Jail prisoners, the dimimutive defendant gave still another version of the killing of Miss Cook.

He surprised courtroom observers by claiming he had been out buying a box of mashed potatoes when the slaying occurred. He testified he 'had nothing to do with the murder and did not know who did."

Rife said he fabricated the statements he gave to the police, compiling them from "guesses," news accounts, and information about the crime he had learned from friends.

He testified that when he returned to the apartment after shopping and saw the body he was afraid to call the police because he was high on marijuana and whiskey and felt he might be implicated. Rife said he did not report what he knew to the police or friends during the following hours and days because he was afraid.

He said he looked at but did not read a form given to him by Carlson which notified him he was a suspect in the killing and that he declined to call a lawyer because he did now know one.

Rife said he had frequently handled the mug at the Cook apartment in the past while attempting to read a German inscription on it. He was apparently trying to explain the testimony of a State Patrol fingerprint expert who said a palmprint on the mug was Rife's. In his statement to police, Rife had said he struck Miss Cook in the head with the mug.

In further testimony Rife said that he walked to Miss Cook's apartment from his place and began watching the Super Bowl with her. The two smoked marijuana, he said, and that he later poured a glass of straight whiskey into a glass and drank it.

Rife said he had promised to fix Miss Cook a fried chicken dinner and left the apartment to drive her car to a nearby grocery store for instant mashed potatoes he had forgotten on an earlier shopping trip. When he returned he said he found the body and "I freaked out...it scared me."

On cross-examination, Prosecutor Irwin repeatedly asked Rife how he was able to relate in his statments even minor details about the killing of Miss Cook, such as the slashing of her throat.

"Who told you the cuts went left to right?" Irwin asked.

"I just took a guess," Rife responded.

In other defense testimony, Rife's parents, relatives and several friends and neighbors characterized him as easily frightened, easily intimidated and a person whose growth had been stunted by a thyroid problem. He also was described as a hard worker with no criminal record beyond traffic tickets.

Then the defense rested and the attorneys made their final statements to the jury. Attorney Bruckner said Rife's taped confessions should be disregarded and Rife should be acquitted because Bellevue police used "subtle coercion on a poor little boy."

Irwin told the jury members they should find Rife guilty of first-degree murder if they accepted the confessions. The prosecuting attorney said that Rife himself gave solid evidence of premeditation by admitting in the confessions that he picked up a second piece of pottery to beat Miss Cook after the first vase broke.

Irwin also said Rife made the conscious decision to kill the woman when he got a knife from the kitchen to cut her throat.

In his instructions to the jury, Judge Reagon said premeditation could be found "however short" between the thought and the action "if he turned it over in his mind."

The jury retired to deliberate at 10:55 a.m. on Friday and returned a verdict at 9:45 p.m. When the jury delivered its verdict it was a shock to many of the friends of Miss Cook who came to the courtroom to hear it.

The all-woman jury had decided that Rife had killed his friend but the murder was not premeditated. Judge Reagan deferred sentencing until a pre-sentence investigation

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MEET THE AUTHORS

GAVIN FROST, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.D., is Archbishop of the Church of Wicca, New Bern, North Carolina with national headquarters in Salem, Missouri, branches in several states and worldwide membership. He is Marshal of the Gold Star of England, with the right to wear the Saffron Robe and one of the very few Witches in the Western Hemisphere privileged to wear the authentic mark of initiation on his wrist. Although descended from a long *line* of mystics and scholars, and formerly a Vice-President and Director of International Operations for major aerospace companies, he prefers to be thought of as a humble teacher.

Mrs. YVONNE FROST, A.A., D.D., with her husband Gavin Frost, devotes her time to giving private instruction and publishing *Survival*, the newsletter of the Church of Wicca, of which *she is* a Bishop.

Articles by or about Gavin and Yvonne Frost have appeared in such national publications as *Midnight* and the *National Enquirer*.

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of the details could be completed.

Three members of the jury ssaid they believed that Rife was too enraged to know he was fatally beating Miss Cook.

"It was a man finally coming out of this little boy's body," said one juror. "I don't think he ever meant to hurt that girl until it was too late. A rage just burst out of him. He care for that girl and, deep down, I think he still does."

"What he did was horrendous and he was wrong," another juror said. "We discussed it for quite awhile and agreed that if it came down to it and we thought he knew what he was doing, we'd say yes and possibly put him in the electric chair."

On August 19th, Judge Reagan sentenced Rife to 30 years in prison for second-degree murder. Under Nebraska law, Rife could have been sentenced to 10 years to life. In making the sentence the judge cited Rife's lack of a previous criminal record and his victim's alleged sexual advances.

Judge Reagan also sentenced Rife to 72 hours in solitary confinement beginning every year at 8 a.m. on the date of Miss Cook's death. ★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Janice Ashton and Jason Thurston are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

Slayer a Trusted Friend?

(from page 31)

school minutes of the prior afternoon.

Exercising great patience, fully understanding the over-active imaginations of small youngsters, the detectives sought a common denominator in the several stories they collected from the children. Certain similarities stood out.

And the investigators had a beginning.

For if the Gorrell school children were correct, the blond, hazel-eyed second grader had climbed into a rusty, gray car with a black vinyl roof, possibly an Olds or Pontiac.

The man who had allegedly accompanied Dawn Hendershot to his car was described by the youngsters as being white, in his late 20s or early 30s, with medium-length dark hair, a mustache, a short beard (or possibly unshaven for several days), wearing a red bandanna around his head as a sweatband.

Meanwhile, one witness, an area housewife, came forward to tell detectives that she might have seen the man who had apparently abducted the blonde tyke. Her description of the man and the car matched that given by the children. According to the housewife, the man was making threatening gestures at Dawn. But the witness said she was not close enough to them to hear the conversation.

But a slightly differing version was offered by one of the classmates, who believed he saw Dawn leave school and walk south of the building, accompanied by "an older girl with blonde hair."

Another classmate recalled seeing a man sitting in a car "for several days" parked at the corner of 24th Street and Duane Avenue, south of the school. The classmate said the man in the car had dark hair and wore a red bandanna around his head.

Detectives also questioned a resident who lived near the school, who also said that a car similar to the suspect's vehicle had been sitting near the school "all week."

Encouraged that police finally were getting a few leads, Detective Wilson ordered his men to stake out Gorrell Elementary School that afternoon. The suspect's car might be seen. Long odds, but worth a try.

However, none of the vehicles appearing at the school that afternoon matched the one described by witnesses. Nevertheless, detectives routinely recorded many license numbers.

At the same time, Police Chief Kirkbride consulted with agents from the Canton, Ohio office of the FBI to plot strategy on the development of future leads in the case.

Inordinately hopeful, Kirkbride said, "I can't help but feel optimistic that something will come out of all these leads."

But 72 hours later, with still no news of the missing second-grader, a local newspaper headlined their issue: "Massillon Searchers Fail to Find Girl, 7."

Meanwhile, detectives discounted a report given by another of Dawn's classmates. The youngster said he'd seen Dawn, carrying an armload of books, getting into a stranger's car near the school. But when detectives requestioned Dawn's teacher, they learned the little girl was *not* carrying any books that afternoon.

The child's report was further negated by Dawn's parents, who insisted their daughter would not willingly climb into a stranger's car.

Chief Kirkbride affirmed this. He said, "She is the type of child who went straight home, changed clothes and played with neighbor kids." And because Dawn was dutiful, obedient and heeded her teachers, Kirkbride maintained it was possible she might have gotten into a car *driven by someone she knew*.

Underscoring this point, the chief said, "There's still no evidence that she was forcibly abducted."

But all this police speculation did little to alleviate the Hendershot's worry. Only a week ago, Dawn Hendershot grinned wide for her family's camera. There was a glint in the 7-year-old's eyes and a comic space between her teeth. A ribbon urging her brother's Washington High School team to beat Akron Central-Hower High was pinned on the Massillon football jersey she wore.

Meanwhile, the authorities were now looking into a September 13th report concerning an 11-year-old girl who said two men tried to abduct her from the midway at the Wayne County Fair in Wooster. The men had fled when she began screaming.

According to the original Wooster police report, the girl described one of the men as about 30 with long brown hair and a mustache. But of particular interest to the Massillon lawmen, the jeans-clad 22-year-old claimed that one of the alleged abductors wore *a red headband*.

Which raised the obvious question: Could this be the same man who'd apparently kidnaped little Dawn Hendershot?

Then, some 48 hours later in their continuing around-the-clock investigation of Dawn's mysterious disappearance, the lawmen finally succeeded in locating the owner of the gray, rusted-out car seen parked near the school. But the car's almost-daily presence near the school was not unwarranted, for it belonged to Donald Maurer, the Hendershot's neighbor, who was there to pick up his stepchildren, Dawn as well.

Nevertheless, police questioned Maurer for over an hour. Maurer reiterated that he had not been at Gorrell Elementary School on the afternoon the Hendershot girl disappeared. In fact, Maurer had reportedly told his wife early that very day that he would not be picking up the children in the afternoon because he wanted to go hunting. So his children, only four blocks from home, had walked home from school.

When the detectives met that night and whittled away at all the possibilities and boiled their investigative tea to its very essence, only one answer seemed possible. Stated as a geometrical theorem, it went like this:

Given: One little girl who would not knowingly get into a stranger's car.

Also given: A sunny afternoon in which 320 children, Dawn among them, marched out of their elementary school and walked through a heavily-populated residential neighborhood and headed for their homes.

Given, too: There was absolutely no evidence, no witnesses, to a physically-forced abduction.

And given this unique set of circumstances, only one conclusion was possible, lawmen agreed. *Seven-year-old Dawn Hendershot knew her abductor.*

In that context, one name had surfaced and resurfaced during the investigation: Donald Lee Maurer. Maurer, who knew the family. Maurer, who regularly accompanied the children to and from school. And Maurer, who owned a gray, rusted-out Pontiac, so frequently seen at the school.

Finally, two of Dawn's classmantes alleged that they'd seen that same rusted-out gray car parked at the school on the afternoon the girl disappeared.

Yes, Maurer had said he went hunting that afternoon. And the man had said his children walked home by themselves.

What if he had *not* gone hunting?

Quickly, the authorities began checking the man's background. Did he have a police record for sex offenses? Did his past actions indicate he was sexually attracted to the sight

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of short-skirted little girls? What was the status of his marriage? How did he treat his four stepchildren? What were his relations with his employer and co-workers? His neighbors?

Important questions for the detectives' consideration.

But a police computer quickly provided one of those answers: Donald Lee Maurer *did* have a police record. According to the computer print-out, the suspect had been jailed at the Mansfield Reformatory for 18 months of a 2 to 5-year sentence for aggravated robbery and a related parole violation. Maurer had been released from jail in April, 1981.

But there was nothing on the books about any sex-related offenses. No prior indicators to show an inborn sexual craving for pre-teen girls. No, not a classic pedophiliac. But not without problems, either.

Maurer, his former employer alleged, had a drinking problem, which was why he had been fired from his meat cutter's job in Canton.

"A good worker, but he couldn't stay away from the juice," it was alleged.

But none of this strengthened police suspicions against the unemployed meat cutter. He reportedly drank heavy, was an ex-con, but there was nothing here to assume Maurer might have abducted the Hendershots' little girl. Nothing at all.

But matters are not always what they seem. So, the detectives had to beat more bushes.

To that end, Police Chief Kirkbride solicited and received the help of every man on the police force, including off-duty police officers who worked on their own time.

The men began an around-the-clock house-to-house check on the Hendershot neighborhood, learning everything they could about the suspect, Donald Maurer.

But fast, pat answers did not come easy. The Maurers were not social butterflies; they kept to themselves.

Which meant that neighbors' answers were simply generalizations based on their occasional sightings of the unemployed meat cutter. Strange to say, at least from a police standpoint, several neighbors volunteered favorable opinions of Donald Maurer.

One neighbor said: "He's a model husband, far as I can see. Spends a lot of time with his kids, keeps the yard fixed up, works on that old car of his...I couldn't say anything mean about him."

Which was echoed by another neighbor, who noted the many hours Maurer tinkered with his rusted-out Pontiac. "He sure kept it up," she said.

But was Maurer "funny" around neighborhood little girls? the detectives wanted to know. Did he make any overt gestures? Try to touch them?

No one remembered anything like that. Maurer had been repeatedly observed taking three of his four stepchildren to and from school, with Dawn Hendershot frequently in their company. But in that context, his behavior had been as exemplary as any other parent.

All of which further baffled the lawmen.

But after they canvassed the neighborhood and determined that Maurer's car was the only one that matched the description given by two of Dawn's classmates—the car the alleged blonde tyke had climbed into on the day she disappeared—the detectives decided to requestion Donald Maurer.

And as Chief Kirkbridge saw it, there was no other way to go.

At 11 p.m., on the evening of October 1, 1982, detectives picked up the 5-foot-9, 160-pound suspect after he'd returned from a high school football game, and took him to police headquarters.

Again advised of his rights, the homicide men fired a barrage of questions at Maurer.

Maurer, seemingly composed, answered their questions in a forthright manner. He insisted, as he had all along, that he'd gone hunting on the afternoon seven-year-old Dawn Hendershot disappeared. He maintained that his decision to go hunting was not made on impulse, noting that he'd announced his intentions to his family early that morning. Yes, he'd taken his stepchildren to school that morning, he told the detectives, but he'd also advised them that he would not be picking them up in the afternoon, simply because he was going hunting.

He loved to hunt, he said. Always had. He

described places he'd hunted, even noting where he'd hunted on the afternoon little Dawn disappeared.

But how could he account for Dawn's classmates seeing his car parked near Gorrell Elementary School on the afternoon he supposedly went hunting? he was asked.

Maurer couldn't explain this, other than to offer that it must have been another car just like this. He stubbornly clung to his original alibi. He *had* gone hunting, he argued. He did *not* harbor a perverted lust for the missing seven-year-old, and he had no idea where she might be.

However, the lawmen now thought otherwise.

Question-and-answer techniques, years of experience at this sort of thing, psychologists in their own right—something about Donald Maurer's responses told the lawmen that the meat cutter was not telling the truth.

And so the questioning continued, until 3 a.m. the following morning.

Which was when Donald Lee Maurer allegedly broke down and confessed.

In a sparsely furnished room of the police homicide bureau, a room crowded by the suspect and several detectives, the sudden silence following Maurer's breakdown was unreal. His trembling voice broke that silence, and for the next several minutes he allegedly dictated his confession, which was then typed up for his signature.

His confession was not unlike the lawmen's supposition. Yes, he'd made up the hunting alibi to separate his stepchildren from the little seven-year-old. According to police, he then appeared at the school and easily lured Dawn Hendershot into his car on the premise that he was taking her home.

Maurer allegedly confessed that he'd driven the girl several miles beyond the city limits, found a suitable place—a deserted, heavily-wooded area in northwest Stark County, he said—and then it happened.

Yes, Maurer admitted to the lawmen, he'd then sexually molested the defenseless seven-year-old, and when it was over, he'd done those other things:

Strangled or suffocated the pretty elementary schoolgirl, then shot her in the back.

Continuing in a broken voice, perspiration beading his brow, Donald Lee Maurer told the investigators that he would lead them to Dawn's body.

This was shortly before 4 a.m.

Two hours later, when a dreary dawn broke over the Stark County countryside, a procession of police cars, under Maurer's directions, wound its way into desolate deer-hunting land, some 12 miles from the youngster's home.

At 6:15 a.m., in a marshy stretch of ground near Deerfield Avenue, south of Ohio 172 and north of U.S. 30, the investigators, led by the handcuffed suspect, came to an abrupt halt.

It was over. Over for Dawn Hendershot, whose ravished, bloodstained body lay at their feet. Over for a tiny bundle of blonde love who would no longer kiss her mother "good-night" or hug her father "hello."

In the clinical aftermath, Dr. William A. Cox, a forensic neuropathologist, said that the five-hour autopsy helped him determine that Dawn had died from suffocation or strangulation. The media added that the little girl was already dead when shot in the back.

Cox said Dawn's lips and mouth were bruised, indicating something had been placed over her face to cut off her breathing.

He said a mark on her neck, running from ear to ear, led him to believe she had been strangled with her own sweater.

The girl also was shot in the lower back as she lay on her left side, the neuropathologist said. Wadding from a shotgun shell was found in the wound.

Dr. Cox said it appeared the wound was made by a "pumpkin ball"—a round, lead slug used to hunt deer and bear. He added that Dawn was killed at the wooded site about 6 p.m. of the day she disappeared, about three hours after she left school. Positive clinical signs indicated Dawn had been sexually abused.

And what of Donald Lee Maurer, the 28-year-old meat cutter who had confessed to the murder and sexual abuse of Dawn Hendershot and led police to her body?

On October 7, 1982, the Stark County Grand Jury indicted the suspect on charges of kidnaping and aggravated murder, with death penalty specifications.

But whatever the circumstances, and in firm keeping with America's system of legal justice, Maurer must be presumed innocent until such a time as the appropriate court tries the case and a jury of his peers judges his guilt or innocence. ★★★

Is Sex Killer Ever Cured?

(from page 43)

that still didn't mean they were exonerated. Had the detectives known about a case in King County in 1948, they would have known they were dealing with just such a situation. But they didn't know about the 1948 case until after they had tracked down the mysterious stranger who had been seen leaving the lounge with Gerri Barker.

They continued their relentless search and tracked Mrs. Barker and her male companion to the JKJ Apartments on Martin Way, which is at the corner of Martin Way and Lilly Road.

Although the killer had covered his tracks well by not leaving any clues at the scene where the body was found, investigators soon discovered he hadn't been so meticulous about his apartment.

Outside of Apartment 324 there were bloodstains in the stairwell leading to the back exit. In the rear exit area the detectives found even more bloodstains than were on the stairwell.

Before going any further with the case, the officers sought a search warrant for the apartment and its occupant, who the manager identified as being a man named John Russell Gasser, 54.

Because the apartment complex was within the Olympia city limits, Olympia detectives under the direction of Commander Minshull took charge of the case. There was every reason to believe that they had found the murder scene, the apartment house, even though they were still waiting for the search warrant. A deputy prosecutor was roused from his sleep, then a judge, and the warrant was issued.

Evidence at the apartment indicated that the body undoubtedly was taken down the stairs, where it was then probably put into a car.

The search warrant then was for a search of the apartment as well as the suspect's automobile. The search of the apartment turned up little else in the way of evidence except more bloodstains. Technicians were called in, samples of the blood taken, and a pathologist later told Commander Minshull and Police Chief Wurner that the blood was of the same type as Mrs. Barker's.

City detectives questioned apartment resident who said Gasser had arrived home sometime Friday night with a woman, but nobody had heard anything that sounded out of order. A check with the apartment complex manager revealed that Gasser was not a permanent resident. Detectives learned there was every reason to believe Gasser was no longer in town.

Commander Minshull began a search for Gasser, and was surprised when a routine check of records revealed that Gasser was a convicted murderer who had been paroled in 1962, plopped back in prison in 1969 on a parole violation, and then subsequently freed for having an exemplary prison record.

It was on July 19, 1948, 32 years and six days prior to the murder of Mrs. Barker, that Donna Woodcock, a pretty, redhaired drive-in restaurant carhop, was slain two days before her 22nd birthday.

It was 9:45 a.m. near the Sand Point Air Naval Station in Seattle, Washington. An employe of a building supply company was taking a short cut through a vacant field near the Air Naval station while walking to work. He was in a hurry, but not so much that he didn't spot the hideously mutilated body of Donna Woodcock lying in a mud puddle. The man ran to the nearest telephone and notified police.

It was one of the ugliest scenes that homicide Captain I.A. O'Mera and Detective Lieutenants Don Sprinkle, Austin Seth and Perry Hackler had ever come across. The victim obviously was a beauty, or at least she had been until a crazy man got hold of her.

She was naked, lying in a mud puddle. A broken beer bottle was nearby. Her beautiful body had been slashed, starting at her head and face and moving downward. Her black bra was crammed into her mouth, obviously to prevent her from crying out for help. Some of her clothes were strewn near the body. More clothes were found out on the road near

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the vacant lot. Her shoes, brown oxfords, had been left near the body with her stockings stuffed into them. It obviously was the work of a maniac. But not a man who was so deranged that he wasn't smart enough to remove identification from the scene. Or at least the killer that he had removed all identification. But Detectives Sprinkler, Seth and Hackler went over every inch of the scene carefully and examined the victim's clothing. Inside her blue jacket was sewn a woman's name. Detectives ran a check on the person and found out her address.

Police Captain Arthur Chaffee went to the address to notify any relatives who might be living there. No one in the crowd where the body had been found could identify the woman and Capt. Chaffee not only had the unpleasant task of notifying the family, if there was any, but also had to ask them to identify the corpse.

Someone in the police department was assigned the task of telephoning all the Woodcocks listed in the telephone book and that's how police determined where the woman lived. But they encountered a surprise when they finally found out where the woman lived. The name sewn into the jacket collar was not the same as the girl who had been wearing the jacket, Capt. Chaffee discovered when he talked to parents of the victim. Donna Woodcock had been wearing the jacket which had a relative's name sewn in it. Other relatives positively identified the remains as those of Donna Woodcock.

The victim's relative also worked at the drive-in restaurant where Donna was employed. Donna worked the 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. shift. Her relative got off at 6 p.m. and that's when she last saw Donna alive, she told investigators who were trying to pick up a scent on the murderer.

"Donna said she would be home as soon as possible after the restaurant closed," the relative said. Because Donna worked the late shift, she would bring home meat scraps for the family dog, which each night eagerly awaited her arrival. Donna had come home after work with the tasty treats, but then left home after that, detectives learned. That seemed to indicate that she had either planned to meet somebody, or that the person she was going to be with in the early morning hours had accompanied her home.

None of the family members, nor any of the neighbors, could recall hearing or seeing a strange car drop Donna off in the early morning hours after work.

The autopsy report didn't help much either, other than to the confirm what the detectives already knew—that the killer had savagely attacked Miss Woodcock.

Dr. Gale L. Wilson confirmed that the girl had been sexually assaulted. He said she had been strangled before her body was mutilated. She apparently had been beaten over the head with a beer bottle, the shattered remains of which were found a few feet from the victim's head.

Dr. Wilson believed the blows could have caused death, had the victim not already been dead. Lack of bleeding from the head wounds indicated she had been struck after she already was dead.

The victim's entire body bore evidence of savage slashing, the doctor said. One wound on her abdomen was deep enough to have killed her in a short while if she had been alive when she was stabbed, he told detectives.

The sleuths released details of the crime to the news media in the hope that somebody who had been at the drive-in restaurant had noticed something unusual. It was a smart move. A young Marine Corps private, as soon as he read about the murder, told his commanding officer what he knew about the crime and the officer immediately called police.

"I've got somebody here you'll want to talk to regarding the murder that occurred yesterday," the officer told police. Detectives immediately went to the location where the Marine Corps private was being held and questioned him.

The private readily admitted being at a fast-food drive-in restaurant the night, before and he remembered the pretty red-haired girl who waited on him. When he saw her picture in the paper and read that she'd been murdered he was shocked. Just the night before he had tried to date her and she shunned him. Motive for murder was the thought that brief-

ly flashy looking automobile that the private, and the carhop were both very impressed with. The private wondered where his former high school classmate could have gotten such a car. Detectives wondered about the same question and asked the private, who was stationed at Sand Point, to describe the car to them. He did so. Then they asked for the friend's name.

"John Russell Gasser," the Marine said. "He and I went to Lincoln High School together."

Detectives ran a routine check on cars that were stolen recently, and learned that a doctor's car had been parked in the parking lot of the plush Olympic Hotel several hours prior to when Gasser was seen driving it at the fast-food drive-in. The doctor had reported it stolen.

A routine check of records revealed to the detectives where Gasser lived, and they decided it was time to confront the young man with their evidence.

Checking into Gasser's background, detectives learned he had served in the Navy for 15 months and had attended Seattle University the last semester. But he wasn't a registered student there at the time detectives started checking up on him in connection with the Woodcock murder.

At 6:30 p.m. on Sunday, July 11, 1948, detectives appeared at the Gasser home. The young man's parents understandably were astounded to see detectives in such force at their front door.

"What do you want?" Mr. Gasser inquired. "What's this all about?" he cried, according to police accounts of the arrest. The parents would find out soon enough what it was all about; they perhaps more than anyone else in the community were shocked to learn that their son could be a suspect in such a grisly murder.

Young Gasser was at home, they told detectives who asked to see him. Gasser was arrested, handcuffed and taken directly to police headquarters where detectives plopped the facts before him and he easily broke down and confessed. He admitted killing the girl, but denied mutilating her body.

Gasser, then 20, spoke in a voice so low it could barely be heard by the investigators.

"Well, I might as well tell all about it," he said in the police station booking office. He told officers his evening began when he stole the 1949 Lincoln sedan from the garage of the Olympic Hotel early in the evening. It was an easy matter to swipe the car, he said. It was parked in a conspicuous spot. He walked up to the car, got in, easily started it and then drove off without arousing suspicion.

The flashy car impressed a lot of people that evening. Although it was still mid-1948, there were a few 1949 Lincolns on the market and a Seattle doctor had purchased one of them. It was the car that caught Gasser's attention.

After stealing the car, he drove to a popular night spot called the Lake City, had a few beers, and then continued his quest for what he perceived to be affection.

He drove to the fast-food drive-in, ordered a cheeseburger and coffee and couldn't help but notice the pretty young waitress, Donna Woodcock, who served him and chatted. The car had obviously impressed her, he told Captain O'Mera and Detectives Sprinkle, Seth and Hackler, all of whom witnessed the confession.

"I didn't know this girl. I asked her if she had a ride home and she told me she didn't. She said her name was Barbara," Gasser told the investigators.

Gasser said he and Miss Woodcock left the drive-in about 3:15 a.m. and went to her home where she "...went inside to feed some scraps to the dog." Gasser told his story in a calm, untroubled voice.

She came out, and they then went to the vacant field near the Sand Point Naval Station and drank beer.

"We were discussing carhops," Gasser told the detectives. "And I evidently said something about them she didn't like and she slapped me."

Gasser didn't like being slapped. Something inside of him started to boil and he claimed he went berserk, not realizing what he was doing. He said he blacked out.

"I got angry and flared up and started choking her with my hands. I started to take her clothes off and then pushed her out of the car. She fell partially into a mud puddle. I dragged her around so she was completely in the mud puddle face down.

"Then I threw her sweater out on top of the body. When I did this I knew she was dead. I had felt her pulse and she didn't have any," Gasser told the investigators.

He then backed his car out onto the road. He noticed some of the girl's other clothes in the car and he threw those out on the road. He then drove to his parents' home in the Magnolia Bluff district.

The next day he woke up, studied, took some clothes to the cleaners, mowed the lawn and was eating dinner when the policemen came to make their arrest.

After making his statement Gasser was put in a police lineup and the Marine private picked him out as being the man seen at the restaurant with Donna Woodcock. The victim's relative said she'd never seen Gasser before.

Detectives believed part of Gasser's story but other portions didn't add up. For example, Gasser claimed that he and Donna Woodcock drank beer at Sand Point. Yet the only beer bottle police could recover was the one used to slash the girl's body.

After putting Gasser through the police lineup, the officers questioned the victim's relative, who said Gasser must have known Donna because she wouldn't accompany a stranger late at night.

"That boy isn't telling the truth," the weary relative told detectives as she sat on a bench at police headquarters. "The things this boy is telling you just don't sound like Donna," she told the investigators, and later the press.

"For instance, he said they went for a ride and parked near Sand Point after he had taken Donna home so she could feed her dog some scraps she took from the restaurant. I believe Donna might have suggested going to the restaurant across from the main gate at the air station for something to eat. But I don't think Donna just suggested going for a ride."

She said Donna never drank beer and wouldn't change a lifelong habit on a moment's notice.

"But this boy said they sat there and drank two bottles of beer apiece where they found the body," the woman declared. "I know he isn't telling the truth about that."

When the woman viewed Gasser in the police lineup, the suspect reminded her of a caged animal, she said. "But his eyes, they just stared straight ahead in the showup," she stated.

"He looked like some kind of a trapped animal so scared he couldn't move."

Then a faraway look came into the relative's eyes as she realized that Donna Woodcock must have looked just like Gasser before the end came. The scared, caged animal eyes, wide and staring blankly into space as she realized her last breath was being choked from her.

"But I'll tell you one thing," she said with a certain amount of what reporters took to be pride. "I know Donna fought. I know she fought like a wildcat.

"Donna was strong for a girl and I know she did the best she could to save her life. But you know, in spite of everything I feel kind of sorry for that kid up there in that cell. Because he's alive and Donna's dead and neither should be where they are."

Some things in Gasser's confession didn't ring true for investigators. The matter of Donna drinking beer was one of them. Another was Gasser's statement that he studied on the morning after the murder. Investigators checked with Seattle University and learned that he wasn't currently enrolled. University officials reported that he wasn't attending summer sessions but had been enrolled during the last semester and it was believed he would register again in the fall. His status was that of a sophomore.

After getting the confession, Detectives Seth and Sprinkle went immediately to the laundry where Gasser said he had taken some clothes on the morning after the murder. They believed the clothes Gasser wanted clean were possible evidence in the case. They recovered a pair of blood-spattered trousers.

Detectives also recovered the automobile Gasser had stolen. Inside of it there were many bloodstains, and there was blood on the rear fender. Gasser's bloodstained jacket also was recovered.

The car was recovered approximately three blocks away from the Gasser home. Strangely, it was in an area where another abandoned car had been recovered a week before. That's when detectives learned that Gasser had attacked another young woman on that date. She had submitted to him, though, and he stopped strangling her. She escaped with her life but hadn't reported the incident to police.

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It was during their questioning of Gasser that the two abandoned cars in one location took on significance and Gasser cracked and revealed details of his previous attack.

Perhaps the biggest hole seen in Gasser's version of what happened was his insistence that he hadn't mutilated the dead girl. Somebody else could have come along and done that, he told detectives.

That didn't make any sense at all to anyone except maybe Gasser. Why would a passerby stuff a bra into a dead girl's mouth, then mutilate her with a beer bottle?

"There are holes as big as a house in Gasser's version of the slaying," Detectives Seth and Sprinkle, who had worked continuously on the case, told the press.

"This crime is nothing other than first degree murder, demanding nothing but the death penalty," Deputy Prosecutor J. Edmund Quigley declared. He called Gasser a murderer of the coldest, cruelest type.

Sleuths learned that Gasser had been a typical teenager who hadn't gotten into trouble before. He was born in Seattle, attended Latona grade school and later Lincoln High School. He served for 15 months in the Navy and since his discharge had been studying accounting at Seattle University.

Where had John Russell Gasser gone wrong?

In 1948 a lot of people asked that question, and as Commander Minshull reviewed Gasser's case history on July 20, 1982, he asked that very same question. Only this time Gasser was 54 years old. Instead of being a respectable teenager, he was an auditor with the Department of Social and Health Services. He'd been a state employe for ten years.

Commander Minshull was concerned with the fact that the 1948 murder of Donna Woodcock and the 1982 murder of Gerri Barker were extremely similar.

Both mutilated bodies had been dumped in what could be described as moderately remote areas. But they weren't dumped in spots where persons never went.

Both crimes allegedly occurred after Gasser had been boozing. In both instances there was an attempt to prevent identification of the victims.

Olympia police detectives traced Gasser's car to Everett, Washington, and on Wednesday, July 21st, after learning he was a prime suspect in the Barker case, Gasser turned himself in.

Gasser subsequently was sentenced to life in prison for the 1948 murder of Donna Woodcock. But in 1951 the Washington State Legislature passed a law allowing the Board of Prison Terms and Paroles to release murderers serving life after 20 years. That decision brought forth a torrent of public outcry which did little good.

In 1962 Gasser was paroled. He got one-third of the 20-year term off for good behavior. Thus, he served 13 years on the life term. But he was plopped back into prison in 1969 for violating parole an alcohol incident. Alcohol had been consumed by Gasser prior to the Woodcock murder, and drinking was considered a severe parole violation for him. In the early seventies he was released from prison in December, 1975, was given his final discharge and no longer was on parole.

After Gasser's arrest in 1982 in the Gerri Barker case, Commander Minshull recalled that there had been similar attacks on women on Washington's west coast during the previous year. At least nine other women met similar hideous fates, but it must be stressed that up to the time this report was written, there is nothing to indicate that Gasser may be connected with those incidents.

But because Gasser's job as a state auditor required him to travel extensively, he is being looked at closely as a possible suspect in any murder case with a similar method of operation.

According to former prosecutor Vogel, in 1948 Gasser deliberately mutilated the body of Donna Woodcock to make it look like a sex fiend had committed the crime.

It must be stressed that John Russell Gasser, at the time of this report was written, had not gone to trial for the murder of Gerri Barker. There was a probable cause hearing in which it was determined he should be held in jail without bond until the time of his trial. Until it is proved otherwise, he must be presumed innocent of the murder of Mrs. Barker.

★★★

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in the May issue of

Who Torched the Girl...?

(from page 10)

wide-spread. The nightdress which she had been wearing had been burned away. So too had her hair and a great deal of her skin. What had not been burned away was swollen into enormous, puffy blisters so that her appearance was scarcely human.

Twenty feet away, a tall, handsome young man with a great deal of dark wavy hair cut in a bang across his forehead and covering the ears on the side, lay sprawled at the edge of the path. There was a bullet hole just between his eyes and a small amount of blood had run down over his face. He was fully clothed in dark blue wool trousers, a checked shirt and a worn leather jacket.

Still further away lay a .22 caliber repeating rifle with a silencer on the muzzle of the barrel. Beyond this, lay a pair of handcuffs and still further a 10-gallon gerry can still containing one gallon of gasoline. A bottle of rum, empty except for the last inch, stood next to the gerry can and a Citroen 2CV was parked beyond it across the road with both doors standing open.

Almost none of these details had been registered by farmer Lebeau, whose attention had been concentrated on the horribly mutilated body of the young girl. The gendarmes, however, not only noted every detail, but photographed everything precisely as it had been found and located on a grid drawn over a map of the area. The kidnaping investigation of Manuela Courtil had now become the homicide investigation of Manuela Courtil.

Inspector Petri and Sergeant Delamoine had, of course, immediately guessed what Gaston Lebeau's report to the gendarmerie headquarters in Cahors meant and had rushed to the scene.

They brought with them the gendarmerie medial expert for the area, Dr. Philippe Estrain, a tall, thin, balding and rather esthetic looking man, who immediately carried out an on-the-spot examination of the corpses.

The cause of death in the case of the young man was obviously the bullet wound in the head and, to the officers' relief, it turned out that the cause of death in the case of Manuela had been another bullet wound at the base of the skull. They had feared that she had been burned alive. A visual identification of the corpse was not possible, but the doctor reported that she had been four months pregnant and, eventually, sufficient fingerprints from the right hand were recovered to make the identification positive.

The young man was more easily identified, because he was the owner of the Citroen 2CV and his driver's license and other papers were still in it. He was 22-year-old Alain Gallo from the village of Lauzerte, a name which meant nothing to the investigators until they mentioned it to the Courtils.

Jean-Luc Courtil, who had hurried down from Nates on hearing of his wife's disappearance, immediately identified Gallo as not only his best friend but practically his brother.

Gallo, it seemed, had been placed with the Courtil family at the age of seven when his parents parted. He and Jean-Luc were precisely the same age and they had become such good friends that, even after Alain's father had taken him back five years later, Alain had continued to spend almost as much time at the Courtils as he did home. A shy, good-natured and well behaved boy, Alain had been popular in both Lauzerte and in Cazes-Mondenard. He had been in training to become a postman and he had been Jean-Luc's best man at the wedding the previous November.

Asked if Alain had ever shown any unusual interest in Manuela, the Courtils all said that he had been like a brother to her. There had certainly been no romantic involvement and, as a matter of fact, such a thing would have been impossible, for the only place that he had ever seen the girl was in the Courtil house, where some members of the family had invariably been present.

This reply puzzled and dismayed the inspector for he was greatly inclined to think that Gallo had kidnaped Manuela and murdered her. The autopsy had shown that she had not been raped, but the inspector had theorized that Gallo had killedher because she had rejected him in favor of Jean-Luc Courtil. Now, however, the Courtils said, and their statements were later supported by the testimony of practically everyone who had known the parties concerned, that Gallo had never even made any attempt to court Manuela at any time, before her marriage of after.

Was it possible that Gallo had, in some unknown manner, learned of the abduction of his friend's wife and had lost his own life in attempting to rescue her?

The inspector did not think so and, a few days later, he received confirmation of a sort from the Pamplona police. Sebastian Perez was in Pamplona, but the police had been able to determine definitely that he had also been there at the time that Manuela Courtil was abducted.

Perez had been the only other possible suspect and, with him now eliminated, there remained only Gallo. None of the objects found at the scene, the rifle, the handcuffs, the nearly empty rum bottle and the gerry can with the gasoline still in it, could be specifically identified as belonging to him, but his fingerprints were on all of them. From the point of view of the inspector, what had probably happened was that Gallo had kidnaped Manuela, had tried to persuade her to flee with him and, failing, had murdered her, attempted to burn her body and then committed suicide.

The only problem with this theory was that, according to all testimony that could be assembled, Gallo had had not the slightest motive.

The investigations, however, gradually began to turn up some curious facts on the part of Alain Gallo. To begin with, at the dinner following the wedding between Manuela and Jean-Luc, he had suddenly lost all control of himself, had burst into tears and had been forced to leave the party. No one had paid too

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much attention to this outburst as it had been thought that he was drunk.

Then at the beginning of July of 1981, six months after the marriage, he had stopped a total stranger in the middle of the street and had begun abusing him verbally. The man had replied in kind and Gallo had punched him in the nose and had run off. This was so much out of character that the people in Lauzerte and Cazes-Mondenard would not believe it. Nonetheless, it had happened.

For Inspector Petri, these incidents were significant, Gallo had obviously been under great stress and it was doing strange things to his character. The strangest incident had taken place only a week before the murder. Manuela had been walking her poodle who went by the name of Madame Coco in the street near the Courtil home when Gallo drove up in his 2CV, jumped out, seized the dog and, tossing it into the back seat of the car, drove off without a word. The stupefied girl had been able to do nothing more than stand and stare after him. It had required some delicate negotiations on the part of Jeanette Courtil to recover the dog. She had thought the incident weird, but had come to the conclusion that Gallo had been joking. Finally, confirmation of the inspector's suspicions was received from a not unusual source. In the area around Lauzerte there was just one prostitute and the inspector knew from past experience that men who are unable to tell some personal problems to anyone else, sometimes recite their troubles to a prostitute.

This was the case with 26-year-old Solange Petit, who told the inspector that she thought she heard more confessions than the village priest. Although she did not know Gallo by name, she did recognize him from his picture and she recalled clearly his problem. It had not been an unusual one. He was hopelessly in love with his best friend's wife and had been since the day he first saw her, but he had never had the courage to say anything to her about it. His feelings on the subject had been so strong that he had been unable to take advantage of the services for which he had paid Miss Petit.

This effectively terminated the case and the examination judge returned a verdict of murder and suicide. Alain Gallo, hopelessly in love with his best friend's wife, had finally cracked under the strain and had carried out his hideous crime. ★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Gaston Lebeau, Sebastian Perez, Solange Petit, Jules Petri, Charles Delamoine and Philippe Estrain are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used in order to comply with French police regulations.

He Was Hung Up on Blondes

(from page 33)

where the victim and her roommate lived. The pickup was described by the neighbor as a 1981 two-tone maroon Chevrolet.

The day following the murder, Dr. Peerwani finished the autopsy on Miss Stratton and gave his first report. He had counted 38 stab wounds, six of which had penetrated the heart.

His report showed that one cluster of the knife wounds were made to the neck and another group to the left breast, all in a relatively confined area. This indicated that Retha Stratton was incapacitated rather quickly, he said.

Peerwani counted 25 stab wounds to the chest area and ten in the neck, and the victim's wrists had also been slashed. The knife that was left protruding from her chest had a six-inch blade. There was no evidence that Miss Stratton had been raped, he said.

Investigating officers pondered the possibility that although Miss Stratton had not been raped, it might have been her resistance to her attacker that had brought on the furious assault.

As the investigation continued in this direction, the detective and other lawmen reviewed the information and evidence that they had collected during the rape probes, as well as the homicide.

The thumbprint that was lifted from the furniture of the house in Saginaw where that rape had occurred had not been identified yet. If the print belonged to the rapist, it would tie the suspect to the murder, if and when one was apprehended. Officers also hoped that the woman in the Sansom Park laundromat who was raped would be able to identify the unmasked attacker.

The break that Detective Timmons had been hoping for came in the form of a telephone call from a concerned parent on the next day after the murder. At the end of a long day, Timmons, who had been working steadily on the case since he had been assigned to it, took the call.

The caller told Timmons that her daughter's boyfriend had come to see her late in the afternoon with some bloody blue jeans. He told the daughter that a nosebleed had soiled the jeans, and asked her if she would launder them for him. The daughter consented, but when the mother heard of the knife-slaying she became suspicious and telephoned police.

Armed with this information, Detective Timmons obtained an arrest warrant for the boyfriend, 19-year-old Wesley Wayne Miller of Saginaw. Accompanied by several other officers, Timmons arrived in Saginaw to make the arrest at Miller's home at about 3:50 a.m. on January 23rd.

Miller was roused from a sound sleep and informed of his rights. He was allowed to dress for his ride to headquarters where he was taken for questioning. A pair of running shoes beside the bed were taken along by the officers. One of them had blood on top.

Miller admitted that he owned a maroon 1981 Chevy pickup. About an hour later, he stood before Chief Municipal Judge Maryellen Hicks and received another warning about his rights.

Detective Timmons spent the remainder of the early morning hours grilling Miller, confronting him with the information that his pickup had been seen parked behind Miss Stratton's house at about the time she was believed to have been killed. Miller denied he had been near Miss Stratton's house, or that he had soiled his jeans in any other way except by a nosebleed.

It was day break when Miller finally broke down and agreed to make a statement. Timmons called an officer in to take the confession. Miller was booked for murder and taken before a justice of peace who set bond at $25,000.

It was a shocked community that received the tragic news of Retha Stratton's slaying a second shock came when the citizenry of River Oaks and the surrounding area learned of Miller's arrest for the crime.

The two ex-students of Castleberry High School at River Oaks were "models which all the high school students aspired to imitate," one spokesman said. "They wore every badge of high school status and their classmates were sure they had it made."

Miller was elected "Best All-Around Student" during his senior year at the school. His oldest friend said Miller was studying to be an electrician, and that he liked shop in high school more than academic subjects.

The high school industrial arts teacher called Miller "a kid who got A's in citizenship and B's in grades. I don't think he wanted to go to college. I think he wanted just to have a good time when he got out of high school," he said.

Other high school teachers remembered that Retha Stratton was a cheerleader at the time that Miller was a leading player on the high school football team. None of the young man's friends or teachers could recall ever seeing Miller acting strangely or even getting angry.

One teacher said of Miller, "He was a darling boy. There just never was a nicer boy in my class than Wesley Miller." But some of his friends said, "There were some things the teachers didn't see. He kind of drew into himself. Things were not good at home."

Although Miller had never dated Miss Stratton, her roommate said that "he always wanted to take her out." Miller had written the following inscription in Miss Stratton's yearbook: "Retha, I'm very glad I got to know you this year. I had fun running around

"I hope that we can be together more often, because I'd like to get to know you better.

"Your the best looking girl in our school, and I hope to see a lot of you this summer. Love always, Wesley."

Amy Kindle, the victim's roommate, told investigating officers that Miller had tried on several occasions to date Miss Stratton, but she refused to go out with him. She told them that Miller had visited in their home only once before the day Miss Stratton was slain.

She said that her roommate and her fiance,

Mathis, had agreed to date others until they got married but that "neither of them ever did, that I know of."

Soon after the news of Miller's arrest was broadcast on local television showing him under arrest, a call came to the police station. The excited caller said she was the woman who had been raped at the Sansom Park laundromat on January 14th, and while watching TV, she had seen the man who had raped her.

The police arranged a lineup and called the woman, Ann Mitchell, who came down and without hesitation, picked out Miller as her attacker.

On February 2, 1982, Criminal District Judge Gordon Gray ordered blood, hair and saliva tests conducted on Wesley Miller to see if they matched samples found November 11, 1981, in the investigation of the rape of a Saginaw woman.

On February 9th, Miller was indicted by the Tarrant County Grand Jury for the slaying of Retha Stratton and for two rapes, the one in Saginaw and the one in the Sansom Park laundromat.

Justice of Peace Morris Howeth had raised the bond for Miller from $25,000 to $100,000, saying he believed the initial bond set at Municipal Court in Fortworth was too low. He expressed concern about a number of callers from River Oaks who feared for Miller's life if he were released on bond.

District Judge Howard Fender accepted the grand jury bail recommendation at the time of the indictment and ordered Miller to be held under bonds totaling $400,000. Fender set bond at $200,000 for the murder indictment and $100,000 on each rape indictment.

On Thursday, September 2, 1982, Miller went before District Judge Gray for a pre-trial hearing. His attorney asked for a change of venue "because news media may have caused the area residents to have preconceived notions of the guilt or innocence of Miller."

Jury selection was scheduled to begin on September 13th. Miller's attorneys, Jack Strickland and Bill Lane spent two days in efforts to prove to Judge Gray that the change of venue was needed for their client.

Judge Gray complimented the defense attorneys for their "excellent efforts" to have the trial moved but he denied the request with one condition. He agreed to call 60 prospective jurors and have half of them examined as a panel. He said if that many had already formed opinions in the case, that he would grant the change of venue and move the trial to Odessa.

The trial was rescheduled for October 12th by the judge, allowing the defense attorneys time to study autopsy photographs and evidence that had "inadvertently been withheld from them until this week by prosecutors."

On Wednesday, October 13th, defense attorneys went before Judge Gray and battled to keep their client's statement to Detective Timmons on the day of his arrest from being used in the trial. The attorneys alleged that the statement "was given after coercion by the police detectives."

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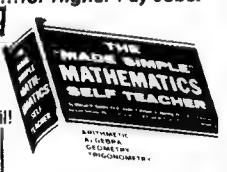

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Miller took the stand in the hearing and swore that the police coerced him into confession by promising leniency and pretending to have incriminating evidence against him which the defense claimed that they did not have. However, Judge Gray ruled against attorneys Strickland and Lane and the selection of the jury began.

Jury selection was completed in two days with 11 women and one man seated to hear the testimony. Miller's attorneys failed in an attempt to prevent the prosecution's introduction of 30 photographs which defense attorneys claimed were "so gory and inflamatory and so prejudicial as to deprive the defendant of his rights to a fair and impartial trial."

Judge Gray ruled that all the photographs could be presented as evidence.

Assistant District Attorney Steve Chaney and Pam Moore, prosecutor, called the slaying victim's former roommate and her sister as the first witnesses for the state.

Amy Kindle and her sister testified that it was about 6 p.m. when they found Retha Stratton dead. Miss Kindle said that her roommate and Miller associated with the same group of friends while they were in high school, but that they had not dated each other.

Her sister told jurors that Miss Kindle looked "real scared" when she came to her door the evening of the slaying. She said they called their parents and the police after they discovered the body.

"We saw the blood on the walls and on the floor where Retha had been dragged into the bedroom," the roommate's sister testified.

The dead girl's fiance, Gary Mathis, told the jury that he talked to Retha on the telephone about 4:45 and after that he ran some errands. He arrived at his fiancee's home about 6:30 p.m., he said. The ambulance, fire department personnel and the police were already there, Mathis told the court.

This placed the time of the murder after 4:45 p.m. and before 6 p.m., when Miss Kindle and her sister found the dead girl. This was the same hour that Detective Timmons had learned from the neighbors that they had seen Miller's pickup parked behind Retha Stratton's apartment.

Timmons testified that Miller gave his statement voluntarily and was not threatened nor coerced into making the statement. He was given warnings of his rights by police officers at the time of his arrest, he told the jury, and again when he went before the city magistrate later.

The detective told the court that he arrested Miller after a lengthy interview with Miller's girlfriend, the former cheerleader who washed a pair of bloodstained blue jeans at Miller's request on the day of the slaying.

Despite strong objections by the defense attorneys, Judge Gray allowed the defendant's statement, that was given to Timmons on the morning of his arrest, introduced as evidence. The typed statement signed by Miller was read aloud to the jury by Assistant DA Chaney.

The statement said that Miss Stratton invited him into her house the night of the killing and "began coming on to me and then all of a sudden, backed off.

"We started fighting. Miss Stratton reached for a knife on the ledge and it fell to the floor." The statement said that Miller grabbed the knife and "I kind of lost my mind. I do not remember how many times I stabbed her." Then Miller said that after he stuffed Retha in the clothes closet he then washed the knife before he returned to the closet to slash her wrists.

Two witnesses, neighbors of Miss Stratton, testified they saw a pickup similar to Miller's two-tone maroon vehicle parked behind the victim's house between 5:00 and 6:00 p.m. on the night of the stabbing.

The state called Susan Taylor, a serologist at the police crime lab, as a witness. She told jurors that both Miss Stratton's blood and the blood on Miller's right running shoe were group A blood, the second most common type of blood among humans.

The blue jeans that Miller's girlfriend washed had been taken as evidence, and Ms. Taylor reported that they had also been stained with type A blood.

The prosecution rested its case on Tuesday, October 19th. The courtroom filled with groups of emotional residents of River Oaks when the defense prepared to present its case. Attorneys Strickland and Lane opted to keep their client off the witness stand because of his persistent stuttering.

"You've got a problem with how people are going to interpret that," Strickland said of the speech impediment. "You may have one juror who thinks he's stuttering because he is lying."

The attorneys used a strategy of trying to spread seeds of doubt over the confession presented by the state. They reiterated the claim that false promises of leniency were made to Miller to gain his confession.

Judge Gray blocked the defense's plan to call a polygraph specialist as a witness. The judge refused to let the jury hear the results of a polygraph examination that was given to Miller the week before the trial began.

Outside the presence of the jury, Attorney Strickland attempted to call crime analyst Max Courtney as a witness.

Strickland said Courtney would use photographs and physical evidence to reconstruct the slaying of Retha Stratton. He said this evidence would prove that bloodstains in the carpet of the living room indicated that her wrists were slashed there and not in the bedroom, as Miller's statement had said.

Judge Gray said the testimony was irrelevant, he said, "Max Courtney is an expert, but I don't think he can reconstruct a crime or tell a jury what happened."

The defense abruptly rested its case, saying "The court cut us off; that's why we rested."

On Wednesday and Thursday the jury heard closing arguments and were sequestered during their deliberations. Early Thursday morning, after six hours of deliberation, the panel returned a guilty verdict.

The punishment phase of the trial was over quickly. Later in the day the same jury returned with a sentence of 25 years in prison for Miller. The sentence brought cries of protest from both sides of the courtroom.

The assistant district attorney, who had asked for a life sentence, said Miller would be eligible for parole in about eight years.

The prosecutors said that they hoped to add some more years to Wesley Miller's sentence when they try him for the rape of the 19-year-old Saginaw woman. It was undecided at this time whether he would be tried for the rape of the Sansom Park woman. Meanwhile, he must be presumed innocent unless and until proven guilty under due process.

Meanwhile, Miller has a right to appeal the 25-year sentence, if he so wishes. ★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Amy Kindle, Ann Mitchell and Gary Mathis are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

Took Secret to His Grave

(from page 29)

The truck owner lived in Salem.

Hingston began a quiet but through investigation of the possible suspect. He learned that the truck driver had been camping with friends on the Fourth of July on the Little North Fork of the Santiam River. He had been driving his lime green 4x4 pickup with mag wheels and lights mounted on the roll bar.

Persons who had been on the camping trip recalled he had left about 6:30 in the evening in his truck and had not returned until 3:30 in the morning. He hadn't offered any explanation as to where he had been. The lapse time would have been ample to drive to the motel where the call had been placed to the pizza shop and then out to Riverhaven Road where Sherry had been abducted.

Hingston took the information to District Attorney Chris Van Dyke. It was a possible lead, but a long way from the evidence that would be needed to file a charge, or even bring the suspect in for questioning. The witnesses had seen the 4x4 truck but not the driver. It was doubtful they could make a possible identification of a particular vehicle and it wasn't against the law to have the truck repainted, even though it might seem suspicious.

"What else do you know about the guy?" Van Dyke asked.

Hingston made a wry face. "That's the heck of it," he responded. "He's thirty years old, divorced and I can't find he's ever been in trouble."

"Keep working at it," Van Dyke urged. "But we've got to have something solid, like finding a body or some strong physical evidence."

Hingston's investigation took a strange

turn when he learned that the suspect might have known both Sherry Eyerly and Danielle Good through relatives. One relative worked with Danielle's father at the prison. Another relative worked with a relative of Sherry's in a tax consultant's office. It was possible the suspect had been in the homes of both missing persons.

The psychic arrived in Salem. He checked into the sheriff's office and talked with Detective Hingston. He told him about the visions he'd had after handling personal things of Sherry, but he hadn't been able to get a fix on where she might be. Hingston told him about the 4x4 pickup and his attempt to link the suspect to the abductions of both Sherry Eyerly and Danielle Good.

"Possibly if I could see, or maybe even feel the pickup truck it would be of some help," the psychic suggested, pointing out if the suspect had abducted the girls they would most likely have been placed in the truck.

Hingston said he thought it was possible. They would meet in the morning and drive out to the house where the suspect was living. They were there at 9:30 Saturday morning, August 21, 1982.

The psychic exclaimed, "That's the white house I saw in my vision. I'm almost positive of it."

The 4x4 pickup truck painted brown was in the driveway. The two men walked up to it. They were confronted by a man who came out of the backyard where he'd been hanging up laundry and asked what they wanted.

Hingston hadn't intended to question the man, but felt there was little to lose at that point since he would be alerted that he was being considered as a suspect. He asked him about his relationship to Sherry Eyerly. The man said he did not know her. Hingston asked if he would submit to a lie detector test. The suspect said he did not believe in polygraphs.

Det. Hingston introduced the psychic to the man. He asked him if he believed in psychic powers. The man said he would put a lot more trust in them than he would a polygraph machine.

The psychic asked him if he would object to just sitting down and talking to him for awhile. The man said he had no objection but he was due at work in a short time. He suggested that the psychic drop by on Sunday morning and they could chat.

The psychic left a "media packet" with the man that was filled with articles that had been written about the cases in which he had found the bodies of murder victims.

When they left to return to the sheriff's office, the psychic told Hingston, "When I touched that truck I had a strong feeling that Sherry Eyerly had been in it and I'm getting vibrations about that man."

"Do you think you can get anything out of him in the morning?" Hingston asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I have no control over the feelings or visions I receive. They just come. I only hope that he doesn't change his mind about talking to me."

"How come you left all that stuff about the bodies you've found with him?" Det. Hingston questioned. "Won't that scare him?"

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"Possibly," he replied. "But if he is guilty, as you suspect, and he thinks I may be able to find the body, there's a chance he may try to hide it in another place. It would be worth while keeping a close watch on him."

The suspect did not keep the Sunday morning appointment with the psychic. The sheriff's office was notified at 3:30 in the afternoon that the suspect had hanged himself to death in the basement of the house.

There was no note or explanation for the man taking his life. Investigators found a book he had been reading "Life Comes From Life" that is on the subject of reincarnation and the articles on the psychic from the the "media packet."

The psychic stayed on another day in Salem. He told investigators and reporters that he hadn't come up with a vision that actually pinpointed the place where Sherry Eyerly could be found but he had a strong sense that her body was in a valley of the Little North Fork of the Santiam River, not far from where the suspect had been camping on the Fourth of July.

In an interview with the news media, he was quoted as saying, "When I shook his hand, it was cold and clammy, and I could sense a lot of apprehension on his part. I feel that his meeting with me worried him a lot. I think he realized I knew and he did not want to meet me again."

He added, "I can suspect a person who faces something within himself and punishes himself. I only wish he had left a note to explain taking his own life."

District Attorney Van Dyke told reporters that the mysterious disappearances of Sherry Eyerly and Danielle Good may never be solved, even though the bodies may be found at some future date.

He said that the information developed by the detectives was strong and linked the man who killed himself to both cases, but it was not conclusive enough to positively identify him as the kidnaper or the slayer of the two girls. He said the investigation is continuing but no new leads have developed.

"Whatever the man knew—if anything—he took to the grave with him," Van Dyke said. "And there is no way we will ever know his secret or why he killed himself." ★★★

Tales of a Homicide Cop

(from page 35)

What happened was that the defendant gunned down a customer in a dope deal that went sour. The key witness to the crime was another junkie who, in less than genteel terms, told us to take our suspicions and file them in a particularly inappropriate place of the human anatomy. He took Round One, but I took the rest of the rounds and the fight itself.

Being labeled a snitch, a police informant, is about the most dangerous thing that can happen to a practicing thief and doper. It can get him killed by his paranoid cohorts in crime. When my witness refused to talk, I merely typed up an official police report in which I named him as a snitch who had tipped me off to certain unsolved crimes I knew, but could not prove, to have been committed by the witness's circle of friends. Then I took the report and paid a visit to one of the group where I "accidentally" left it behind.

It didn't take long for the phony report to produce results. Two days later, my witness telephoned me from the hospital. His friends had mauled him horribly.

"I'll testify, but you gotta take this snitch tag off me," he pleaded. "Why, you can get me killed!"

"I know," I said, grinning.

I never believed I was out in the streets to "play fair." After all, what is fair about punks mugging pensioners for their retirement checks, about rapists murdering innocent young girls, about burglars stealing your color TV? The street is a tough world, and a cop survives and becomes successful in his job by being tougher and more cunning than the criminals.

Some detectives overlook the most obvious ways to solve a crime, simply because they are so obvious. Like, for instance, telephoning the suspect and asking him if he did it. It worked for me on one occasion.

A trio of punks committed a series of drug store armed robberies. Homicide became involved when the gang eventually shot and wounded a proprietor. Roberts, my regular partner, was busy with another case when Detective Curtis Hanks and I nabbed David shortly after one of the robberies. David, of course, wouldn't talk, but we found a paper in his wallet with a phone number and the name "Mark" on it. Was Mark one of the other suspects?

I dialed the number while Hanks listened in on an extension. Mark answered the call. I disguised my voice to imitate the slow drawl of the incarcerated David.

"Mark?"

"Yeah?"

"This is David."

Suspiciously: "It don't sound like David."

"What do you mean, it don't sound like David!" I scolded. "What do you expect me to sound like when the pigs got me in jail?"

"*What*?"

"Mark, I can't talk long. I just wanted to tell you that the cops think you was with me on them robberies."

I could almost hear Mark's heart thumping.

"Oh, God, David!" he exclaimed. "You didn't tell them anything about it, did you? Now, you don't snitch, David. You just keep your mouth shut about it."

"Somebody's already snitching," I said. "That's how they got me."

Mark cursed. "Marty," he grated.

"Who?" I asked, pretending to have a poor connection.

"Marty Johnson!" he shouted. "I should have knowed that wimp couldn't keep his mouth shut. Marty is as good as dead. If you snitch, David, the same thing could happen to you."

"I ain't snitching, Mark, I ain't!" I cried.

"Them dicks trying to question you?" Mark asked presently.

I couldn't pass up the opportunity to pull my partner's leg a bit. "Oh, there's two of them," I said while Hanks listened on the extension. "One of them is tall and bald and ugly. Name's Hanks."

Tears streamed down Hanks' cheeks as he tried to suppress laughter.

"The other one," I continued, "is young and dark-haired and real good-looking."

"*What*?" Mark said.

"You know, looks like one of them TV cops. Name's Sasser."

"Oh, yeah," said Mark.

Now that we knew who they were, Mark and Marty soon joined David in Jail. Mark was a hardcase junkie who wouldn't give a cop his own name. By this time he knew it wasn't David who had called him that morning. He refused to answer any questions.

"That's all right," I grinned. "You don't have to talk to me. If I need to know anything else I'll call you on the phone."

It was also Hanks who teamed up with me somewhat later after four heroin pushers took a stolen shotgun and killed another dealer and blew off a second one's left arm. We soon focused on two suspects. Eugene and L.R. were about to receive a little demonstration in how effective it can be in a crime investigation to play one suspect off against the other.

Hanks took L.R. to a desk at one end of the detectives' huge bullpen at headquarters and seated him so that he overlooked the entire room. Somewhat later, after having apparently successfully interrogated Eugene, I brought Eugene in and seated him at the opposite end of the room with his back to L.R. While Hanks continued to question L.R., I laughed often and loudly and, to all appearances, was a wonderful time with Eugene. I brought him coffee and doughnuts, slapped him companionably on the back, and threw my arm around his shoulders. It looked as though Eugene had spilled his guts and was reaping my gratitude.

L.R. kept glaring at Eugene's back. Twenty minutes later, he bent across the desk to spill his own guts, trying to minimize his participation in the murder. He told Detective Hanks that Eugene was the ring leader who had lured the victims to their death and injury.

Eugene, of course, couldn't help recognizing L.R.'s sudden "cooperation." He fidgeted nervously while I bided my time.

"I got something to tell you," Eugene finally blurted out. L.R. is probably trying to lie his way out of it, but he's the one who planned it all."

An interrogation is the ultimate battle of wits between the detective and the criminal suspect, especially in light of Supreme Court restrictions which, under many conditions, make it impossible for a policeman to much more than ask a suspect his name. Interrogation is both a science and an art. By no

stretching of the imagination can a confession, which may send a defendant to prison or the death chamber, be construed as being to the suspect's benefit. Yet, suspects commonly confess to skillful detectives who possess a sense of timing, some insight into human nature, the right playacting talents, and a certain ruthlessness. I once took a confession in which the suspect actually confessed to and denied the *same* crime.

Of course, like many criminals, Willie wasn't the smartest man in the world, nor even on his own block. I nabbed him a few weeks after a black man robbed a local lounge and blew off the owner's kneecap with a shotgun. Willie was dark and flat-nosed with a smooth narrow brow beetling over mean little eyes.

"Man, I ain't did no robbery and I ain't shot nobody!" he protested.

"Willie, Willie," said I in a reasonable tone of voice. "I'm not going to even talk to you about the robbery. You're already charged with that. The only thing I want to talk about is the shooting. Dudes on the street tell me you're not the kind of guy to go shooting somebody on purpose. They tell me it was an accident."

Of course, the robbery and the shooting were inseparable events of the same crime. Still, Willie wasn't too bright. A sly look came into his eyes and I knew he was scheming to beat the case.

"I ain't did no robbery," he insisted.

"Willie, let's not even talk about the robbery."

"I wasn't even there. I want you to put that in your report."

"Okay, Willie. But that still leaves the shooting. I think it was an accident. Was it?" Willie looked suspicious. "I ain't never been to no lounge," he mumbled.

"Of course not, Willie. Now, about the shooting."

Willie scrutinized my face to see if I were trying to trick him. He scratched his head and thought about it, thought about it some more.

"If I tell you about the shooting, I ain't go to say nothing about no robbery?" he asked, testing me.

"Willie, you already said you didn't do the robbery, okay?"

Things didn't seem quite right somehow, but Willie took a deep breath. I knew what he was thinking, he was that transparent. If he could beat the shooting rap because it was an accident and beat the robbery case because he had an alibi that placed him elsewhere...

"Man," exclaimed Willie after deciding his scheme was foolproof, "that guy was crazy! I mean, man, he come at me waving his arms and grab that shotgun and it went off by itself! But I ain't did no robbery!"

My interrogation skills were tried to their limits when a 19-year-old bar girl picked up a sport at a local club and took him to a tawdry motel room where she robbed him and shot him dead. Instead of cheap love, he found quick death.

Super Tampax and a prescription bottle spilled on the death room floor led police to a sultry beauty named Donna. Men had been

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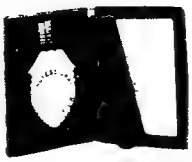

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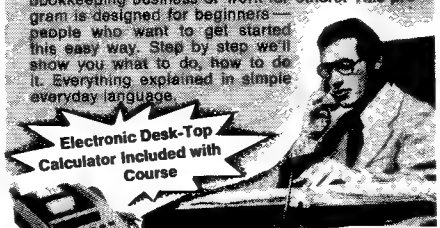

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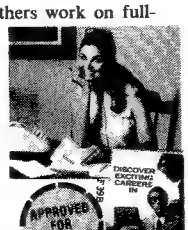

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her playthings for a long time; she was about to have the roles reversed on her.

"She seems sweet as sugar on the outside," said Detective Ron Trekell, who first attempted to question her. "But she's a junkie with a lot of police contact. I'll bet her heart would cut steel."

Detective Austin Roberts and I entered the interrogation room to find Donna smoking calmly, looking poised and confident and pretty. Her legs were crossed to deliberately expose a goodly expanse of thigh.

"How on earth could you suspect me of doing something like this?" she asked, and for the next half-hour she batted her eyelashes innocently and coolly supplied answers for every question.

With a quick glance at me, Roberts changed tactics and became the "bad guy." He shouted and ranted, called Donna a liar, sneeringly insinuated that she was nothing but a whore robbing a john, insisted that she had executed a man in cold blood in order to take his money. He should have won an Oscar for his performance. Donna began to crack. She squirmed, she denied, she shouted.

"As far as I'm concerned," Roberts concluded, springing to his feet and thrusting an accusing finger at Donna, "you murdered that man in cold blood and robbed him! That's Murder One, sister, and we have enough evidence to strap you to the electric chair!"

We didn't even have enough evidence to file charges.

"Sasser, you can do what you want!" Roberts raged. "Me, I'm through playing games with this little killer. I'd just as soon file on her and forget it!"

"Now, now, Austin," I soothed him. "I can't help but feel that Donna has her side to tell. She seems such a sweet girl."

"You can sit here all night and let her lie to you if you want," Roberts shouted, "but I'm through with her!"

The cubicle door slammed behind him as he stormed out, leaving Donna alone with the "good guy."

I started to work. I moved my chair near Donna's as though I'd been captivated by her beauty, and forced my eyes to mist with tears. I knew how Donna was feeling by now. She was feeling isolated and threatened, and she was ripe for need of a friend. Slowly, very slowly, intensifying the drama of the moment, I reached out and gently stroked her cheek while I gazed warmly into her eyes.

Ruthless? Yes. But so was gunning a man down for a few bucks in his wallet.

"Poor baby," I whispered. "Look, I don't think you're so vicious as all that. I think it's more involved than that."

Donna burst into tears.

"I'll bet that other detective wishes it had been me that got killed instead of that guy!" Donna cried. "He doesn't like me!"

I tenderly thumbed away her tears and brushed a wisp of hair back from her face. Her tears gushed and she reached with both hands to cling to the hand of a friend.

"Baby, just tell me what happened," I encouraged. "Tell me about it, pretty girl."

And she did. Every sordid detail. Enough to get her sentenced to life imprisonment.

Most criminals are easy, just like Donna. Plagued by their consciousnesses, they can be turned into raving paranoids with relatively little effort. Many times when I needed information from the underworld, I simply drove all over town leaving my business card on the door of every active criminal I knew. Most have committed so many crimes that a visit by a detective must mean they've been found out. In this way could have two or three dozens of them running all over the city trying to find out what was going on and telling each other the "heat" was on. That makes them careless, desperate, and, most important of all, it makes them willing to snitch off on each other in order to get the "heat" off their own backs.

One spring, I turned the heat up on a would-be cop killer and a burglar I didn't even know about became so paranoid he turned himself in.

Slick assaulted a patrolman and attempted to kill him, for which he received a suspended sentence. I wasn't satisified with that, especially since I knew Slick to be an active jewel thief. When a snitch informed me of a specific burglary Slick had committed, I advised Slick that I'd be living with him until he went to prison where he belonged.

Slick was pretending to be an honest businessman during the day, while reverting to a thief after dark. I began tailing him everywhere he went. He saw me in the morning when he left home, he saw me when he left work. I often took the table next to him at lunch. I dropped by his house to chat with his wife. I questioned his friends. I telephoned him in the middle of the night. I was always friendly and polite—but I was also always *there*."

He threatened to kill me. Then he came to me with tears in his eyes and begged me to leave him alone, saying his wife was contemplating divorce and his boss was going to fire him.

Unmoved, I continued my campaign. A month after it began, Slick's attorney telephoned me at headquarters.

"They want to give themselves up," he said. "They're in my office now."

They? I was astonished. I had no idea Slick even had a partner, but I didn't let on to the attorney.

"Bring them on down to the station and we'll talk," I said. "Oh, and I want all the loot back."

Slick's partner was one of his middle-aged friends, another "respectable" businessman to whom I'd talked on several occasions since beginning operations against Slick. I had not the slightest suspicion that he had been involved in any crimes. Apparently, though, he assumed that since I was on to Slick I must also be on to him. After developing an ulcer and losing 30 pounds because of his nerves, he finally went to his comrade-in-crime and convinced him that the only way out was to give themselves up and wipe their slates clean. Between the two of them, they confessed to over 50 burglaries and robberies and returned a truckload of stolen silver, appliances, jewels, furs, cameras, and musical instruments.

Slick went to prison; his nervous partner received a suspended sentence.

Even among cops, there is a certain mystique surrounding the criminal. Because so many crimes go unsolved, people tend to harbor the impression that our society is inundated with skillful super criminals who are too smart to get caught. That simply is not the case. Many crimes go unsolved because it is so easy and so lucrative to commit a crime and get by with it in a free, open society. So-called "super" criminals, I found out, are just as vulnerable to an unorthodox and unexpected ploy as any other malefactor.

For example, Blackie had earned a reputation as a gangster fence who could not be touched by the police. I wanted to search his home for a stolen gun used by a pair of teenage burglars to execute an insurance man. There was no way I could obtain a search warrant without sufficient probable cause, which I didn't have. Therefore, I simply telephoned the fence, disguised my voice to sound like that of his attorney, whom I also knew to be a crook, and warned him that detectives were enroute to his house with a search warrant. Then I settled back to watch his front door.

Minutes later, the fence backed his van up to his front door and began loading it with guns, furs, appliances, and other obviously hot items. While I did not recover the gun I sought, I did manage to bust him for receiving stolen property. To this day he thinks his attorney set him up for the arrest.

Still other criminals are much less than "super," both in exploits and in intelligence. I received a certain mischievous satisfaction in concocting outlandish and bizarre schemes with which to trap these Neanderthals. Like the time I became an assassin for hire.

Mulho was a tall, scar-faced man in his late twenties. He could be vicious in a careless, casual sort of way. After being collared for a couple of two-bit armed robberies, he made bond and began passing the word that he wanted to hire a "hit man" to make a witness against him "disappear." One of my snitches passed the offer along to me.

I donned flashy duds and a pair of dark shades that made me look as though I'd escaped from a 1920's gangster movie, then stuck a gun down in my waist band so Mulho would be sure to see it. Nothing impresses a cheap punk more than the sight of a gun; guys like Mulho almost worship the things. When I appeared at Mulho's door, he took one look and gasped, "Are...are you *him*?"

My snitch had helped set up the meeting through a third party.

"Yeah, I'm him," I growled, pushing him roughly aside. "Get the hell out of the way, dummy. You want the pigs to spot me here?"

He didn't like my pushing him, but he involuntarily took a step back when I pivoted to face him. He fidgeted beneath my flat

gaze, and wouldn't look at me.

"I'm here on business," I said. In order for a murder conspiracy to stick, the suspect must be the one to initiate the conspiracy. Otherwise, he can claim entrapment.

Mulho was stuttering, he was so excited. "I'm Mulho," he sniggered. "You heard of me? Boy, am I glad you're here."

"Cut the BS," I snapped. "I don't care who you are."

We took seats in straight-backed chairs. I pulled mine so close our knees almost touched. I wanted not only to dominate him but also to remain near enough to react in case he smelled a rat and became dangerous.

"You wanted me," I prompted.

"Oh, yeah, okay."

He lapsed nervously into a story of how he had robbed a liquor store and how the proprietor was the only witness who could identify him.

"I wouldn't be going back to the joint if he was to disappear," Mulho concluded.

"You want me to kill him, right?"

Mulho winced. Even a punk prefers a euphemism for *kill*. He kept swallowing, trying to produced saliva.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars and a GTO with a getaway engine in it!" he blurted out.

That cinched the case, but I wasn't willing to let him off so easily.

"To kill a man?" I persisted. "That is what you want me to do, kill him, right?" Speak up, man."

"Yeah," Mulho replied with a burst of courage. "Kill him!"

"I want a thousand dollars," I said. "Five hundred now in small bills and five hundred when the job is finished. I'll give you an address where I want the last five hundred sent."

I paused to glare. He squirmed.

"I'd better get all my money," I warned, "or today won't be the last time you'll be seeing me."

Mulho broke into a desperate sweat. "You'd be the last man I'd cheat," he whined. "I could tell you was a hit man when I saw you. It's in your eyes."

After that I had one hell of time making him believe I was really a cop. Even when he found himself staring between steel bars. He kept muttering to himself.

In addition to helping convict suspects, unconventional methods of investigation can also clear them. During any major homicide probe, detective find themselves forced to weed out the real suspects from those who, for various odd reasons, make a habit of confession to spectacular crimes. During my inquiry into three brutal sex slayings, I had to deal with a laborer who wanted to confess.

"I want to tell you about it," Jess said. "See, me and them was down in the park and we was going to rob somebody. We seen her coming and my friend says, 'Let's rape her.' So we decided to get us some. She come by and we run out and grab her. We pulled her back in the trees and got us some. Then we killed her and robbed her."

Jess knew just enough about the case to

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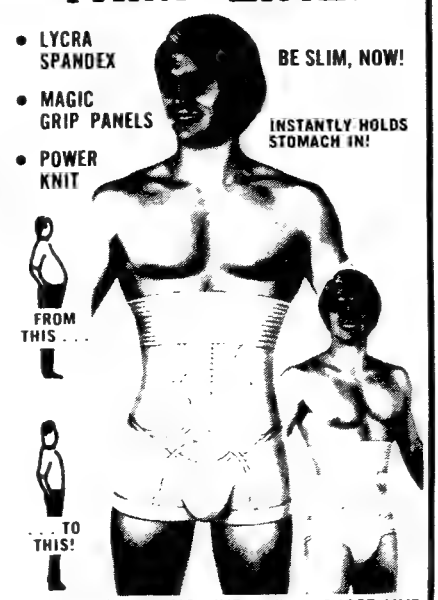

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cause me some uncertainty about his guilt or innocence. Of course, he could have been reading the newspapers. But to be sure, I concocted a way to test him. Smiling slyly, I drove him to the Suzanne Oakley crime scene. The real killer would know about the trail leading into the grove of trees, since he had dragged his victim along it. An imposter might not.

It was raining that autumn day. Cold rain slashed at the trees. The trail was all but hidden from view of those not aware of it.

"Show me where you left the body," I encouraged.

Jess got out in the rain and looked around while I waited in the car. Finally, he shrugged helplessly and headed doggedly for the trees. He didn't even look for the path. He hesitated briefly, then plunged headlong into an all but impenetrable wall of vines, creepers, and briars.

I left him there. The last I saw of him, he had fallen onto his back in the jungle to fight a particularly stubborn vine. He was kicking and cursing with genuine feeling. As far as I know, he may still be struggling in that thicket looking for the site where Suzanne's body had lain.

I've long been a fan of old movie whodunits from the 1930s and 1940s in which the butler (or the niece or the uncle of the wife) does it and the pipe-smoking detective assembles the entire household in the parlor and, after strolling back and forth for 15 minutes smoking his pipe and building up the suspense, suddenly stops in front of the nervous suspect and announces for all to hear:

"The person who killed Miss Farple is someone in this room!"

I simply could not resist it when the perfect opportunity arose for me to give such a performance.

Shortly after Christmas, the body of old Theodore Duke was found in his room in a downtown fleabag hotel. He had been strangled to death with a pillow case. A home-rolled cigarette butt found at the victim's feet pointed to a murder suspect who, while not a butler, *was* the hotel maintenance man and the next best thing. Detective Austin Roberts and I decided we might be able to bluff him into confession.

We called an assembly of the hotel residents in the lobby. It was a seedy gathering at best; the female hotel manager, her hair in a crewcut and wearing a man's 30-year-old tweed suit with a broad yellow tie; a horse-faced man; a paraplegic; an aging hooker; a fat woman with an alkie's face; three or four drunks, one of whom had to be helped to the lobby; a pensioner or two; and the suspect, Bill Houck, wearing a see-through nylon shirt. I took the center of the floor.

I began the drama with a trite old phrase. I couldn't help myself: "I suppose you wonder why I've called you here today?" Roberts turned away to hide his grin.

All eyes followed me as I assumed a pose, hands clasped behind my back, and slowly and thoughtfully stalked the length of the lobby, drawing everyone out for the suspense. I wanted Houck to be ready by the time I got to him. I paused before the hotel manager.

"How much money did you say Mr. Duke had left after he paid his rent yesterday?" I asked.

"Like I told you, he had about fourteen dollars."

I moved on to the horse-faced man. "Who was in the lobby when you escorted the intoxicated Mr. Duke to his room yesterday afternoon?"

He gave me a list of four names, among them that of Bill Houck.

The paraplegic was next.

"Who is the one person who can move anywhere in the hotel without attracting particular attention?" I demanded.

From the corner of my eye I watched Houck wetting his lips. The hotel manager answered for the paraplegic.

"Why, most of the tenants don't pay no attention to me," she said, "nor to Bill Houck."

Houck cringed. I turned away to pace the lobby. Everyone seemed frozen in suspended animation.

"The reason I called you here," I finally spoke in a flat voice, "is to let you know my partner and I know who murdered Theordore Duke."

A collective gasp. Houck looked as though he wished he could vanish into the woodwork.

I continued in my most dramatic voice. I'd always wanted to say it: "Someone in this room killed Mr. Duke!"

Another collective gasp. No one moved.

"I'll you how I know," I said, building my bluff step by step, using my powers of deduction. "Mr. Duke died between four and six p.m. yesterday. He was killed for his money. The man who killed him was in the lobby when Mr. Duke paid his rent. He went to Mr. Duke's room and tried to take his wallet. The old man resisted and the killer hit him in the face. Then he panicked, grabbed a pillow case and strangled Mr. Duke to death."

Houck was staring at me, looking incredulous that I should have known.

"The killer is a short man with considerable strength," I added. "That means a relatively young man."

Houck was five feet five inches tall, muscular, and at 39 the youngest tenant at the hotel. Detective Roberts edged in between the suspect and the nearest door. I moved casually toward him, pausing directly in front.

"The man who killed Mr. Duke," I said, "smokes roll-yer-own cigarettes."

Houck's hand automatically flew to conceal the tobacco can in his see-through breast pocket. I took another step forward. The moment had arrived. I jabbed an accusing finger in Houck's face. He paled.

"You, Mr. Houck, killed Mr. Duke!" I barked.

Houck fell into a dozen pieces. His hands, his legs, his body, nothing worked. While everyone else stared, he stood there trembling and stuttering.

All the old whodunits always ended with a tearful confession. This one was no different. Bill Houck was eventually sentenced to a term of from 25 years to life in the state penitentiary.

These are only a few of the killers and bad guys with whom I have matched wits over a period of 14 years. Of course, no detective can solve all the crimes to which he is assigned, but that I solved more than my share can be attributed to more than luck and so-called old fashioned police legwork. The main ingredient in my work was a willingness to use imagination and humor to get the criminals in a position right where I wanted them. Once they were there, they became mine. Mine and the state penitentiary's.

The killer who complained to the judge about me probably said it best of all: "Judge, he don't play fair!" ★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Marty Johnson is not the real name of the person so named in the foregoing story. A fictitious name has been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identity of this person.

Find Messengers of Death!

(from page 20)

Louis. They found him one block away at Cashio Street and Sherbourne Drive, lying on the sidewalk with blood streaming from his mouth.

Marie's screams alerted neighbors who rushed to aid the fallen man. An ambulance arrived minutes later, but it was not soon enough. The slugs that ripped into Vermin's chest had penetrated the lungs and hit other vital organs. He was dead by the time the ambulance reached the hospital.

It was unknown if 76-year-old Leo Ocun heard the shots that killed the Frenchman, though it was possible, since at 8:25 p.m. he was just one block away, walking down West Pico Blvd.

Two men stood at a Jack-in-the-Box restaurant ordering food when they saw the black men confront the elderly man.

"They were directly in front of me," one of the witnesses told police. "The two black dudes approached the old white guy and started shooting. The old guy put his hands together like this and his knees buckled. He raised one hand and staggered toward me and shouted something in a real shrill voice, 'Help me, please!' "

Fast food patrons were too shocked to move. "I thought it was maybe somebody filming a movie or something," the second witness said. "Then I realized it had happened and the guy screamed. He was falling to the ground when he turned to us and he was holding his side and screaming."

When the ambulance arrived Ocun was prostrate on the pavement, blood stream-

ing through the spread fingers of his hands that were pressed over his midsection. He was already dead.

Four shootings and four murders, all within a 20-minute time frame, a record of sorts for Los Angeles street muggings, but it wasn't quite over yet.

A young couple living in an apartment on South Magnolia Avenue in Hancock Park, an upper income residential area about five miles from where the four pedestrians had been gunned down, were about to call it a night at around 9:00 p.m., when the woman heard a scratching at the back screen door in the kitchen. She went to investigate and was shocked to see two men cutting a hole in the screen.

She went back to the living room and told her husband, but it was already too late. A second later, the two gunmen were inside the house.

They told the man to lie on the floor, then ordered his wife to collect wallets, jewelry and other valuables and put them in a pillow case. After collecting the booty which came to about $1,000, the woman was ordered to lie on the floor next to her husband.

"Don't nobody move or try to call police," the taller of the two gunmen said. "We're gonna wait outside the door for a while and if you try to get up, you die."

The couple wisely followed the instructions. They stayed on the floor for 30 minutes without moving or talking before they felt it was safe enough to get up and call police.

"I have never seen such hate," the woman said. "The one with the short hair was almost giggling. His eyes were glassy and he seemed very hyper, like he was drugged. When they told me to lie down next to my husband I was certain they were going to execute us. They seemed to be enjoying it."

The 20-minute murder spree created outrage in a city that was not easily moved when it came to the bizarre and the grotesque. After all, this was the city adopted by Charles Manson and the Hillside Strangler, a city that had grown accustomed to multiple murder cases. But there are limits even for L.A., and they were crossed Sunday night.

"I'm afraid," said Daryl Gate, chief of the Los Angeles Police Department. "Everyone is afraid, and they have a right to be."

Newspaper editors scratched their heads to come up with a name for the murders, and eventually settled on the "Westside Murders," so named because the murders had occurred in the fashionable upper income area of West Los Angeles.

That of course, was one reason for the panic. As Los Angeles District Attorney John VandeKamp quickly pointed out, murder had become a fact of life for Mexican-Americans, blacks and other minorities. Only when the carnage moved to the largely white, largely middle-class Westside, did the message strike home.

"If this had happened in South-Central Los Angeles, people would say, 'Well, that's too bad but I never go down there, so it can't happen to me,' " one reporter said. "But then they open the newspapers and read about four

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people being killed in their own backyard and they get scared. They say, 'God, those monsters could have come here and shot me and my wife, Nobody is safe anymore.' "

The fear was felt at City Hall, where the city council immediately announced a $25,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the two gunmen.

The reward had a galvanic effect upon the city, as over 500 persons called the police department with tips hoping they would lead to some of the booty.

"It was like Christmas around here," commented Detective Richard DeAnda. "We had people turning in their mothers and anyone else they could think of to get a piece of the reward money."

Some of those tips helped investigators crack two unsolved murders and half a dozen street robberies that had been on the books for months.

It was not until mid-September, almost a month after the shootings, that the Westside Murders' investigators got the tip, they were looking for. A teenager in South-Central Los Angeles had overheard one of his buddies bragging about "killing those dudes in Beverly Hills." The murders had actually occurred south of Beverly Hills, but the teenager was not going to lecture his buddy on geography. He told his father. The father told his buddy at work, who in turn called police.

Detective DeAnda checked out the tip. The teenage braggart was Norris LaRue Reece, a 16-year-old troublemaker who had lost his job at a nursing home for allegedly pulling the hair of one hysterical boarder and roughing up several others. He also had a minor criminal record, with the biggest offense coming after he tried to punch a police officer who was arresting him for suspicion of shoplifting. The troublesome teenager was apparently following in the footsteps of his dad, who had twice been convicted and sent to prison for armed robbery.

DeAnda knew he hit paydirt when Marie Claire Prevost picked Reece out of a photo lineup as one of the gunmen who shot her friend, Jean Paul Vermin.

DeAnda and co-investigator Detective Steve Osti began a background probe on Reece to determine who his partner was.

It was a few days before they came up with the name of Perry Lee Jackson, a 16-year-old neighborhood kid who hung out with Reece. When Jackson was picked out in a photo lineup by the rabbi, the two sleuths knew they were in business.

"I don't have any money, but if you'll give me your gun I'll go get some..."

The detectives obtained warrants to arrest the suspects and to search three different residences the two lived at or were known to frequent.

At 3:30 a.m. on Sunday, detectives and 40 SWAT officers met at the West Los Angeles station to go over plans before setting out to arrest the suspects. The large number of SWAT officers was necessary because Reece had bragged "he would not be taken alive" if police tried to arrest him.

Reece never had the opportunity to make good on his boast, as the two murder suspects were taken into custody without incident at the home of Reece's relatives. Placed in handcuffs and put in the back of a cruiser, Reece told his buddy not to say anything about the guns or the shootings. These incriminating statements, and others, were recorded by DeAnda who had snapped on the tape machine before heading back to the police station.

The two were taken to separate interrogation rooms and questioned. Reece didn't want to say anything at first, but after two hours he broke down and confessed to the five robberies and committing three of the murders. He refused however, to tell police what he had done with the guns after the shootings.

Jackson was not so easy to crack. He refused to answer any questions. Getting nowhere, DeAnda and Osti decided to put the suspects in the same room and see if the two would make any incriminating statements.

Alone in the interrogation room but apparently unaware their conversation was being taped, Jackson made several admissions that implicated him in the robberies and murders.

Perhaps the most damaging evidence was obtained when Jackson's relative arrived at the police station and demanded to see Jackson. He had been taken to the interrogation room.

"Damn it," the man said. "I want to know if you shot those people?"

DeAnda and Osti looked at each other but said nothing. The conversation, like the others, was being recorded and could be used as evidence.

"Don't you think I should have a lawyer present before making any statement?" the teenager said.

"Damn it, I want to know if you shot those people," the relative said.

"Yeah, I did it," he replied.

"Did you kill them?" the relative pressed.

"I don't know," he replied. Then turning to the detectives he asked if the victims had died. Assured that they had, Jackson said, "Yeah, I guess I did it."

Following the stationhouse confessions, the 16-year-olds were booked into juvenile hall and charged with suspicion of murder and robbery. The two were determined to be unfit to stand trial as juveniles and were ordered to be transferred to the county jail, where they would remain until their trial.

Defense motions delayed that trial until February, 1982. Prosecutor Lance Ito argued the two men had committed five robberies

and gunned down four innocent victims and should spend the rest of their lives in prison. He would have sought the death sentence, but could not do so because the defendants were juveniles at the time of the murders.

Detective DeAnda and Osti had supplied the prosecutor with plenty of ammunition. During the trial, the jury heard a witness testify that Reece bragged to him about committing the murders just days after the shootings. They also heard testimony of three robbery victims who identified Reece and Jackson as the gunmen who held them up.

They did not hear any of the taped conversations made by the teenagers after their arrests because the tapes were ruled inadmissible by presiding Judge William B. Keene.

Even without the tapes, Prosecutor Ito still felt he had a strong case and would have no trouble obtaining guilty verdicts for both defendants. It came as a shock then, when the jury emerged from deliberation 16 days later and announced they could not reach a verdict. Judge Keene had no choice but to declare a mistrial on all felony charges.

Ito was bitterly disappointed. "It boggles the mind to think this could happen," he said, shaking his head. "I don't know what they were thinking about." He was particularly distressed by the fact that the panel was ready to acquit Jackson in all four murders and probably would have, had not one juror changed her mind over the weekend.

Ito said there would definitely be another trial.

Apparently the mistrial had less to do with the evidence presented during the month long trial than it did with the racial make-up of the jury. One police officer said he overheard a black juror say as the panel headed into the jury room to begin deliberations, "We aren't going to send black boys to prison."

The sole holdout to convict Jackson of murder was a white San Fernando Valley housewife. "I had gone along with the others until Friday," she said. "But it got to where I couldn't sleep. I had strong feelings against it and I finally decided to change my mind."

One of the black jurors on the nine woman, three-man jury called the lone holdout a racist. "She's very, very prejudiced. What I cannot forgive her for is that she said she thought they were guilty because the police picked them up."

Another juror described the 16 days spent in the jury room as "a three-ring circus. There were some really heated arguments and at one time we almost had a fist fight." He said some of the jurors even laughed and cracked jokes about the murder victims. "I have never heard people laugh and make jokes about people who were murdered. I don't think it was funny."

It certainly wasn't funny to Lance Ito, who went back to his wood-paneled office in disgust. He had spent 18 months on the case and it had come down to the jury making jokes about murder victims and screaming racial epithets at each other.

Ito was in no mood to see anyone that day when his secretary said a man was outside

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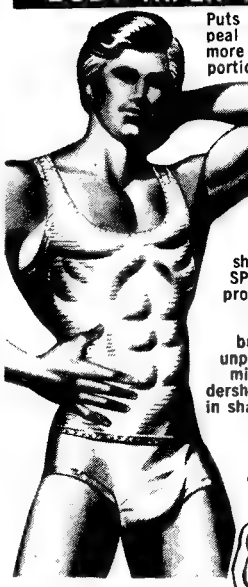

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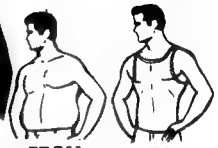

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who wanted to talk to him. Ito didn't recognize the stranger's name and said he wasn't taking any callers.

The caller persisted and finally Ito reluctantly agreed to see him. The caller was a man and he introduced himself as a relative of Norris Reece. He said Reece admitted committing three of the shootings. He also said that Jackson had committed one of the murders.

Ito's spirit was buoyed as the man said he was willing to help police.

The relative provided information during the next four months but he saved the best for the opening day of the trial. Ito and Detective Osti were having breakfast in the hotel where the man was kept as a protected witness. It was around 9:00 a.m., and Ito was about half finished with his plate of pastrami and eggs when they were joined by the man.

"You know," he said softly as Ito hurried to finish his breakfast. "I think I know where the murder weapon is."

Ito struggled to avoid choking on his eggs. "You what?" he finally gasped. The only weakness in the case had been the lack of physical evidence connecting Reece and Jackson to the slayings. Finding the murder weapon and presenting it as evidence would almost certainly dispose of any doubting Thomases on the jury.

"Why don't you tell us where it is?" Osti suggested.

That same day the informer led detectives to a home on Juliet Street where lived a pretty 26-year-old divorcee and the current boyfriend of Jackson's relative. When told they had come for her handgun, she went inside her house and retrieved a blue steel RG-15 .22-caliber pistol. She said the gun was registered in her name but belonged to Perry Jackson's relative.

The gun was turned over to Patrick L. Slack, a Los Angeles Police Department ballistics expert. He had the gun test-fired and matched the gun to bullets taken from two of the victims, Jean Louis Vermin and Mai Yung Yu. He said a bullet taken from the body of Yu's mother, Teh Hau Chau, was too damaged to make a conclusive test.

"The gun gives irrefutable, positive, physical evidence linking Perry Lee Jackson to the crimes," beamed a happy Lance Ito.

This time a jury had little difficulty reaching a verdict. On June 8th, they had found Norris LaRue Reece and Perry Lee Jackson guilty of killing the elderly victims. The jury also convicted Reece of involuntary manslaughter in the slaying of 19-year-old Jean Louis Vermin. Ito said he thought the reduced charge against Reece and the acquittal of Jackson for the Vermin killing was because the jury thought it was an accident.

The two were also found guilty of five robberies, one attempted robbery and one burglary.

Reece looked tense and upset as he listened for the 30 minutes while the verdicts were read on the 22 felony charges. He showed his displeasure by giving the "finger" to the jury and to television cameras in court. Jackson, who had missed acquittal by a single vote in the first trial, sat motionless, an expression of despair on his face.

The defendants returned to the courtroom three weeks later, at which time the same jury found them sane at the time of the murders. The two had sought to avoid prison by claiming they were insane at the time of the killings due to PCP intoxication.

"Sanity has returned to the courtrooms of America," said Superior Court Judge William B. Keene, as he thanked jurors for their weeks of service.

On October 28th, the two teenagers were sentenced to nearly 100 years. In imposing sentence, Judge Keene said: "My function is to protect, as far as I can, the citizens of Los Angeles and California by putting these defendants in state prison for as long as I possibly can. It is my expressed intention that they will spent the rest of their lives in prison."

And that just might happen. Reece received a 98-year sentence and must serve at least 65 behind bars before he is eligible for parole. Jackson was sentenced to 96 years and must serve a minimum of 64 years.

★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Marie Claire Prevost and Rene Girard are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

Tried to Hang Wrong Man!

(from page 16)

early interview was of particular interest. On a past occasion, Favors had driven Louise Williams to Birmingham, some 60 miles to the west, to visit a sick family member in the hospital. "On that trip Favors told Louise, 'We're going to stop at a motel and you're gonna have sex with me.' " She didn't want anything to do with "Foots," Amerson said, and asked another relative for a ride back.

Dep. Amerson's partner, Max Kirby, is a bear of a man who's been around law enforcement and criminals for a good part of his life. With that exposure, intuition becomes one of your best tools. So it was when Kirby first looked at Favors' arms. They had been tattooed, not by a professional, but behind bars. Said Amerson, "When you go pay for a tattoo, it is intricate and smoothly done." Favors' were crude and irregular as if his skin had been assaulted.

One of Amerson's contacts once mentioned that he thought "Foots" might have drifted in from Atlanta, some 95 miles to the east. Playing a hunch, the deputy phoned Atlanta authorities. Yes, Edward Jett Favors had lived in the Georgia capital once and he had a record. "We've got a red flyer on this one" said the voice on the other end of the line. "We show an active murder warrant in California."

Amerson quickly phoned the Los Angeles P.D. Detective Tom Pollard said that Favors had been arrested in January, 1979 after a 26-year-old woman he had been living with told police he stabbed her during an argument. The woman subsequently died. Favors, free on $20,000 bond, fled Southern California. The night of October 9th was proving very productive.

About the same time, Kirby and Sheriff Snead produced the closest thing to a witness the bizarre case would have. The tip leading to the person came from an anonymous caller who said there was a man who knew where Edward Jett Favors had gone on the afternoon of September 30th.

The witness was a paraplegic. It was his habit to roll his wheelchair out the front door of his apartment for some sun each afternoon. On this last day of September, he told investigators , "Foots" pulled up in his green Ventura, leaned out the window and told him that Louise Williams was drunk and had "spat snuff" all over the inside of his car. Could he borrow a towel to clean up the mess? The witness agreed and Favors went inside the apartment, wet the towel under the kitchen faucet and proceeded to wash out the passenger's side of the automobile. After a while, he left.

When the witness initially saw Favors pulled up that warm September afternoon he was coming from the direction of the Rock Quarry.

Armed with the explosive information, investigators phoned Favors. They told him only that they "needed to speak with him." Would he mind meeting them at the Hobson City Police Station? So far, Favors had proved compliant, if not exactly cooperative. This time was no different. He met them as

Moving in for what they hoped would be an arrest, investigators didn't want to shake their suspect. They eased into the meeting, holding the California warrant in reserve. They told him about seeing the paraplegic. Amerson chided: "You want to straighten it out?" Favors made another statement, admitting that Louise had been drunk and spitting snuff. After all, a man's gotta clean up his car.

At 12:46 a.m. on Saturday the 10th, "Foots" changed his story again. Yes, he had seen Louise die, but he didn't do it. It just happened.

Here's his version: After dropping his friend off in West Anniston, Louise said she wanted a drink. Favors gave her some money and waited in the car while she ran into a liquor store. The couple then drove around the southern part of the county. All during the trip Louise Williams continued her affair with the bottle. She was, claimed Favors, drunk. Then it happened: "She started coughing. The next thing I knew was that she was asleep, or looked like it. I drove up the Watson Road and pulled off by the old hot-house and drove

up the old dirt road. I backed in and parked. I felt her heart. It wasn't beating. I got her out of the passenger side of the car. I stood her up and shook her. I laid her down on the ground and I shut my door. She was not cut when I left, but I knew she was dead."

After dropping her body at the Rock Quarry, Favors said, he took the bottle of 190-proof grain alcohol and tossed it into a nearby creek. Then he drove to Anniston and planted one of her shoes in Bingham's back yard. This revelation cinched the case as far as Amerson was concerned. In their October 2nd search of Bingham's property, officers hadn't found a shoe! Favors had just pointed to a piece of potential evidence that only he could have known about. A subsequent search by investigators located Louise Williams' left sneaker. Right where "Foots" said he'd tossed it.

At this point in the statement, "Foots" Favors was obviously shaken. He claimed that when he left the body Wednesday evening, it was fully clothed and had not been cut. Yet at almost the same time he admitted planting the pants and blouse in Bingham's yard to incriminate him!

On Monday, November 30th, 1981, Edward Jett Favors went on trial for the murder of Louise Williams. Prosecuting the case was Catherine Roberts, an assistant district attorney.

On the first day of testimony in the ornately vaulted courtroom of County Circuit Judge Malcolm Street Jr., Jenny Barker took the stand. She testified that on October 8th, six days after Louise Williams' body had been discovered, she picked up the phone in the Hobson City town hall and heard a voice which matched that of the man who had led police to the body. The clerk then said she "looked around the corner" and saw the person whose voice she recognized: Favors.

During the trial more information was revealed about the macabre murder. Pathology reports indicated that intercourse was performed on the body after death. "This is a very strange creature we've got here," said prosecutor Roberts. Indications are that the killer attempted to hack off the hands to prevent identification of the victim.

While Favors' crucial statement indicated that Louise might have died from alcohol, pathology reports indicated the blood alcohol content, although high, wasn't enough to kill her. Still, defense attorneys Ralph and Randy Brooks argued that the evidence wasn't sufficient to convict.

On Thursday, December 3rd, the case went to the jury. After three hours of deliberation, the panel was deadlocked. The foreman asked if the evidence could be re-examined. Judge Street agreed. After another hour's discussion the verdict was reached: guilty. Edward Jett Favors was sentenced to life in prison in the non-capital case. ★★★

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Ralph Bingham and Jenny Barker are not the real names of the persons so named in the foregoing story. Fictitious names have been used because there is no reason for public interest in the identities of these persons.

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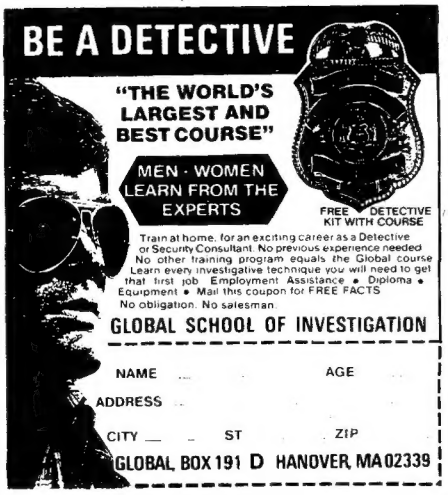

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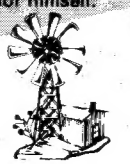

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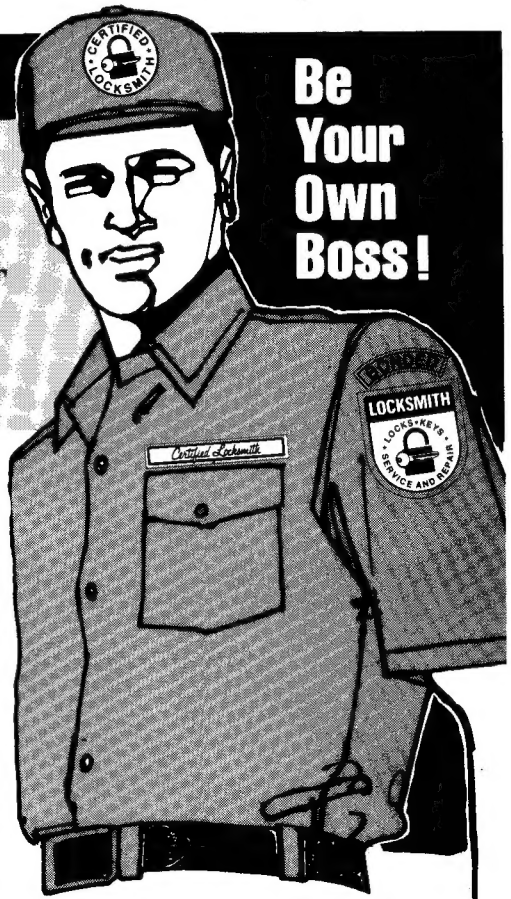

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No Extra Cost! **Included With Your Locksmith Training**

BURGLAR ALARM and SECURITY SYSTEMS training. Covers all phases of Burglar, Hold-Up and Fire Alarm servicing and installation. This valuable and timely instruction includes all special tools and supplies. ONLY Foley-Belsaw offers such extensive training in this rapidly expanding field as a part of your Locksmith training.

ADVANCED Locksmithing! How to change combinations, install and service Safe, Vault and Bank Safe-Deposit Box locks. You learn-by-doing on the locks that we supply. You'll find it fascinating and highly profitable work.

BE A LOCKSMITH!

Hundreds of Foley-Belsaw trained men have succeeded in this fascinating and highly profitable field . . .

"Before enrolling I checked other courses and also asked for advice from several locksmiths in my area. They all said yours was tops and has the most versatile Key Machine.

"I always wanted to be in business for myself and now I am . . . thanks to Foley-Belsaw Institute.

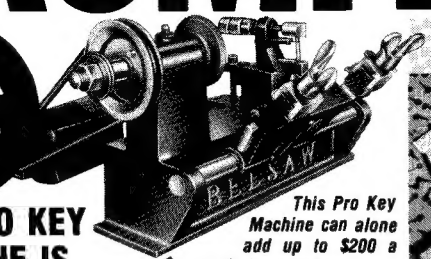
David Fairbrother—Dave's Locksmith Service Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53209

"I opened my own business, spare time, seven months after I enrolled and made a profit of $329 for the first week."
B. A. Deberry Littleton, Colorado

"No more hard, nasty work for me. Now I have my own business and with hardly any effort I average around $50 a day. Thanks for my new start in life."
Sam Walker Prichard, Alabama

...YOU Can Do It Too!

10-DAY NO RISK TRIAL! Send for details!



THIS PRO KEY MACHINE IS YOURS TO KEEP! **FREE** *This Pro Key Machine can alone add up to $200 a month to your income . . . and it won't cost you a penny extra with your training.*

ALL SPECIAL TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT INCLUDED!

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Just fill in and mail coupon below (or send postcard) to receive full information and details by return mail. *DO IT TODAY!*

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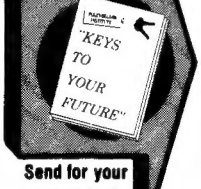

Tells how you quickly train to be your own boss in a profitable Sparetime or Fulltime business of your own **PLUS** complete details on our **10-Day NO RISK Trial Offer!**

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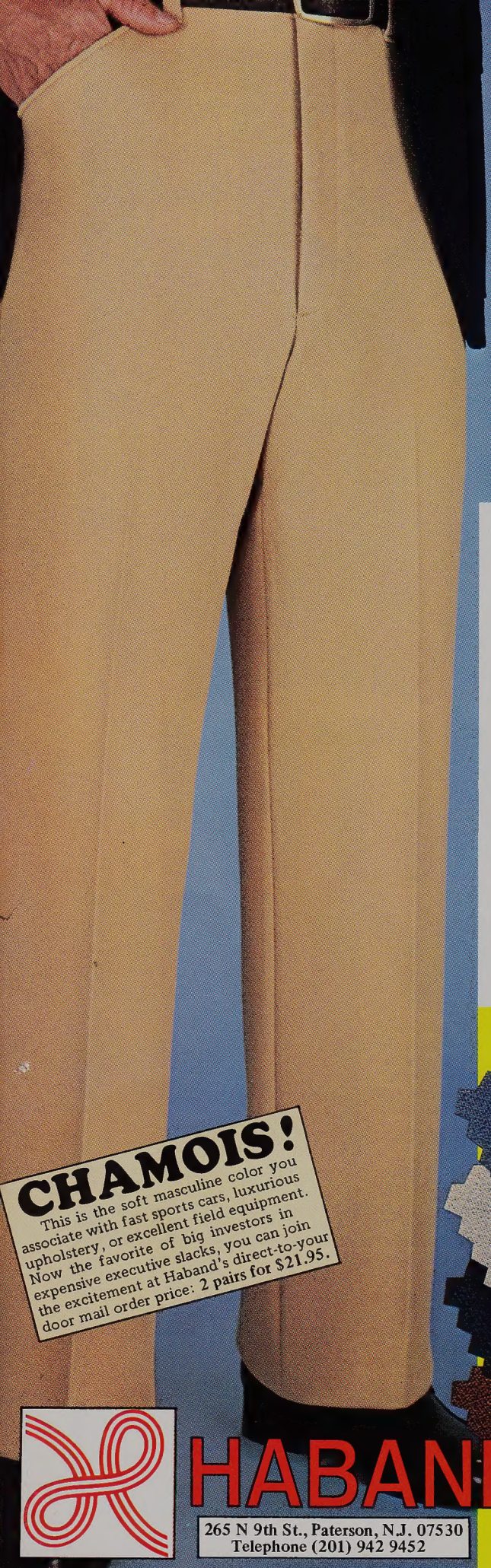
☐ **YES,** please send me the FREE booklet that gives full details about starting my own business in Locksmithing. I understand there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____



BULL MARKET SLACKS

Radiate Success!

LIMITED TIME ONLY: Join the most successful men in America, and tune up your wardrobe with Haband's absolutely perfect new Bull Market Slacks!

2 Pairs Slacks Only 21.95

We call them Bull Market because everybody's rushing to get some, they absolutely radiate success, and HURRY or you'll miss the opportunity forever!

CHAMOIS TAN, YES! It's the runaway favorite men's color for the decade of the 80's! Chamois (some say "Shammy") Tan is the symbol of the younger, most successful breed of hard-working super-achievers. Of course, you'll see them in the $100 haberdasher windows, but you don't want to pay those prices. So catch them here at Haband's low 2 for $21.95. You'll save big money if you HURRY!!

S-T-R-E-T-C-H COMFORT, YES! *This miracle two-way knit in 100% Celanese "Fortrel®" polyester is a proven high quality performer, well prepared to give excellent service for business, social, or vacation use! The built-in s-t-r-e-t-c-h allows perfect give-and-take fit as you squat, stoop, leap and stride (or gain and lose a few pounds). And it recovers when you do, to resume its sharp executive look.*

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE — Yes! YES! YES!!! Haband, the mail order people from Paterson, NJ, serve over 2-million executive customers in every city and town in America. We pride ourselves on full executive fit in all sizes, from waists 29 to 54, with already finished bottoms, no alterations necessary!

Our slacks are loaded with important tailoring features like deep No-Hole pockets indestructible "Talon®" zipper • "Hookflex®" double secure closure • "Ban-Rol®" No-Roll inner waistband • And of course 100% Wash and Wear Easy Care! •

SEE FOR YOURSELF! You'll like the handsome up-to-date good looks of our slacks, and you'll certainly appreciate our low low price!

We will be proud to send you any two pairs for a quick No-Risk, At-Home Look-See! Try them on, show your wife and family, then decide! BUT HURRY! DON'T PASS UP THIS BULL MARKET RUSH TO CHAMOIS TAN AND THL OTHER GREAT 1983 EXECUTIVE COLORS! Mail this coupon today for a nice easy update of your Executive Appearance.

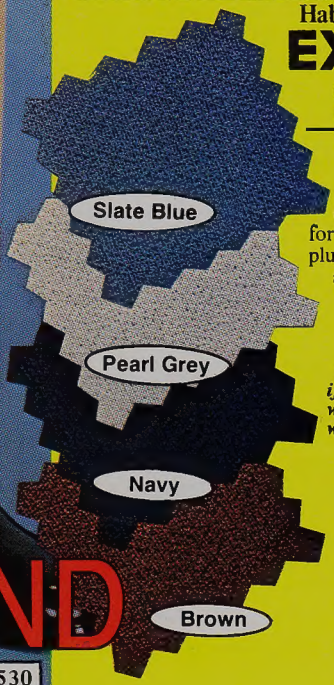
CHAMOIS! This is the soft masculine color you associate with fast sports cars, luxurious upholstery, or excellent field equipment. Now the favorite of big investors in expensive executive slacks, you can join the excitement at Haband's direct-to-your door mail order price: **2 pairs for $21.95.**

Haband's "Bull Market"

EXECUTIVE SLACKS

2 Pairs Slacks Only 21.95

3 for 32.50
4 for 43.25



HABAND
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OK! Send me ____ pairs for which I enclose $ _____ plus $1.65 towards postage and handling.

Or Charge ☐VISA ☐MASTERCARD
Acct. # _____
Exp. Date ___/___/___

GUARANTEE: I understand that if upon receipt I do not choose to wear the slacks, I may return them within 30 days for a full refund of every penny I paid you.

IS YOUR SIZE ON THIS CHART?

Waist: 29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-46*-48*-50*-52*-54*
Inseam: 26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34

**Please add $1.50 per pair for 46-54.*

COLOR	04C	QTY.	WAIST	INSEAM
Chamois	M			
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Slate Blue	G			
Navy	B			
Brown	C			
Black	E			

767-04C

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